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## RAWLINSON'S ANCIENT MONARCHIES OF THE EAST.\*

THE student of history in its widest form—of the records of civilized mankind for the last four thousand years—of that wide field of inquiry of which modern history forms though the brightest, but an infinitesimal portion if measured by years—cannot fail to be struck, like Pascal, with the “mingled greatness and littleness of man.” Nation after nation has risen into greatness, only to fade and utterly disappear. At successive times and in widely severed countries—now in China, or India, in Egypt, or in the valley of the Euphrates, or far away amid the highlands of Peru, on the plateau of Mexico, or amid the now wilderness of Yucatan—some tribe of mankind has flowered into civilization, has risen like

a sun amid the surrounding barbarism, only to set, leaving again the darkness of night behind it. Each has perished in turn, extinguished by some other tribe or nation—by some people which hated it, despised its knowledge, and sought not to profit by or perpetuate its peculiar civilization, but to destroy its monuments and obliterate its memory. In the youth of civilization, nations preferred to destroy each other's works and wisdom, rather than to preserve and profit by them.

Another and not less striking feature of those early times, so dissimilar from the present state of things, was, that each civilized community led a solitary life of its own, unknown to the rest of mankind—a fountain of civilization within its own narrow sphere, but whose light did not spread to other parts of the world. Barriers of darkness lay between them, separating each from the others. Egypt, China, India, Babylonia, were local suns, each shining brilliantly in its own narrow sphere, faintly illuminating a few surrounding satellites; but each of

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them was as little known to the other as the solar systems of the bright abysses of space are known to this little orb of ours. And just as we look upon this fair planet where we dwell as if it were everything, and all else were naught—as if it were in fact (as our ancestors believed) the centre and chief end of creation, and that all the other distant orbs existed only to act as suns or moons or stars to us, things which would be meaningless and useless but for the fact of our existence: even so did each of those old nations regard the rest of the world. Each, shut in by impassable barriers, or looking disdainfully athwart the intervening darkness upon the distant glimmering lights beyond, led a hermit life, borrowing nothing from others, and developing knowledge and civilization for itself. Even when, after the collision of races began, a people succeeded by martial superiority in establishing itself in the seat of a prior civilization, it scorned the rich spoils of knowledge there laid like tribute at its feet—it would not stoop to pick them up, and preferred to destroy the mental wealth of the vanquished, rather than to preserve and inherit it.

It was in this fashion—so strange to us of modern time—that the great drama of civilization proceeded in early ages. Each nation, either from necessity or by a bigoted choice, began life anew, working out for itself the endless problems, alike in the arts and in beliefs, which existence forces upon man's regard. Just as every individual has to learn for himself the varied lessons of life, so in far greater degree did those old nations proceed. By this means a vast variety of development, in different parts of the world, was rapidly attained in the early stages of civilization. The very isolation of the nations of antiquity helped to produce the same result. The growth of humanity doubtless would have been hastened if the means of locomotion and of diffusing knowledge which we now enjoy had existed from the first; but in such a case the career of mankind would never have been so various. A certain form or forms of civilization would have been more rapidly developed, but there would not have arisen that infinite variety of national life which the past has bequeathed as a legacy to later times.

We of the present day can best appreciate the advantage of this. Nowadays, no nation does or can lead a solitary life: it knows, and is in direct communication with, and is more or less affected by, all the others. National life, instead of necessarily developing diversity and variety as in early times, now tends more and more towards unity, similarity; and this tendency is as truly the progress of matured life as variety is the product of healthy youth. An eclectic spirit is the special characteristic of the present age. Each nation, having grown up to maturity in its own way, now begins to look around, and to learn from others. Without abdicating its own individuality, it compares itself with others, and modifies and improves its own life by observing what is good in theirs. This tendency will continue and advance: the natural result being the gradual disappearance of many points of difference, and a greater approximation of civilized life to a common standard. Variety, almost endless, has already been established; the special progress of the future will be in selecting whatever is good in each of those varieties, and crowning the work of ages by a fuller, freer, and grander type of national life than has yet been developed by any single people.

Professor Rawlinson startles us by observing how little modern Europe has advanced upon the civilization of one of those old and long-dead countries, Babylonia. It must be confessed that in many departments of art and knowledge, mankind have advanced little during the last two thousand years, but in the practical and general use of that knowledge we have advanced surpassingly. It is true that the germs of knowledge, upon which the greatest triumphs of modern times are based, were familiar to a favored few in one or other of the earliest civilized nations. It is also true that in some departments of human development we have actually not advanced at all. The motive power of steam, the application of which to practical use is the grandest triumph of the present century, was known to, and employed by, the ancient priesthood of Egypt. The compass, which enables our mariners to traverse the trackless wastes of ocean, was in use in at least equally remote times in China. Elec-



tricity, another great triumph of our times, was known as a fact to the Greeks and Romans. Astronomy, in Babylonia, was carried to a perfection which only in recent times has been equalled and surpassed in Europe. Printing was invented and turned to practical account in China nearly a thousand years ago. Constitutional government, another boast of our age, was recognized as the principle of administration in China before the Christian era; and even the last phase of that system, namely, competitive examination as the means of selecting the *employés* of the State, was adopted in China a thousand years ago, before William the Conqueror had set foot in England. In mental philosophy, the sages of India, and in a lesser degree of China, long ago anticipated all the really notable phases of that science in modern Europe. The same may be said of the doctrines of morality (as apart from religion). And in fine art, no country, it is allowed on all hands, has yet surpassed the wondrous development of the beautiful which arose in the narrow peninsula of Greece, at a time when all the rest of Europe lay in the darkness of barbarism. Even as regards the department of fine art in which modern times have most excelled—namely, poetry—we put more knowledge into our verses, but not more beauty.

The special and really grand triumph of modern times has been to carry the *uses* of knowledge to an infinitely further development than ever before; and also to extend that knowledge, and its practical appliances, to the general mass of the community. Learning, instead of being confined to a few, sometimes to an exclusive sect, has been made the portion of the community at large; and the knowledge of the properties of matter—for example steam-power, the compass, and electricity—has been turned on the widest scale to practical use. The immense outburst of human power, the amazing development of human faculties, which so remarkably characterize recent times, are due to the two great agencies of the printing press and the steam engine. The former, combined with a knowledge of languages, enables the student, without stirring from his arm chair, to behold the world, both past and present: it makes

him acquainted with the best thoughts of the best men, in all ages and countries; it enables him, as it were, to live in distant countries and remote times, and to see their people and places, almost as if he were actually there. The steam engine, while increasing a hundredfold the productive power of man, and thereby greatly adding to human well-being, has attained its most marvellous results in its twin offspring, steam navigation and railways, which have thrown the whole world open, carrying thousands of men daily into all corners of the earth, and drawing all nations into mutual acquaintance and incipient brotherhood. And the knowledge which steam locomotion enables us to acquire, the printing press preserves and diffuses. The knowledge acquired by travel, instead of being confined to a few, almost to travellers themselves, is spread about like a common property; it is published, as it were, on the house-tops and in the highways, so that every one who has an ear to hear can hearken and understand.

With this vast and sudden expansion of the means of knowledge, which have virtually rendered each educated man a cosmopolite, an equally notable change has taken place in the spirit and desires of mankind. In the products of the printing press, the literature of long-past times has become the property and inheritance of the cultivated classes in Europe. We not only have the means of knowing the past in literature, and of seeing the distant by means of improved locomotion, but our desire to see and to know has been proportionally increased. We have lost the bigotry and intolerance natural to early times. Instead of despising, we desire earnestly to know the past history of our race, however diverse from our own; we have come to view it in an impartial spirit, willing to do justice to every form of civilization which has arisen in the Divine drama of humanity. Hence our numerous translations of ancient literature; hence our explorations of the globe, and most of all, of those parts where civilization and power once had their mighty seats. We make a study of distant China and India, alike in their present condition and in their more famous past. We resuscitate the records, and investigate the relics, of ancient

Mexico and Peru. We translate and comment upon the old books of Confucius, Zoroaster, and Mohammed. We study the hieroglyphics and photograph the temples of ancient Egypt; artists make a pilgrimage to the pillared beauties of desolate and desert-girdled Palmyra; and we explore the sites, and ardently seek to reconstruct the history, of vanished Persepolis, and of mound-buried Nineveh and Babylon.

A wide chasm separates nearly all of those old civilizations from the comparatively modern civilization of Europe. Rome, the connecting link between the old times and the new, and the true mother of civilized Europe, was but a village upon the Palatine Hill when some of those old civilizations were crumbling into the dust. Rome embraced the transition from Paganism to Christianity; she introduced to civilized Europe the arts of short-lived Greece; she gave a conscious existence by her conquests, to the present nationalities of our continent; and died at last, slowly and grandly, beneath the united pressure of the new states and nations which she had called into being. But in pre-Roman times, in that earlier period of which we have been speaking, there were three distinct centres of grand civilization (apart from the isolated worlds of India and China), all remarkable in this, that they arose in narrow localities. These localities were, the narrow valley of the Nile, the not much wider valley of the Tigris and Euphrates, and the bare and rocky peninsula of Greece. Greece, severed into little rival States, no bigger than the republics of mediæval Italy, never combined into one power, and each finding full vent for its energies in contests of arms or in art with its fellows, never became a great political power—never threw its chain as a conqueror over other countries. It sent out colonies indeed, but these remained severed like the states in the mother country. The vast energies of the Greeks never coalesced in building a solid commonwealth, much less in creating an empire. Save in the expedition of Alexander, the last grand triumph of Greek life—the solitary effort of an exceptional man—the Greeks contented themselves with their narrow peninsula, girdled by the blue seas, and fringed with

the rocky islets of the Ægean. Egypt led a life of equal political quiescence, and much more isolated morally from the surrounding countries. Stable and colossal, like her own pyramids, she lived politically alone in the world, rarely overpassing the desert frontiers of her narrow valley, and maintained to the last the calm immutable aspect of her own Sphinx, undisturbed in her power and idiosyncrasy by foreign influence and invasion, until the sword of the Persian Cambyses pierced her god, and let out the life of Egypt. Unity of power characterized Egypt, as diversity and disunion characterized the political condition of Greece. But there were no aspiring forces in Egypt, no ambitious nationality, to convert that centralization of power into a means of foreign conquest. The expeditions of Rameses and Sesostris were as exceptional phases of Egyptian life as the conquests of Alexander were in the history of Greece.

Very different was the history of the Mesopotamian valley, and of the States which there grew up into power. Unlike Greece and Egypt, the valley of the Euphrates and Tigris was from the earliest times the scene of a hurtling of rival nationalities—of a series of great conflicts and changes, one power rising in succession upon the ruins of another; and, at the same time, each was inspired by a spirit of ambition and conquest, which made it a great political power. This, at least, is true of every one of the ancient Mesopotamian powers after the early Chaldeans. Assyria succeeded to Chaldaea; the Mede and Babylonian to the Assyrian; and the Persian to all. And after that, the Greek, the Parthian, and the Arab follow each other in successive developments of civilization, power, and religion. Babylon and Nineveh perished, only to give place to Seleucia, Ctesiphon, and Bagdad. Until at last, with the advent of the barbarous Mongols, followed by the rude Turks, the fabric of empire, the reign of civilization ended, and barrenness and depopulation overspread the region—until nowadays the once famous valley, the most famous of its size in the world, presents nearly the same aspect as it did to the first Chaldean settlers—a land of barrenness and desolation; as if the power and science of civilized man

had never raised it from its primitive sterility into a region blooming as the rose, a garden-land of fertility, and forever famous as the seat of ancient power, and in many respects the fountain of subsequent western civilization.

In the infancy of mankind, and when the lower portion of the valley still lay in the chaotic state natural to the embouchure of great rivers, half land, half water, a Hamitic population first appears on the scene, navigating in reed skiffs the mouths of the rivers and the shallows of the Persian Gulf, and doubtless living to a great extent upon the produce of the rivers and sea. By and by the process of reclaiming the land from the loosely wandering and ever overflowing waters begins. The rivers are confined to their main channels by embankments, and in the alluvial soil thus reclaimed the population find abundant harvests. The colossal figure of Nimrod suddenly rises as a great monarch on the scene, and, temporarily welding together the various tribes of the locality, becomes a militant king of so exceptionally great power for those early times as to leave behind him a name and fame which, even at the present day, live in the memory and imagination of the wandering Arabs who now pasture their flocks upon the ruins of Assyrian and Babylonian greatness. It was a great but transient outburst of power, the creation of one man, and in the main perishing with him. A long historical blank follows; but still, as the recent explorations show, the Hamitic populations, now mingled to some extent with other blood, and assuming the name of Chaldeans, steadily work their way inland, raising town after town in the lower part of the valley. First Ur (in early times on the shores of the Persian Gulf), then Larsa and Erech, then Wipur, and at last Babylon, arise on the alluvial flats. Navigation expands, trade is developed, and the industrial arts, notably those of textile fabrics, are prosecuted with success. Babylon, and all the other cities of the new state, arose, like London, out of the soil in which it was built. It was built out of the clay on which it afterwards stood. Just as at the present day, in the suburbs of London, we see first the clay-surface of the ground scarped off and converted into bricks, and then

the bricks converted into rows of houses upon the place from which the clay had been taken, even so was it with the cities of Babylonia. They arose out of the ground on which they stood. And mighty indeed were many of the edifices so reared "by the waters of Babylon." After Nimrod, Chedor-laomer is the next great name which appears in Chaldean history. Like his greater predecessor, temporarily uniting the various peoples of the region—not only of the valley, but also of the adjoining region to the east—he turned the energies of his people into the channels of war, and carried his arms not only up the whole length of the valley, but also into Syria, down past Damascus, to the shores of the Dead sea. This also, like Nimrod's, was the exploit of an exceptional man, never to be repeated until the era of the Assyrian Sargonids. Nevertheless Chaldean—now in turn to be called Babylonian—power gradually streamed up the "Doab," or valley of the Euphrates and Tigris, new towns or cities arising on the scene, till Nineveh begins to rise into view on the banks of the upper Tigris.

Then a new power appears on the scene. The Semites in the upper portion of the valley begin to overshadow the Babylonians, and grow into the dominant power. The Chaldeans were a people of the sea-coast and the alluvial plain; the Semites were a people who came from, and doubtless had for long sojourned in the mountains which border the valley on the north. This Semitic population (from whose loins came Abraham and the Jewish nation) evidently straggled down into the valley land of the Tigris and Euphrates in weak and desultory bands; and to a trifling extent they seem to have formed part of the population of Babylonia (probably existing among the Chaldeans as small but distinct tribes) from the earliest period of which we have trustworthy records. But in process of time the Semite Asshur went forth from Chaldaea and founded Nineveh. Probably he went forth as a Babylonian governor, as a satrap of the king: certainly he could not have gone forth in hostility to the Babylonian government, because, for centuries afterwards, Nineveh and the adjoining district was an integral part of the Babylonian kingdom. It is

not less evident that this Semitic population, henceforth to be called the Assyrian, must have been more numerous in the upper portion of the valley than in the lower. Asshur in fact, and his companions, in going forth from Chaldaea, probably did so with a view to rejoin the main body of their own race. They went forth from an alien people, carrying with them the knowledge of civilization and the arts which they had acquired among that people; and as a dominant caste or family, they communicated that knowledge to the uncultivated Semitic population in the upper portion of the valley. Asshur, to whom this new nation owed its development, seems to have left in his descendants a dynasty (so to speak) of princes, a ruling family, which ere long became kings. The new state gradually outgrew its vassalage to Babylonia, and became first the rival of that earlier kingdom, and at last the dominating power in the valley.

The main body of the Assyrians were a race but recently descended from the highlands of Armenia, the upland region which bounds the valley on the north; and they showed the characteristics of their origin, alike in the locality where they established their power, and in their physical organization. They were a stronger and browner race than the Babylonians, and, unlike the Babylonians, they delighted in the hardy pursuits of the chase. Nineveh, the chief seat of their power, and apparently the centre of their population, was situated at the confluence of the Zab and the Tigris, and comparatively near the mountains. In the woody heights of the adjoining Zagros chain, the Assyrian monarchs and princes could enjoy the perilous pleasures of the chase, in which they delighted; and on the western side of Tigris, the low range of the Sinjar hills, and the wide open plains which stretched to the Euphrates, afforded ample scope for the chase of the gazelle, the hare, and also of the wild buffalo; while, either on the one side of the river or on the other, the lion, "king of beasts," was easily found in those times, and was the favorite object of pursuit to the martial sovereigns of Assyria. So as regards physical and moral organization, the Assyrians bore to the Babylonians somewhat the same

relation as the British do to the French. But in quickness and originality of mental capacity, the Babylonians had an immense superiority over their Assyrian neighbors. In arts and science, Nineveh simply copied Babylon; and in the form of their religion the Assyrians likewise followed the Chaldeans, although the spirit of their religion was graver, and never seems to have given birth to the license which unquestionably was connected with Babylonian worship. Comparatively devoid of originality alike in the arts, in science, and in religion, the Assyrians were nevertheless conspicuous in two of the greatest elements of national power, namely, in military spirit and skill, and in political capacity. They possessed that element of ascendancy over other people, which in a higher degree characterized the Romans. The Assyrians, in fact, may justly be called the Romans of Asia. As the Romans in art and science borrowed from the Greeks, so, in great degree, did the Assyrians borrow from the Babylonians; and in physical prowess and bravery, in political ambition and military skill, and also in the comparative grave spirit of their religion, they as much excelled any other Asiatic nation, as the Romans did the other peoples of Europe. But the Assyrians were before the Romans—they were a great power before Rome was founded—and naturally, if not necessarily, they were far behind the Romans in those principles of enlightened humanity and conciliation, without which no stable fabric of widespread empire of foreign rule can possibly be erected. It was as a conquering and luxurious race that the Assyrians flashed forth over the old world. They were the proud lords of western India, levelling cities, firing tower and temple, and carrying away people as it pleased them. Hardy in the camp, they were luxurious at home. Heroism and effeminacy by turns claimed them. Warlike booty enriched the state, and brought all that luxury and magnificence could desire within the reach of the king and the nobles. But they were great warriors to the last, and only fell in an hour of passing weakness, and before the attacks of a combined host greatly exceeding in numbers the army which they could muster in defence.



Another and totally different people next appear on the scene. The Medes become the masters, not of Nineveh—for they destroyed it utterly—but of Assyria, the upper portion of the Mesopotamian valley. And here we are brought face to face with a strange but unquestionable historic fact. Although thus becoming the masters of Assyria only six centuries before Christ, the Medes had conquered and established a dynasty in Babylonia sixteen centuries previous to that date. Nevertheless, in the long interval between these two successful irruptions into the valley, they totally disappear from the view of history. They are never mentioned—so far as has yet been discovered—in the records either of Babylonia or of Assyria. As a nationality, they seem to have totally disappeared from the countries adjoining those kingdoms. In what character then did they first appear in the valley, more than twenty centuries B.C., and what became of them in the long period which elapsed before they again appeared in the vicinity as a nation, some two centuries before the fall of Nineveh? It seems to us that the Medes who conquered Babylonia or Chaldea twenty-two centuries B.C., were a migratory band of that race; that they were not the Median race or nationality as a whole, but simply an adventurous offshoot from it; and that their irruption was like those of the Scythic and Celtic peoples, which play so remarkable a part in the history of ancient times—an irruption not made by the race *en masse*, but merely by one or more roving tribes, seeking their fortunes in the world. The Median conquest of Chaldea took place at a time when the main body of that people still sojourned in Bactria and the adjoining regions to the northeast of their future and more famous settlement in the western provinces of the country now called Persia. The Median dynasty in Chaldea lasted upwards of two centuries; and when it was overthrown and supplanted by a native Chaldean dynasty, we conjecture that some of the conquering tribe remained absorbed in the Chaldean population—where they left traces of their language; while the upper and more energetic portions of the intruders withdrew from the valley, first into the country from which they had is-

sued (namely, the western provinces of modern Persia), and soon afterwards migrated northwards, either returning to their homes in Bactria, or setting out on new expeditions into the region around the Black sea, where scattered settlements were recognizable in the time of Herodotus. One settlement of Medes is noticed by the father of history, so far west as in the country adjoining the Adriatic, who still preserved the dress and appearance of the parent race. Certain it is that as a recognizable nationality, the “Madai” disappeared from the borders of the Mesopotamian valley, until the middle of the ninth century B.C. Previous to that date, the Assyrian kings had again and again ascended through the passes of the Zagros chain to the plateau of Iran, without ever experiencing any serious opposition, and without ever meeting with any people calling themselves Medes. It is only in the later half of the ninth century B.C. that the Assyrian monarchs, in their victorious and hardly opposed irruptions into the Iranian plateau, make mention of a Median people; and these were so weak that they readily agreed to purchase immunity from the predatory invasions of the Assyrians by paying tribute to Nineveh.

But towards the close of the seventh century B.C., the Medes assume a new attitude, and by a sudden bound pass from weak vassals into formidable assailants. How was this? The change dates from the appearing of Cyaxares on the scene. It seems established that this chief came from the northeast, from the mother country of the Medes, at the head of a migratory and apparently powerful band of followers; and almost immediately he became the head or king of all the Median tribes who lived in the upland region, lying to the north and west of the Mesopotamian valley. Daringly ambitious, he quickly led his feudatory bands down through the passes of the Zagros chain to measure his strength with that of the monarch of Nineveh. The discipline of the Assyrians easily prevailed over the impetuous but desultory attacks of the Medes, and Cyaxares was driven back to the east of the mountain chain. Rapidly profiting by this sharp experience, Cyaxares reorganized his army, adopting to a large extent the military system of the

Assyrians, just as the Romans learned tactics and discipline from their enemy during their wars with King Pyrrhus. Again descending into the valley, Cyaxares met with better success, but was interrupted in his campaign by the news that the Scythian hordes were descending from the north through the eastern passes of the Caucasus upon his own country. Withdrawing his army to the Iranian plateau, he there encountered the barbarous invaders and, doubtless immensely overpowered by numbers, he experienced a total defeat. For a few years the Scyths reigned in Media—probably not troubling themselves with ruling the country, only exacting tribute for their chiefs, while the common class moved about in tents, feeding their flocks on the best pasture grounds. But the main body of the Scyths passed on into the Mesopotamian valley, devastating Assyria—apparently the fortifications of Nineveh were too strong for them—and then pushing forward into Syria, bearing down all opposition.

It was a dreadful but transient irruption. Scattered and sinking into enfeebled excesses, the Scyths soon "melted from the fields like snow;" the main body, apparently, making their way back to their northern homes. Cyaxares, with his usual daring and stratagem, cleared Media of them by killing the chiefs at a banquet, and thereafter easily expelled the leaderless throng. And no sooner was he rid of the Scyths than once more he made war upon Nineveh. Assyria must have been greatly weakened by the devastations of the Scyths; the prestige of her arms also was broken; and at the same time her king was an unworthy heir of the mighty Sargonid monarchs who had so long led the Assyrian hosts to universal victory. But even yet Nineveh was a great power. Cyaxares no longer trusted to his own resources for success in his expedition against the Queen of the Valley. He fomented an insurrection in southern Babylonia, and the insurgents combined their operations with his. To meet the danger thus coming alike from the west and the south, the Assyrian monarch divided his forces. Remaining himself with the main army to repel the invasion of the Medes, he dispatched his trusted general Nabopolassar with a lesser force to defend

Babylon against the rebels in the south. But Cyaxares soon won over Nabopolassar to his side, by giving his daughter in marriage to Nabopolassar's son, and agreeing to recognize him as king of Babylon. Nabopolassar then joined his forces to those of the insurgents whom he had been sent to oppose, and thereafter marched up the valley, and united his army with that of Cyaxares. But even then the Assyrians proved themselves redoubtable antagonists. The allied armies of the Medes and Babylonians were several times defeated in the field. At length, by a night attack, they stormed the camp of the Assyrians, and broke the strength of their army. The Assyrian king and the remainder of his troops withdrew into Nineveh, whose strong ramparts easily bade defiance to the assaults and military appliances of the attacking host. At length, after nearly two years of ineffectual siege, when Cyaxares might well have despaired of success, an extraordinary flood in the Tigris swept away a large extent of the city walls; and the Assyrian monarch in a fit of despondency gave up the contest, set fire to his palace, and consumed himself along with the ladies of his harem and much of his wealth. And what the conflagration spared the Medes destroyed. Nineveh was blotted out, sank into mounds of grass-covered ruins, and one of the great twin capitals of the valley forever disappeared from the scene.

Babylon rose into a new kingdom under Nabopolassar; Assyria was ruled as a dependency by Cyaxares, from Ecbatana on the other side of the Zagros mountains. Neither of these kingdoms, neither the Median nor the Babylonian, lasted a century. Cyaxares, indeed, was all powerful for the whole term of his reign. He extended the empire of the Medes into Asia Minor to the banks of the Halys; and, supported by a Babylonian contingent, he even overpassed the Halys, and made war with balanced success upon the ancient kingdom of Lydia, and the neighboring States which made common cause with it against the invader. Peace was at length established between the warring powers—Cyaxares giving one of his daughters in marriage to the son of the Lydian king, as he had already given one to the heir of the Baby-

lonian throne, the illustrious Nebuchadnezzar. Politically, as well as by might of arms, Cyaxares did his best to found, as well as create, a great empire. But after the maker of a new empire there should come a consolidator, and the son and successor of Cyaxares showed no special capacity for government. He had no urgent motive to engage in war. The dynastic alliances made by his father had given him for brothers-in-law his neighbors in the only two powerful kingdoms which lay upon his frontiers. Was not one of his sisters Queen of Babylon, and another Queen of Lydia? And with the king of Babylon, at least, he was on terms of stable friendship. So Astyages gave himself up to luxury and indolence. Luxury, imported from conquered Assyria, sapped the energy of the Median chiefs; and the army, while preserving its organization, lost its experience in actual warfare. The veterans of Cyaxares died out, and the new levies were untried in the field. Neither did Astyages exert himself to consolidate the various parts of his empire. The semi-chaotic state in which it was left by Cyaxares continued, while the efficiency of the army diminished, and the energy of the court was impaired by luxury.

Another turn of the wheel of fortune came. The Median monarchy was supplanted by the Persian. Under Cyaxares and his successor the sister nation of the Persians was a vassal state of the Medes. And, as usual in the East, the son of the king of the vassal state was kept, virtually as a hostage, although enjoying royal hospitality, at the Median court. This, at least, was the case with Cyrus, the crown-prince of Persia, during the reign of Astyages. But the young Persian, ambitious and apparently inspired by a religious zeal against the corruptions of the Median court, seeing also the weakness of its military and administrative power, conceived the idea, if not of supplanting the monarchy, at least of establishing his own country, Persia, as an independent kingdom. The young Persian prince chose his time well. The king of the Medes was now advanced in life, and a dynastic change in Babylonia had severed the close alliance which had previously subsisted between the two powers. The son of Nebuchadnezzar,

the nephew of the Median king, had been dethroned by a usurper, and no help would come from that quarter. Escaping from the Median court, Cyrus raised the standard of revolt. Astyages, old as he was, put himself at the head of his army, and a succession of battles took place, with varied result, in one of which the King of Persia, Cyrus's father, was slain. At length Cyrus succeeded in putting the Median army to the rout, and he followed up his success so rapidly as not to allow his adversary to recover from the blow. In Media, unlike Babylonia and Assyria, there were no strongly fortified cities, in which an army, defeated in the field, could still cope with the assailing foe. Cyrus became monarch of Media, as well as of Persia; and the Medes and Persians were so nearly akin that the revolution hardly bore the character of a conquest—it was accepted as readily as if it were simply a change of dynasty. Medes and Persians alike were employed in the service of the State by the new king; no difference was made between the conquerors and the conquered; the Median chiefs shared in the favors of the Crown, and the people continued their pursuits as usual, paying no more taxes than before. Armenia and the other vassal states of the Median crown continued in their allegiance and paid their tribute to the new king just as they had done to his predecessors on the throne. And so the short-lived kingdom of the Medes came to an end, and the monarchy of the Persians began. The only difference made by the successful revolution of Cyrus was to weld together the Median and Persian peoples—to make them one united and henceforth indissoluble nation, and also to place at the head of affairs a prince who was at once a statesman and a soldier, and who was inspired by a spirit of conquest which quickly made great changes in the political condition of southwestern Asia.

The revived Babylonian empire—whose knell was rung when Cyrus mounted the Medo-Persian throne—was almost as short-lived as the Median empire had been. But in the latter half of its brief duration, its career was as brilliant as that of Media under Astyages had been inglorious. Nabopolassar, the founder of the new or second empire of Babylonia,

had, as an active ally, shared in the glories of the Medes under Cyaxares; and when he was gathered to his fathers, Babylon found in his son, the great Nebuchadnezzar, the most illustrious monarch that had ever occupied her throne. He even surpassed in achievements and magnificence the mightiest monarchs of the illustrious Sargonid dynasty of Assyria. His genius shone forth alike at home and abroad. Again and again he marched his armies up the right bank of the Euphrates (which river was the frontier of the Median kingdom), subduing all the upper part of the valley which lay to the west of that river, and advancing victoriously into Syria, subjugating Judea and Damascus as well as the more important coast region of Phœnicia, overthrowing the armies of Egypt, and extending his suzerainty even to the distant banks of the Nile. At the same time he added greatly to the magnificence of Babylon and to the prosperity of his people. Bringing back with him from his military expeditions droves of captives, he employed them in the erection of grand palaces and fortifications for his capital, and also in the construction of irrigating canals, which widened the cultivable area of Babylonia. Greatest among these latter works was the "royal river," a broad and deep canal connecting the Euphrates with the Tigris. He built the great wall of Babylon, and the Hanging Gardens—two of the seven wonders of the ancient world. He dug a vast reservoir for irrigation near Sipparah, one hundred and forty miles in circumference and one hundred and eighty feet deep. He built quays and breakwaters along the shores of the Persian Gulf, and founded a city on its shores. Although stricken by a strange disease, a madness during which he fancied himself a beast of the field, yet health and prosperity returned to him, and the closing years of his reign were as glorious as the first.

The heir to his throne, the son of the Median Princess for whom he built the celebrated Hanging Gardens, was a weak prince, and hardly had he mounted the throne than he was deposed by Nabonadius, a man not of the blood-royal. The new king, aware that his usurpation had broken the alliance previously subsisting

between Media and Babylonia, seems to have fully appreciated the position of affairs, and began to surround his capital by new and formidable works of defence. Doubtless he beheld with satisfaction the revolt of Cyrus, and the overthrow of the Median dynasty which had been so closely related to the Babylonian line which he himself had supplanted. But he quickly found that the change only increased the peril of his own position. Cyrus, burning to extend alike his empire and his religion, naturally first directed his ambition against Babylonia. The Babylonian army was scattered to the winds by the onset of the Persians; Nabonadius retired into one of the fortified cities, leaving Babylon to be defended by his son, the luxurious Belshazzar. Probably King Nabonadius regarded his capital as inexpugnable, and thought it good strategy to lie as it were on the flank of the invaders, and harass their operations. Cyrus, however, at once directed his forces against him, and captured Borsippa, where he had taken shelter, showing remarkable generosity in his treatment of his royal captive. Babylon, on the other hand, set all his efforts at defiance. That great city—by far the strongest of its day, and apparently the most strongly fortified city in the whole ancient world—laughed to scorn the attacks of the Persians, and, amply supplied with food, beheld with contemptuous indifference the prolonged leaguer to which it was subjected. Despairing of capturing the city either by assault or by blockade, Cyrus resolved to have recourse to a novel but perilous stratagem. Unknown to the besieged, and by tedious labor, he cut a deep and broad canal at a point several miles above the city, into which the Euphrates was to be diverted from its course, so that his troops might enter Babylon by the channel of the river, which flowed through the city. This engineering feat—and it was no small one—was successfully accomplished. The canal was completed, and the means of obstructing the great river and diverting it into the new channel were ready. But this, after all, was nothing. Unless he could take the Babylonians by surprise, the attempt to enter the city by the bed of the river could only result in a bloody repulse, or in the destruction of his army.



The Euphrates, as it flowed through the city, was shut in on either side by a lofty embankment or quays, and the only access from the river to the city was at certain points, by flights of steps, each guarded by a strong gate. If those gates were shut, success was hopeless; and the attacking force, in the bed of the river, would be easily overwhelmed by the missiles showered down upon them by the Babylonian troops from the quays on either side. But fortune was propitious; and the terrible doom so long denounced against Babylon by the seers of Israel at length overtook her:

"When all was prepared, Cyrus determined to wait for the arrival of a certain festival, during which the whole population were wont to engage in drinking and revelling, and then silently in the dead of night to turn the water of the river and make his attack. All fell out as he hoped and wished. The festival was even held with greater pomp and splendor than usual; for Belshazzar, with the natural insolence of youth, to mark his contempt for the besieging army, abandoned himself wholly to the delights of the season, and himself entertained a thousand lords in his palace. Elsewhere the rest of the population was occupied in feasting and dancing. Drunken riot and mad excitement held possession of the town; the siege was forgotten; ordinary precautions were neglected. Following the example of their king, the Babylonians gave themselves up for the night to orgies in which religious frenzy and drunken excitement formed a strange and revolting medley.

"Meanwhile, outside the city, in silence and darkness, the Persians watched at the two points where the Euphrates entered and left the walls. Anxiously they noted the gradual sinking of the water in the river-bed; still more anxiously they watched to see if those within the walls would observe the suspicious circumstance and sound an alarm through the town. Should such an alarm be given, all their labors would be lost. . . . But as they watched, no sounds of alarm reached them—only a confused noise of revel and riot, which showed that the unhappy townsmen were quite unconscious of the approach of danger.

"At last shadowy forms began to emerge from the obscurity of the deep river-bed, and on the landing-places opposite the river gates scattered clusters of men grew into solid columns—the undefended gateways were seized—a war-shout was raised—the alarm was taken and spread—and swift runners started off to 'show the King of Babylon that his city was taken at one end.' In the darkness and confusion of the night a terrible massacre ensued. The drunken revellers could make no resist-

ance. The king, paralyzed with fear at the awful handwriting on the wall, which too late had warned him of his peril, could do nothing even to check the progress of the assailants, who carried all before them everywhere. Bursting into the palace, a band of Persians made their way to the presence of the monarch, and slew him on the scene of his impious revelry. Other bands carried fire and sword through the town. When morning came, Cyrus found himself undisputed master of the city."

It was mainly by the effects of disunion that the two grand sister kingdoms of the valley fell. They were the greatest military powers of their time. The martial temperament and belligerent spirit were more strongly developed in them than in any of the contemporary civilized States of the world. Their armies were well organized, constantly practiced in wars, and were well furnished with all the appliances of military skill and power, alike for operations in the field and for the siege of fortified cities. Their forces consisted of war chariots, of cavalry, and of infantry both light and heavy armed. Their cavalry used both the sword and the lance, especially the latter; their heavy infantry were armed with the spear, while their light infantry consisted of archers and also of slingers. In siege operations, they employed the battering ram, mining and scaling ladders; and they knew how to protect their working parties from the slingers and bowmen on the walls by means of a covering apparatus, similar in kind, though not equal in efficiency, to the *testudo* of the Romans. The Assyrians especially were a remarkably martial people, brawny and muscular, as well as proud and daring. And although we hear a great deal of the luxurious habits alike of the Assyrians and Babylonians, it would be a mistake to suppose that such luxury ever directly affected the mass of the people. It was necessarily confined to the court and the wealthy classes, which constituted a very small part of the population. Nor do we find, as a matter of fact, that this luxury had any appreciable effect in enervating either the monarchs or the chiefs. In Assyria, the usual relaxation of the kings, in times of peace, was in the hardy and perilous pursuits of the chase. The Babylonians were a less physically powerful race than the Assyrians—sparer in

form, and in the main of a less lordly type. They were also more given to the pacific pursuits of trade and manufacture. They were "towns-people" in a much greater degree than the Assyrians, and did not show in an equal degree the passion for foreign conquest which inspired their neighbors of Nineveh. But they had all the "pluck" which so generally characterizes towns-people, and which often proves an equivalent for the stronger physique of a rural population. They were constantly getting up revolts and *émutes*—rebellions and fighting to the last. Even after the conquest of Babylon by Cyrus, their love of revolt did not forsake them, and was the main cause which at length brought total ruin and devastation on their city. In truth, in reading the history of the Babylonians, we have been struck with the points of resemblance between them and the Parisians of modern times. The same mental activity, the same quickness, restlessness, fickleness, and the same pluck and aptitude for fighting. For the sake of illustration, we might parallel the points of difference between the Babylonians and Assyrians by those at present existing between the French and the British. In solid power and physical strength, and in the graver spirit which pervaded alike their religion and their society, the Assyrians may be likened to the British; while in their indomitable vivacity and pugnacity, their mental quickness and fickleness, the gay spirit of their religious festivals, and the more lax and licentious form of their society, the Babylonians may be likened (we do not say to the French nation but) to the Parisians.

In material resources, and doubtless also in population, the kingdoms of the valley were superior to the sister states of Media and Persia which overthrew them. Even under the Persian monarchy, when the resources of Media and Persia had been fully developed, Mesopotamia paid more tribute than Media and Persia together. The valley, under its old system of irrigation, was as remarkable for fertility as the region east of the Zagros was the reverse. And, in addition to this means of supporting population, the trade and export manufactures of Babylonia had the same effect in increasing the material resources of the

valley as if its area of cultivation had been larger than it was. Moreover, the kingdoms of the valley possessed at least two great cities powerfully fortified, and which proved more than a match for all the military power which was brought against them. It was disunion which laid the valley prostrate at the feet of its Arian invaders. Unquestionably this disunion proved peculiarly fatal owing to the fact that weak kings ruled in the valley contemporaneously with Median and Persian monarchs of remarkable energy and ability. Had any one of his Sargonid predecessors been on the throne of Nineveh instead of Saracus when Cyaxares invaded the valley, the issue might have been different. And the same may be said of Babylon if Nebuchadnezzar had been the contemporary of Cyrus. But even as it was, disunion, we repeat, was the great cause of the downfall of the kingdoms of the valley. When Cyaxares made his last attack upon Assyria, he had the whole force of Babylonia on his side; nay more, owing to the treachery of Nabopolassar, even a considerable part of the Assyrian army coöperated in the downfall of Nineveh. Yet, in spite of this rebellion of Babylonia, and this defection of a portion of his army, the Assyrian king, feeble though he was compared to his great predecessors, for two years bade defiance to the allied force which besieged his capital. And but for the exceptionally great overflow of the Tigris, which tore down the defences of the city, it is not improbable that the Assyrians in Nineveh might have kept their assailants at bay until dissensions broke out among the allied princes of the beleaguering army. The fall of Babylon was produced by nearly similar circumstances. Nineveh had been destroyed; the Assyrian army, the mainstay of the valley, had been broken up; the upper half of the valley was now a part of the Persian kingdom, and levies from Assyria doubtless formed part of the army of Cyrus. Babylonia had to maintain the fight alone. Yet, even under these adverse circumstances, the strength of her capital was sufficient to have foiled the assaults of the Persians. Babylon was still more strongly fortified, and more capable of standing a blockade than Nineveh was. Her walls, of immense height

and solidity, inclosed a district of about twelve miles square, containing a large cultivated area, the produce of which was of itself, it was said, sufficient to provide food for the inhabitants; and, moreover, the city had been amply provisioned by the foresight of the king. It was the extraordinary over-confidence of its defenders which alone allowed Cyrus at length to capture the city. Babylon, like Nineveh, fell by the treachery (if we may so speak) of the great river on which it stood. In both cases the waters of the valley turned against the kingdoms thereof, and were the immediate cause of their fall. The Tigris surged up from its bed in unusual overflow and sapped the walls of Nineveh; the Euphrates was turned from its channel, and opened a path for the Persians into Babylon. Nineveh and Babylon each helped to produce the downfall of the other; their disunion proved fatal to both, and to the independence of the valley. In like manner, to state the fact fancifully—the rivers whose defection or rebellion played so important a part in the downfall of the two capitals, and of the ancient monarchies established on their banks, soon shared in the disasters which they had inflicted. Their courses became untended; the irrigating canals were allowed to choke up; unhealthy morasses began to cover the once fertile districts at their mouth; and instead of continuing to be, like the Nile, the parents of the grandeur of the valley, they beheld the famous region which they had so long fertilized sink into barrenness, and their subject streams became a means of transport for the armies of a succession of foreign conquerors.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Cornhill Magazine.

#### THE PEARL HARVEST.

THE question "What is a Pearl?" has been often asked, but has never been satisfactorily answered. Technical persons over and over again tell the public what they know already, namely, that the Pearl is a hard, white, smooth, shining substance, usually roundish in shape, found in a testaceous fish of the oyster kind. Poetic writers again speak of the Pearl as a lovely mystery, or as a beau-

tiful molluscous secretion; while high-flown Oriental authors call it the globe of light, the hoar frost of heaven, the moon of the waters, the dew of delight, etc.; but no writer or naturalist has settled what a pearl really is, how it is originally formed, or what it is formed from. It is not creditable to our progress in natural science that we are still unable to solve the mystery of the Pearl. We should at once endeavor to obtain an answer to the question, and also more reliable details than we have yet got as to the growth and habits of the animal which yields such an admirable gem; if, indeed, it be not too late to obtain the information, so far at any rate as the pearl fisheries of Ceylon are concerned, for we have it from an authentic source that so lately as December last not a single oyster, old or young, was to be found on any of the banks near that Island of Jewels.

Much nonsense has, from first to last, been written about the Pearl, and many curious and extravagant notions have been advanced by both ancient and modern observers as to the Eastern mollusc and the formation of the gem which it holds in its pearly prison. Many of the Indian divers are under the impression that pearl fishes descend from the clouds of heaven, and by all of the fisher caste rain water is thought to be an indispensable element in their formation. There is one old and rather poetic Eastern legend, or, as Sir Richard Hawkins calls it, old philosopher's conceit, which accounts for the production of the pearl by the fish rising every morning from his rocky bed at the bottom of the sea to the surface of the water, in order that it may open its shell and imbibe the dews of heaven. This dew-drop was said to fall upon the gaping animal, and then by the cunning of Nature became straight congealed into a pearl. This account of the gem's formation has been alluded to by the poet Moore, who says:

"And precious the tear as that rain from the  
sky,  
Which turns into pearls as it falls in the  
sea."

The leading idea in most of the old conceits about the pearl fish, is that the animal is endowed with the power of loosing itself from its moorings, and

floating to the top of the water to bask in the rays of the sun, which is one way of solving Sir Richard Hawkins' puzzle, as to how the dew necessary to the formation of the pearl obtained entrance into the shell. It is important for us to note this old idea of locomotion because it has been revived of late years by those who have been inquiring into the natural history of the pearl fish; who indeed go further than the old naturalists, and account for the empty shells now found on many of the banks, as also for the want of shells on some banks, by telling us that the mollusc can leave its house, and migrate from place to place, or that it can go away shell and all.

We must, however, get clear of the old ideas about the pearl and its shelly habitation, before we come to consider and discuss these modern discoveries as to the habits of this peculiar animal, or those mysterious visitations which, frequently occurring, sweep away the animal from its well-known haunts, and leave the banks for years at a stretch without a single shell. In remote ages, when currency was first given to the absurd ideas about the natural history of many animals that are still believed in by the ignorant people of the East—as that eels were formed out of the dew—it never seemed to be imagined that any animal was of itself reproductive. Some original and very roundabout way of accounting for the existence of every living thing, other than the real one, had to be discovered, and this accounts for our so often finding the pearl-yielding mollusc the subject of invention. One of the numerous stories regarding the origin of this shell fish is still retailed by the Parawas, and is to the following effect: In the rainy season the fresh-water brooks of the land that flow into the sea can be traced running into the salt water for many leagues, without undergoing any immediate change, but after many days' exposure to the heat of the sun, this fresh water is changed into a frothy substance, which, ultimately divided into small portions, becomes hardened, and then falls to the bottom of the sea—pearl oysters ready made. We are also told that the Indians, after smoothing the troubled waters by the old process of throwing oil on them, could dive down upon the

pearl shells, induce the animals, by means of a tempting bait, to open their shells, and then, after pricking them with a fork, receive the liquor from the wound; the precious drop was then set away to rest in an iron vessel, till it hardened into a pearl.

Passing away from old legends and imaginative natural history, we may at once inform the reader that the pearl-bearing animal of the Eastern seas, although very like the edible oyster of English commerce, is not an oyster, but a hardy wing shell, with a byssus at its hinged portion, and known scientifically as *Meleagrina Margaritifera*; in fact, the pearl oyster is a mussel. These pearl-bearing animals, like the edible mussel, multiply their kind by means of what is technically called spat. The pearl mussel is very prolific in the years that it does give out its seed. There is great reason to believe it does not do so annually, but that it is a most prolific animal we know, as great quantities of its spawn are frequently washed ashore. It would be interesting to learn how often the pearl-mussel yields a full spat. Our own edible oyster spats very irregularly. We have not had a very good spatting season since 1860, the previous very good fall having taken place in 1849. The spat on the French oyster beds has also fallen very irregularly for some years, 1860 having been, as in England, the best year for a long time back. Some observers say that the spat of the pearl oysters, after it is exuded, rises to the surface of the water, where it floats about for a period, and then sinks in search of a permanent resting place. The same floating quality has been affirmed of the spat of the edible oyster; but Mr. Buckland, who is well versed in the natural history of that bivalve, says the spat does not rise, but floats about in mid-water till it becomes fixed to a stone or shell. There can be no doubt whatever that the spat floats about both in and on the water, for we have ourselves seen it on the surface of the sea at Cockenzie, near Edinburgh; and thus it becomes fixed occasionally to strange places, the bottoms of boats, the sides of floating timber, anchors, buoys, etc. As to the spat of the pearl mussel, Mr. Donovan, the Master Attendant at Colombo, reports, in a



recent letter,\* that belatedly (end of 1865) found about thirty young oysters (mussels), of the size of a shilling and larger, on an iron buoy placed on the twenty-foot rock in the roadstead there. The buoy had been in the water about six months, and was brought on shore for the purpose of being cleaned, when the oysters were found adhering to it. If they first clung to it as spat, they must grow rapidly in these seas to attain to the size of a shilling in six months.

The pearl mussel is said to be in its finest condition as a pearl-producer when it attains its seventh year; in fact, that year seems to be a culminating period for it. In mussels which live beyond that age, the pearl is found to deteriorate in value; but it is thought by those who have had good opportunities for observation, that the pearls of the seventh year are of double the value of those which are contained in six-year-old shells. As to the effect of accumulating age on the value of these gems, we have some authentic knowledge. The cholera-morbus having broken out during the Ceylon fishery of 1829, the diving was brought to a premature termination; and in March of the following year, when diving was resumed, the pearl proved to be greatly increased in size, and the fishery yielded at least £15,000 above what was expected.

Pearls of any commercial value are not found in shells that are younger than four years; the young mussels, that is, those of about four years old, have pearls of a yellow tinge, while the produce of the old oyster is of a pinky hue: but pearls are found of many hues, some of them being red, others quite black. Tastes differ about the color of pearls. The dealers of Bagdad prefer the round white pearl, while at Bombay those of yellow hue and perfect sphericity are preferred; others again choose their pearls of a rich pinky color. It is a popular idea that the deeper the water the finer the pearl; but this, like many other popular ideas, is erroneous; the mussels, for instance, that are found on the banks at Arippe, are famed for their beauty, but the beds

of shells there are not nearly so deep as some others that are found in the Indian seas. One observer says that the best pearls are found in five or six fathoms water.

Many reasons have been assigned for the present sudden falling-off in the fisheries, but the total cessation of this important industry is no new thing at Ceylon. The productive power of the pearl fisheries at Manaar has more than once varied so considerably as to excite apprehensions of their becoming finally exhausted; indeed, it was generally found that after a good year or two's fishing, the supply began to fluctuate, and finally the fishing became altogether unproductive. From the year 1732 till 1746, there was no fishing at Ceylon worthy of being chronicled, and there was a long suspension, but not entirely for want of pearls, between the year 1768 and 1796, and again from 1820 to 1828, and also between the years 1837 and 1854, during which period the fishery for pearls in the Gulf of Manaar became a very profitless speculation, causing an annual outlay instead of any profit to the Government. Some of the reasons usually assigned on occasions of failure, are that unnatural currents sweep away the tender brood, or that the pearl animal is devoured by hordes of enemies, or that the mussel has removed to a new bank. Long ago, indeed, so far back as the eleventh century, it was said that the pearl-mussel found in the Gulf of Serendib had migrated to Sofala. There can be no doubt that there are many undiscovered pearl banks in the neighborhood of Ceylon, because the spat of a bed often drifts away to some distance, and thus new beds are constantly being formed. This fact in part accounts for the long-continued success of the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf: new beds are ever and anon found. It is thought by those well versed in the economy of the fisheries, that many valuable banks are lying in the Indian ocean, at depths beyond the power of the diver to explore.

The theory of the eleventh century, as to the migratory power of the pearl mussel, was recently revived by the late Dr. Keelart, and others. Dr. Keelart declares he has found out, by close observation, that the pearl mussel can leave its shell,

\* Kindly placed at the service of the writer by Mr. Steuart, of Colpetty, formerly superintendent of pearl fisheries at Ceylon.

and creep up the sides of a glass aquarium! He also found that this animal has the power of casting away its byssus, and forming a new one; and the inference drawn from this is that the mussel can move about from place to place at its own will. If mussels can leave their shells and migrate to new banks—which I question, indeed deny—how about their dwelling place? Do they find on arrival at their destination that new shells await their entrance, or do they form new ones? And does the naked mollusc carry its pearls with it, or leave them in its old house? And are pearl mussels endowed with greater locomotive powers than the edible oyster, or the common bait mussel of our British seas? And have these animals any but the slightest power of locomotion? We are told by the best naturalists, and the present writer has ascertained by personal observation, that the first thing necessary for the infant oyster (the edible oyster is here meant) is a holding-on place; if the spat where it falls does not obtain a "coigne of vantage" to adhere to, then it is lost forever; it becomes a prey to numerous enemies, or it perishes among the mud, which substance is always fatal to it.

As to the powers of locomotion with which the pearl fish is said to be endowed I have over and over again, at Joppa, near Edinburgh, marked scores of the common edible mussels in order to find whether or not they were endowed with the power of moving from place to place, but, whatever they might do when they were hidden by a few feet of water, they were always found in their place when the ebb of the tide permitted me to examine the rocks; and, if any of them had moved when covered by the water, it must have been with great precision, for they lay on the sides of the stones as closely packed as the eggs in a cod roe, and when examined were always found on the exact spot on which they had been left. At the great mussel farm of the Bay of Aiguillon, mussels are bred on an artificial plan, that is to say, the foreshore being all mud and not affording any holding-on place, places have been made on which to grow the mussels from their most infantile stages till they are ripe for market; and they are never known to move off the substance on which they

originally fixed. The spat of the pearl mussel, we may be sure, requires the same conditions for its growth as the spat of the edible oyster or mussel; no matter whether it be growing in the Gulf of Manaar or on the coasts of Persia.

In a recent report on the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf made by Colonel Pelly to the Government of Bombay, we learn that the best oyster beds in the Persian seas are level, and formed of fine whitish sand overlaying the coral in clear water. Any mixture of mud or earthy substance with the sand is considered to be detrimental to the pearl fish, as at home it is thought to be to the edible oyster, and such beds as have this defect are liable to exhaustion. As regards the fisheries of Ceylon, we are told that large quantities of the mussels are found clinging together, that they can sometimes be gathered in great strings called cables, and that the divers have great difficulty in separating the shells: also that very often the thickness of a bed amounts to several feet. Indeed, some divers are of opinion that many of the banks are crowded with oysters to the height of a man, only those at the top being alive. Yet, in the face of this we are assured that whole colonies of the pearl mussel have fled away to new beds. It has been told to me by persons who have recently inspected the banks, that dead mussels were found in large quantities; some say that the mussels on these banks were killed by a species of skate that preys upon them—others are inclined to assign other causes for the mortality. Have these beds of dead mussels been examined? Could not they—were the dredge in use—be brought to the surface, and the pearls be taken from them? And on all the beds where the oysters have died out, or decayed from some unknown cause, are there not countless pearls lying wasting in the waters? and might not these be obtained by dredging over the ground with the same kind of instrument that we employ in dredging the Clyde or the Thames? The outer skin of such pearls might be dull, but they could be peeled; for the gem is made up, like an onion, of so many layers, and a dull pearl can sometimes be peeled into a bright one.

The falling-off of the Ceylon pearl

fisheries is certainly remarkable, seeing that the fisheries there have always been regulated by intelligent officials, while the pearl fisheries of the Persian Gulf are more productive than ever; and they are a common fishery where all may fish, or at least where many people do fish, upon the payment of a small sum of money. Colonel Pelly, in the report already alluded to, says that the pearl banks of the Persian Gulf (which extend about three hundred miles in a straight line), though annually fished from the earliest historic periods, continue as prolific as ever; the yield during late years having been more than usually large. An immense number of boats congregate at the fisheries: as many, sometimes, as five thousand will assemble, and continue fishing from April to September, there being both a spring and summer fishery. The boats fish from the various little islands which stud these Indian seas, and from Bahrein in particular. After filling their boats, which takes some days, they resort to these islands for the purpose of washing out the pearls (they open the fish at once with a knife), and also for supplies of provisions, which are usually of the simplest kind, consisting of fruit and rice. The boats are of all sizes, and the crews vary from five to thirty men, some of whom fish on their own account, but most of whom are in pawn to the agents of pearl merchants who reside either at Bahrein or on the pirate coast, who secure the men by making advances of money to them during the period when there is no diving. The amount of money derived from the pearl fisheries carried on in the Persian Gulf has been estimated at £400,000, half of which may be earned by the Bahrein divers, who fish on the richest banks, the other half being earned by the divers of the Arab littoral. Most of the pearls found by these fishers are sent to Bombay, where fancy prices are obtained. These Persian fisheries are much more valuable than the fisheries of Ceylon ever were. Here are a few authentic figures illustrating the income derived from the thirty-four banks and seventy-four rocks comprised in the four fishing districts off the island. The three years' fishing, 1796, 1797, and 1798, produced £99,000. The net revenue of the Ceylon fisheries from

1799 to 1820, was £297,390. From 1820 to 1827, the fisheries were, as now, suspended, but from 1828 to 1837 the amount obtained was £227,131.

It is really curious that the Ceylon pearl beds should have failed, and that these Persian beds should be *always* productive, especially when we consider the fact that no care whatever is taken of the banks in the Persian waters, while the fishing of the banks at Ceylon has always been more or less regulated; the beds being surveyed, the supply estimated, and the time calculated during which a certain number of boats should be allowed to fish: the number of boats was always carefully estimated by the supposed yield of the bank to be fished.

In the days when there was a pearl harvest to gather in the waters around Ceylon, the following was the mode of gathering it: Before a fishery could be authorized, it was considered necessary to make a survey of the various banks, in order to determine which of them should be fished—as it was never usual to permit indiscriminate fishing, or to fish each bank annually. During the course of the survey, a few thousand oysters—usually from three to five thousand—are gathered as a sample from which to estimate the probable produce of the beds determined to be fished. The shells being carried to Colombo, and the washing away of the meat being accomplished, the sample of pearls thus obtained is submitted to a committee of experts, generally Moormen, in order to be valued. As to be appointed a member of this committee is thought a high honor, there is reason to believe that an honest verdict is usually returned.

When the report of the experts is given in, those in power then decide whether or not to hold a fishery, of which, when a fishery is determined on, due public notice is given by advertisement, stating on which of the many pearl banks the fishery will take place, the number of boats that will be allowed to fish, and the number of days the fishery will last, all of which matters are very carefully settled beforehand. If the fishery is to be conducted on account of the Government, the advertisement says so, and announces that the oysters (they are always called oysters) will be put up for sale in such

lots as may be deemed expedient; if, on the other hand, the fishery is to be open to speculators, it is then announced that tenders will be received from such persons as may be desirous of becoming purchasers of the whole right of that particular fishery.

These preliminary matters having been all satisfactorily arranged, the boats that are to take part in the fishery come on the scene, and these are just the one-masted boats in common use all around the coast as carrying and fishing boats, and they may range from six to ten tons' burden. On the advertisement announcing that a fishery will be held being published, a great many more boats usually apply than can be employed, and bribes are frequently given in order to obtain a preference. We have seen a complaint from Twandle Swany, a native boat owner, who, having paid one hundred and twenty rupees for getting his boat appointed, was dismissed after fishing for seven days, his take averaging about twenty-five thousand oysters per day—a hard case for so good a sommnatty. Each boat employed in pearl gathering requires altogether a crew of twenty-three persons to work it efficiently. Ten of the number are divers, two men to each stone, and five stones to each boat; other ten of the crew are rowers, and attend on the divers when the boat is on the bank. The remainder of the number are the tindal, or master, who acts as steersman; the sommnatty, or owner; and a toda, or baler-out of the water. A peculiarity of the pearl fishery is that every person connected with it, as in some of our home fisheries, is paid in kind. When the Government engage the boats to carry on a fishery, it claims three fourths of all the shells brought on shore; and when a speculator, as is sometimes the case, has contracted to pay a certain sum to the Government, and so takes the risk of the entire fishery, he claims the same allowance, or more if he can get it. Out of the remaining fourth of the produce a great many deductions have to be made before the boat owners obtain their chance of payment, which is also made in this universal shell currency. For instance, many of the Government officials were at one time remunerated by a percentage of the capture, namely, two oysters from each stone; a similar allow-

ance being made to that important personage the shark-charmer, without whose presence no fishery can proceed. Then, besides these, charity oysters have to be given for the Hindoo temples; indeed, some of the temples were at one time allowed the privilege of having a boat at some of the fisheries. After all the deductions have been made, the diver, who sustains the most laborious occupation in connection with the fishery, may obtain one hundred and thirty-four oysters out of every two thousand he brings up, as his own share: in sober money, he just earns about nine shillings per day; and he and the rowers only obtain a share on five days out of the six. On the sixth day the master gives the crew no pay at all, in order to swell his own gains.

The *modus operandi* of pearl fishing has been so often described that there is no occasion for again going over the general details of how these gems are procured, except in so far as I may correct some of those inaccuracies which have been so frequently repeated in the stereotyped accounts published in many of our school books, and at the same time consider whether or not the use of the common oyster dredge may not be recommended as a substitute for the diver. After a fishery has been determined upon, and the boats have been engaged, licensed—for which a small fee is charged—and numbered, the commencement of active operations is often delayed on account of unsuitable weather, generally because of a northeast wind blowing from the shore, while the proper wind for the fishery is a breeze blowing from the sea, sufficiently powerful to carry the boats to the shore. This is ascertained by the experiment of making a boat go out once or twice. When the wind is strong enough to blow her right inshore, then the fishery begins, a lucky day being selected by the natives for the commencement. The start of the fishery is usually in the beginning of March. Before that time the bank which is to be fished is marked with flags. At the commencement of the fishery a signal gun is fired at midnight, when the fleet immediately sets sail—the ardapanaars, or headmen, of the fisher caste leading the way with a light shining, as a guide to those who follow; a light is also shown at intervals by the Government guard-



ship. Starting at so early an hour, the boats reach the vessel long before daylight, and they are required to anchor till they can see to fish. Soon after sunrise a signal gun directs the fleet to proceed to the fishing ground, and at half-past six the hoisting of a flag permits the divers to begin their labors. Immediately five or six hundred naked swarthy figures plunge into the tranquil waters. Active operations are usually carried on for six hours, the divers descending into and rising from the water with great regularity.

Each boat is furnished with five diving stones, with a complement of two divers to each stone. The divers belonging to each stone go down time about: while one is down the other is breathing and resting. Divers are generally of the Parawa caste from the coasts of Madura, Jaffna, and Manaar, and the pearl fishery is in a sense a recreation for them, in the same way as a boat race is recreation for the Thames watermen.

The shark-charmer, a cunning person, who is considered so indispensable to the fishery that he is paid by Government, is constantly in attendance at the fishing bank. At one time the charmer used to be allowed a percentage of one oyster per day from each diver, but this has been commuted into a money payment. Accidents have never been known to occur on the pearl banks from sharks, which is of course attributed by the superstitious natives to the wise charming of the charmer; but it is quite easy to suppose that the noise made by so many divers frightens away these ferocious monsters. Exaggerated stories have been told of the time that a pearl diver can remain under water, two minutes and even three having been mentioned as the common time, but fifty seconds is the usual period when the men are regularly at work; instances have, however, been frequent of an immersion lasting for eighty and even eighty-seven seconds. The divers enter strenuously into their work, and a good hand will, when the mussels are plentiful, send up as many as three thousand in the course of the six hours he is on the pearl ground. At a given signal the fishery ceases for the day: then the crews which have been lucky shout for joy, others who have obtained but a scant

supply linger on the banks till driven away by the guards. If the breeze be not strong enough to carry the boats to the shore, the men have to take the oars and row them home.

Meantime the boat owner has been in utter anxiety to know what luck his boat has had, and the moment the little vessel reaches the shore, he springs forward to ascertain the result of the day's diving and to look over and fondle the wealth-giving shells. Others, all who are speculating in the fishery, are quite as anxious about the day's take; and the fact is that the thousands of people who gather on the coast—and they are so numerous that it looks as if a large town had suddenly been set down by the seaside—are more or less speculators in the fishery; it is one great lottery. All kinds of people are assembled, and they are from all countries, and are of all colors, of many castes, and of very different occupations; they erect with great rapidity tents, huts, bazaars and shops; there are sutlers, jewellers, and merchants of all kinds on the scene, the grand idea being there, as everywhere else, to make money. Everybody speculates, from the wealthy Hindoo merchant, who buys the right of fishing, down to the humblest outcast—for there are questionable characters of all kinds to be seen around, monks, fakirs, beggars, and the like. Strokes of luck are constantly being announced; a poor man may buy a fanam's worth of shells, and find himself in consequence of his purchase in possession of a little fortune. One person at a recent fishery bought three shells for a sum which could be represented by twopence of our money, and in one of the shells he found the largest pearl of that year's fishing. A pearl fishery is as exciting to the natives of the East as the Derby or the Leger is to a Londoner.

When the fleet arrives with the mussels, they are all carried ashore, and are divided into four heaps, three of which are selected by Government when the fishery is carried on by the executive, the other being the property of the boat owners, as has been already explained, to be divided among the divers, rowers, and others. The shells are exposed in heaps or in pits, so that the pearls may be rotted out of them—the flesh of the

fish is never eaten except by very low-caste natives; they are kept till the end of the fishery and then placed in canoes to be washed; poor buyers, however, cannot afford to wait, but seek out the pearls at once, at a considerable loss. Every individual shell is carefully washed and examined, and the pearls picked out, and afterwards the canoe itself is submitted to a series of washings in order to find such pearls as may have escaped observation. These are usually found among the sand, children being employed to give a last look over the débris, in order that their young eyes may pick out the small seed-pearls which are sure to escape the eyes of the older people. The pearls are assorted into ten or twelve sizes by being riddled through a series of perforated brass saucers or colanders, fitting closely into each other, the first of which has twenty holes in it, and those pearls which do not escape from it are called of the twentieth basket. The other baskets have each an increasing number of holes, thirty, eighty, one hundred, and progressing to a thousand perforations; each basket, of course, giving its name to the gems it contains, as pearls of the fiftieth basket, and so on. The price of the pearls is fixed per "chow," a local term which gathers into one word, size, form, color, and weight, thus enabling the quality to be appraised. As to the yield of pearls, it may be stated that it is most uncertain; as many as one hundred pearls of various sizes have been found in one shell, and oftentimes a hundred and fifty shells may be opened and not one pearl be seen. The largest pearls are said to be found in the beard of the animal. The estimate of the shells taken up for the sample previous to a fishery being announced, will average from ten to thirty Madras rupees per thousand oysters. Frauds of all kinds are constantly being perpetrated: mock pearls are mixed with genuine ones, and an endless variety of thefts committed; the coolies will swallow the gems, and the women will carry them away in their hair. The natives are very dexterous in picking out the pearls from the freshly taken shells, and also in concealing them. Plots are made up by the boat owners and others to cheat their employers. When a man

obtains the chance of stealing a large pearl, he contrives to signal to a confederate, who will, upon getting the hint, ostentatiously steal a small gem in order to throw the watchers off the scent; the small theft is at once detected, an uproar ensues, due punishment is meted out to the culprit, and during the time that this little drama is being enacted the "big thief" contrives effectually to conceal the treasure which he has purloined.

From these details it will be obvious that the falling off of the Ceylon pearl fishery will deprive our Indian exchequer of a considerable source of revenue, and the people of a means of obtaining wealth; but we may now hope that a proper inquiry will be instituted into the former fluctuations and present failure of the Ceylon banks. Mr. Holdsworth has been sent out by the Government to Ceylon, to report on the natural history of the pearl; and to suggest the best method of insuring successful fisheries; but a person on the spot, who is well versed in the matter, writes me that, in his opinion, "the science of all the naturalists in Europe will not replenish the beds till Nature so disposes." Now, it is hard to agree entirely with this gentleman. Science can not only replace the fisheries, but it can constitute fisheries where they have never existed before. It is proposed, I believe, to recruit the exhausted fisheries of the Tinnevely pearl banks, on the continent opposite, by means of artificial culture, and a portion of the harbor of Tuticorin is to be walled in for the purpose of pearl cultivation, where the shells will be kept and tended during three stages of their growth, after which they will be placed in the sea on their natural banks. By this means we may find out a great deal about the habits of the pearl-mussel that we do not yet know, and so be enabled, perhaps, to solve the mystery which at present hangs over the beds.

Some recondite speculations have been recently ventured upon as to the present falling-off of the Ceylon pearl supplies, but no one can with any certainty point out the true cause of the failure. It is a curious circumstance that the unregulated fisheries of the Persian Gulf are prosperous, although there is an indiscriminate fishery carried on upon them every year,

while the Ceylon and Tinnevely banks are at present quite barren. The fishermen of Whitstable say there is nothing so good for an oyster bed as the perpetual dredging and working of it; but the dredge is not known to these Eastern people, although it might be used with great advantage, both in the saving of labor, and in freeing the mussel beds from the various kinds of enemies by which they are at various times infested. Many of the banks are quite level, and the depth of water ranges from five to thirty-five fathoms; so that there could be no objection to the dredge being used on the score of the bottom being unsuitable, or the water too deep. Meantime, the failure of the banks must remain a mystery. It is needless to pretend that we know the cause, or that any one cause will account for so many different kinds of failure—some of the banks being filled with empty shells, while on other banks the fish has altogether disappeared, and again, on some banks the traces of an enemy can be seen in the many broken shells that are lying around. I may just hint, however, that "over-fishing" must have more or less to do with the exhaustion of some of the banks at Ceylon. This idea is confirmed by the assurance of Mr. Steuart, who has an intimate acquaintance with the incidents and economy of the pearl fisheries, that after fisheries have been held successfully for several nearly consecutive years, the banks cease to be productive. The want of a fall of spat may also, as in the case of our own edible oyster, be a cause of failure.

It is curious that, just as our Eastern pearl fishery began to fail, a considerable supply of excellent pearls were derived from the rivers of Scotland. Mr. Unger, of Edinburgh, the chief dealer in these Scottish pearls, which are very beautiful, and the instigator of the trade in Scotland as now carried on, pays a great deal of money annually, chiefly to the peasantry in the neighborhood of the pearl-producing rivers, for these Caledonian gems, many of which are of great individual value, the best kinds ranging in price from five pounds to fifty pounds: as much as one hundred sovereigns, indeed, have been obtained for a fine specimen. It is not unlikely, I think, from the impetus given to the fishery by the

dealers, that the streams of Scotland will speedily be exhausted, for mussels in Scotland are not found in beds as in the sea, but individually or in very small clusters, which of course are greedily seized upon and at once destroyed in the hope of obtaining a few of the gems. As regards the productiveness of the Scottish pearl mussel, a practical hand tells us that one pearl is on the average found in every thirty shells, but as only one pearl in every ten is salable, it requires the destruction of one hundred and thirty shells in order to find that one gem. Of course shells are occasionally found that contain a great many pearls, but these are an exception to the rule, and it may be easily calculated how long the capital stock of any river will stand out against the determined efforts of the peasantry surrounding it, when they know that by a little exertion they can pay their rent by collecting pearls.

As to the question "What is a pearl?" the best informed writers concur in thinking the gem to be the result of a disease of the mussel. Reaumur tells us, in one of his learned dissertations, that pearls are found in the mussel, just as stones are found in other animals, and that they are apparently the effects of a disease in the fish; M. Geoffrey, another learned Frenchman, thinks pearls to be of the same nature as bezoars;\* while some of the ancient naturalists thought in their day, that pearls were the unfructified seed of the animal that produced them. Pearls peeled to the core, or sawn in halves, show nothing in the shape of a nucleus that is very determinable; most pearls are nacre into the very heart. It was lately suggested at a meeting of the Royal Physical Society (Edinburgh) that the watering of the black cattle on our Scottish streams was an important aid to the production of pearls, as the animal broke the shells, and thereby produced a nucleus suitable for the formation of the gem. But black cattle do not water in the Persian Gulf, nor on the pearl banks of Ceylon—in short, the Physical Society has not yet solved the mystery. It would

\* The bezoar is a concrete matter found in the stomachs of goats and antelopes, and is of considerable money value, particularly in India, where bezoars are valued on account of imaginary medicinal virtues.

be interesting to know whether or not the disease or gem-producing power of the pearl-bearing animals is hereditary; it is not unlikely that this may be the case. The proportion of shells that contain pearls to the total quantity brought on shore is, as has already been stated, very small, and usually the shells likely to contain the gems within them can at once be singled out, because they are generally rough-looking and deformed. This is so, also, in the case of the pearl-producing shells of our Scottish streams, which, however, are quite different in shape from those of the Oriental waters. Adepts in pearl-seeking on the Doon or Ythan delight in finding rugged, ugly shells, as they know that they are the likeliest to contain pearls. Once obtained from sea or river, the pearl requires nothing at the hand of man, having been perfected and polished by Nature herself.

Leisure Hour.

OXFORD AND ITS COLLEGES.

IV.

WE are on our way to Queen's College. It will be observed that we are not taking the colleges in their topographical grouping. The present cicerone and his party are in no hurry. There is no need to take them in their order and as quickly as possible: we take them at leisure, and examine each as most convenient. Stepping out of Merton, we just give a peep at little St. Alban's Hall, which nestles at its side. You might live in Oxford for years, and hardly be aware of the existence of this diminutive hall. A glance shows you its pretty little quadrangle and picturesque bell-tower. And, if only for the memories of some great men associated with St. Alban's Hall, you will like to take a look at it. Such men have belonged to it as Archbishop Whately, who gained some of his highest distinctions while Principal here; that fine Elizabethan dramatist, Massinger; the celebrated scholar, Elmsley; and Lenthall, perhaps the most famous of the speakers of the House of Commons. We soon reach Queen's College, founded by Robert de Eglesfield, confessor to Queen Philippa, from whom the college derived

its name. An extract from one of Dean Stanley's works, *Memorials of Canterbury*, will very pleasantly introduce us to the history and traditions of Queen's College: "There, according to tradition, the Prince of Wales, her son—as in the next generation Henry IV.—was brought up. If we look at the events which followed, he could hardly have been twelve years old when he became a member.

Queen's College is much altered in every way since the little Prince went there, but they still keep an engraving of the vaulted room he is said to have occupied. . . . You may still hear the students summoned to dinner, as he was, by the sound of a trumpet; and in the hall you may still see, as he saw, the fellows sitting all on one side the table, with the head of the college in the centre, in imitation of the Last Supper, as it is commonly represented in the pictures. The very names of the head and of the twelve Fellows (the number first appointed by the founder, in likeness of our Lord and the Apostles) are known to us. He must have seen what has long since vanished away: the thirteen beggars—deaf, dumb, maimed, or blind—daily brought into the hall to receive their dole of bread, beer, potage, and fish. He must have seen the seventy poor scholars, instituted after the example of the seventy disciples, and learning from their two chaplains to chant the service. He must have seen the porter of the college going round to shave the beards and wash the heads of the Fellows."

This ancient college has now entirely put on a modern guise. The ancient buildings have now entirely passed away, and only their record remains in the college archives. Yet the college well merits its name of Queen's College, for it has been a favorite of various queens. Queen Henrietta Maria, Queen Caroline, Queen Charlotte, are counted up as benefactresses. Queen Caroline's statue stands beneath the cupola, above the central gateway. The present building is the work of Wren and of his pupil Hawksmoor, the architect of a few fine churches in London. The hall, library, and chapel are all remarkable in their way. The library is one of the best in Oxford, being greatly enriched by a somewhat recent benefaction of £30,000 by an old member of the college. The chapel is of an un-



sual kind of architecture, and supposed to have a resemblance to a basilica. It has a good deal of stained glass, and a richly-colored ceiling, by Sir James Thornhill, representing the Ascension. The hall, as is usual with Oxford halls, is finely adorned with arms and portraits, and has a music gallery at its west end. It has two windows rescued from the lodging of Henry V., and bearing portraits of him and Cardinal Beaufort. One of them records the circumstance in a striking Latin inscription. In the buttery is the founder's cup and a magnificent antique drinking horn. One or two curious old customs are preserved in the hall. Every New-Year's Day the college bursar presents to each member a needle and thread, colored blue, red, and yellow, and says, "Take this, and be thrifty." This is "aiguille fil," a rebus on the founder's name. A still more remarkable scene occurs on Christmas Day. The hall at dinner time is crowded with visitors, and the gallery above mentioned is sometimes crowded with hundreds of good Oxford townsmen. The usual blast of a trumpet proclaims the summons to dinner. Then two cooks, with white aprons and caps, appear, bearing aloft, that all may behold, a huge boar's head, the tusks gilded, and in its mouth a lemon, and the large pewter dish decorated with bay, holly, rosemary, and banners. They move in procession slowly up the hall. A singer of carols precedes them, who, touching the dish with his right hand, begins the "Boar's-head Song," a bass solo, with a chorus, which is taken up by two choristers from Magdalen and many of the junior members of the college. It is worth while putting down the quaint words of the song, a singular mixture of Latin and English, but tolerably intelligible to all readers :

"The boar's head in hand bear I,  
Bedecked with bays and rosemary ;  
And I pray you, my masters, to be merry,  
Quot estis in convivio.

Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.

"The boar's head, as I understand,  
Is the bravest dish in all the land,  
When thus bedecked with a gay garland,  
Let us servite cantico.

Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino.

"Our steward hath provided this  
In honor of the King of Bliss,  
Which on this day to be served is  
In regimens atri.

Caput apri defero,  
Reddens laudes Domino."

There are some private residences in Oxford, one or two of which have a degree of historical importance. Such is the fine old house in the corn market, once known as the Crown Inn. Sir William Davenant was born here : his father kept the inn. Sir William Davenant was Shakespeare's godson, and Shakespeare himself used to frequent this inn. Aubrey says that Shakespeare, who "was wont to go into Warwickshire once a year, did commonly lye at the Crowne Taverne at Oxford, where he was exceedingly respected." Kettel Hall, in the Broad-street, is a very striking private residence, and was once one of the many halls with which Oxford abounded. It derives its name from its founder, Dr. Kettel, and succeeded one on the same site which was called Perilous Hall, after its founder Dr. Perles. Dr. Kettel "was accustomed to attend the daily disputations in the hall of Trinity, where he sat with a black fur muff, and an hour-glass before him to time the exercise. One day, when Cromwell was in possession of Oxford, a halberdier rushed in, and, breaking his hour-glass with his halberd, seized his muff and threw it in his face. The Doctor instantly seized the soldier by the collar and made him prisoner, and the halberd was carried out before in triumph."

In Johnson's Life we hear of him residing here for five weeks at a time. In the recently-published Diary of the Right Honorable William Windham there is a mention of Kettel Hall : "In my new lodgings at Kettel Hall, during the whole of my time of being here, I have felt strongly the share which place may have in determining the course and character of one's thoughts. All that it has done here has been for the better. My mind has been more gay, my thoughts more satisfactory ; stronger impressions have been made ; more of that has been felt which advances us, as Dr. Johnson says, in the order of thinking beings. . . . My enjoyment in my lodging continued, during the whole of my stay, equal to

what I had reason to hope on my first entrance. The situation is the same, the distribution of the rooms, and the collegiate air which it still retained (its title also remains Kettel Hall), all made it a place of pleasant abode, and mark it out to be chosen in case of any future visit."

Frewen Hall is another remarkable building. You reach it up the passage which divides the premises of the Star Hotel from those of the Oxford Union Society. The Prince of Wales resided here during his residence in Oxford. In St. Aldate-street there are some curious old houses. One of these is believed to have been inhabited by Cardinal Wolsey while Christ Church was building; another was inhabited by the last Abbot of Oseney and the first Bishop of Oxford, before there was a bishop's palace (a very plain one) at Cuddesden.

Next we will go to Exeter College. This college has the largest number of members next to Christ Church, but it has hardly distinguished itself in proportion. Nearly everything about Exeter is modern. There have been so many alterations and additions that the whole now seems an entirely new construction. The west front is long and imposing, but the narrowness of the street, of which it forms a considerable proportion of one side, is against the full effect. The shops and dwelling houses interposed between the Turl buildings and the Broad-street buildings are also a disfigurement; but these will, in course of time, all be probably done away with. Various pieces of picturesque architecture have been improved off the surface of Exeter College. The hall is a very fine one, the finest in Oxford next to Christ Church. The college has a very pretty private garden, in a corner of which is a large chestnut tree, which is called Heber's tree, because it shadowed the window of the opposite room in Brasenose which Heber used to occupy. "Here, also, is 'Dr. Kennicott's fig tree;' so called because, when the figs were ripe, to prevent any one taking them, Dr. Kennicott put a label on the tree, inscribed 'Dr. Kennicott's fig tree,' which an undergraduate, coming afterwards and eating up all the figs, altered into 'A fig for Dr. Kennicott!'" (Murray). The college has a handsome library, rebuilt in 1856 by Mr. G. G.

Scott, in the Early Gothic style. An inclosed cloister adjoining the Fellows' library is fitted up as a library for the undergraduate members. But the finest part of the college is unquestionably the beautiful chapel, certainly the finest modern structure in Oxford. This also is by Mr. George Gilbert Scott. It bears a striking likeness to the Sainte Chapelle in Paris. The new chapel of St. John's College, Cambridge, which is rising at the expense of the late lamented Mr. Hoare, the banker, is exactly modelled after this. The bareness of the Sainte Chapelle, where religious service is celebrated only once a year, affords a very disadvantageous comparison with the beautiful and crowded interior of the chapel of Exeter College. It rises to great height, with a fine eastern apse, and a grained stone vault and arcades. It is recorded that a very large portion of the necessary expenses were defrayed by men "who came originally to this college with slender patrimonies, but who, by the bounteous munificence of founders and benefactors in past generations, have had the advantage of such endowments as have enabled them in after life to win for themselves an honorable position, and a decent, if not an affluent, maintenance." We shall do well if we here quote some wise words used by one of such on the occasion of the opening of this splendid chapel. They are words which should well be borne in mind while contemplating the splendid ecclesiastical structures with which Oxford abounds, words which all Oxonians would do well to lay to heart: "Vain are all the rarest gifts of stone, and marble, and alabaster, vain all the cunning devices of the craftsman's hand, vain all the lavish expenditure of the most abounding wealth, if the heart of the offerer go not with the gift. Let the house which men erect to God's glory be as magnificent as it may, he setteth greater store upon the temple of the heart of each individual man, wherein he dwelleth by his blessed Spirit. Better to worship in the plainest barn, with the full outpouring of the heart to God, than in the most gorgeous cathedral ever raised by the skill of mediæval architects, if only the sense of beauty finds its satisfaction there, and the heart and the life are estranged from God in Christ. . . .

The worship of the sanctuary is meaningless without the worship of the life."

New College is next on our list; a singular name as belonging to a foundation which has been five hundred years in existence. Every college in turn has been called New College. This was the noble work of William of Wykeham, when he had been so high in the favor of Edward III. that Froissart says everything was done by him, and nothing was done without him. Most of the buildings remain as the founder planned and left them. In the warden's lodgings there is a remarkable portrait of the founder which Sir Joshua Reynolds thought was original. The cloisters are very remarkable, occupying the site of three ancient halls. They were consecrated as a burial-ground in the year 1400 by a bishop of Dunkeld. There are still an old pulpit, and the remains of an original stone high altar. The space is flanked with cypresses, and there is a remarkable ribbed roof resembling the bottom of a boat. In the civil wars the royal military stores were kept here. In the interesting audit room some very ancient records are preserved, also college seals, pictures of saints, ancient plate and jewels, the founder's jewelled mitre, etc. New College abounds with the recollections of illustrious men; many of their portraits, as usual, grace the hall, the latest of them being that of Lord Chief Justice Erle. Other illustrious members are Chichell, Waynflete, Bishop Ken, Bishop Lowth, Archbishop Howley, Somerville, Pitt. The relation between New College and Winchester School is very much the same as between King's College, Cambridge, and Eton. The University Commission has, however, effected very great modifications.

"He who visits New College for the first time," says the Rev. J. W. Burgon, "may be somewhat disappointed by the narrow lane through which he approaches it, if he has expected an imposing external *façade*; but our forefathers built in a different spirit from ourselves. They contrived a lowly portal, reserving their best attractions for the interior; and well did they know how to charm the soul which they had first caused to enter by that gate of humility. Let not, however, the exquisite statues of the angel

Gabriel, the Blessed Virgin, and the founder himself, which surmount the gateway of New College, pass unnoticed. Then let the stranger enter, turn to the left, and be told that the little feathered angel which he discovers in the wall (the model of those at Magdalen College) formerly held in his hands a scroll, inscribed 'Hic est Domus Dei, Porta Cœli.' He should then inspect the cloisters; and dull of heart must he be if their religious silence and solemn beauty do not affect him. Many an interesting inscription awaits him here, on the pavements, and on the walls. He should also notice the striking outline which presents itself to one emerging from the open door on the west side of the cloister. Then let the chapel be visited, and the musical proportions of the ante-chapel from the entrance at the southwest corner be duly recognized. He will be struck by the venerable remains of painted glass, coeval with the founder, and with the ancient brasses which strew the floor. He will then enter the choir, and should be careful to coast along the north side, that he may be spared the sight of the painted glass which disfigures the windows above him. Those on the south are of a superior order; the colors are vivid, and the general effect highly agreeable. Arrived at the east end, good taste is offended, by discovering that the western window has fallen a sacrifice to the barbarous taste of the last century; a design of Sir Joshua Reynolds supplanting what must have been of infinitely greater interest. The organ also looks as if it had been absurdly contrived to inclose that design as in a frame; but, strange to relate, it was erected of its present shape a full century earlier, having been introduced into the college in 1661. At this juncture it is some consolation to be shown Wykeham's pastoral staff, which is preserved in this part of the chapel. It is of silver-gilt, exquisitely wrought, and curiously enamelled; being, perhaps, the most gorgeous relic of the kind in existence. The general form is very elegant. The figures are admirable in point of character, while the ornamental details are in the best style of what is generally considered the best period of mediæval art. The whole was made admirably effective by the

skilful introduction of enamel and jewels.\*

The gardens of New College may, upon the whole, be considered the finest in Oxford. They are surrounded by the old city wall, which the college, by covenant with the founder, is bound to keep in repair. On the top is an "alure," or walk, with parapets, bastions, and loopholes for arrows, a very interesting example of ancient fortification. In the civil wars it was fortified, and employed both by Royalists and Parliamentarians. In gilt, on the ancient gateway, is the armorial sentence, "Manners makyth man." There is a mound in front of the gateway, covered with shrubs, which is considered a great ornament of the grounds. At the back of the college is a piece of ground, called the "Slip," or "Slipe," where are the stables and offices, commanding a picturesque view of the fine perpendicular tower, supposed to have been Wykeham's last work, and the chapel. There is a dark story told of certain Protestant members of the College, who were imprisoned in this tower in the time of Henry VIII., and were allowed to die of cold and starvation.

Saturday Review.

COBBETT'S POLITICAL WORKS.†

COBBETT is gradually becoming a mere name to us, though he is probably the only, or almost the only, Englishman who ever rose to real greatness exclusively as a journalist. We propose to attempt to draw a slight outline of the man and of his most characteristic opinions, taking as our authority the selections made by his sons from his political writings in America and England. Familiar as his name was within living memory, it may be necessary for the information of many at least of our readers to give a short out-

\* Mr. Burgon points out that for many interesting particulars he is indebted to the kindness of the Rev. J. E. Sewell, Fellow of New College, who is "as full of curious antiquarian information as he is willing to impart it."

† *Selections from Cobbett's Political Works.* Being a complete Abridgment of the one hundred Volumes which comprise the Writings of *Porcupine* and the *Weekly Political Register*. With Notes, Historical and Explanatory. By JOHN M. and JAMES P. COBBETT. 6 vols.

line of his career. His writings contain, among other matters, materials for a complete autobiography, if any one took the trouble to extract and arrange in chronological order the statements which he made at various times as to the leading incidents of his life. He was born in Hampshire in or about the year 1765. He was the son of a farmer, and the grandson of a laborer who, as he boasted, lived for forty years in the same service. In 1784 he enlisted at Chatham in the Fifty-fourth Regiment of Foot, and served in it in the North American provinces, especially in Nova-Scotia and Canada, from 1785 to 1792, when the regiment (of which, by the way, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was Major) returned to England. His great talents raised him almost immediately to the rank of corporal, and within about a year and a half to that of sergeant-major. He gives an account, in a letter written "to the independent people of Hampshire," in 1809, of his career in the regiment. It is a most characteristic passage, but, full as it is of vanity, it is fair to Cobbett to say that there is reason to believe it to be substantially true. He was clerk to the regiment, and he says:

"In a very short time the whole of the business in that way fell into my hands, and at the end of about a year neither adjutant, paymaster, nor quartermaster could move an inch without my assistance. The military part of the regiment's affairs fell under my care in like manner."

He describes how a new drill book came out, and how he had first to learn it and then teach it to others, "to give lectures of instruction to the officers themselves, the colonel not excepted." He thus came to have a wonderful opinion of himself, which continued to characterize him in all departments of affairs through the whole of his life:

"As I advanced in experience I felt less and less respect for those whom I was compelled to obey. . . From nineteen to twenty-seven is not much of an age for moderation, especially with those who must necessarily despise all around them. But the fame of my services and talents ran through the whole country. . . I had the affairs of a whole regiment to attend to. . . I found, however, time for studying English and French grammar; I learned geometry and fortification; I built a barrack for four hundred men, without the



aid of either draughtsman, carpenter, or brick-layer. The soldiers under me cut the timber and dug the stones, and I was the architect. . . . With all these occupations (of which I mention only a few particulars that occur to me at the moment) I found time for skating, fishing, shooting, and all the other sports of the country, of which, when I left it, I had seen and knew more than any other man."

With all these gifts, and especially with a thorough knowledge of both English grammar and the French language, which performed for him the very same office which a classical education performs for young men of a different class, Cobbett applied for and obtained his discharge from the army in 1792. He did so, although he had the prospect of receiving a commission without purchase, in order to expose certain frauds which he had detected in the quartermaster's department. In the letter which we have already quoted he gives a long account of his attempts to obtain a court martial, and of the shuffling manner in which, as he says, he was put off. His enemies afterwards charged him with having flinched from his accusations when it came to the point, to which he replies by charging them with all manner of frauds. Be this as it may, he left the army in 1792, and went to France with his young wife. He was both disgusted and reasonably alarmed at the scenes into the midst of which he fell, for he was in France (though not at Paris) till shortly before the September massacres; and he accordingly sailed from Havre to America, and settled at Philadelphia, where he gave lessons in the English language to the French emigrants. He afterwards began to publish a paper in favor of the Federalists and the English alliance, which was called by different names, and at last *Porcupine's Gazette*. He carried on in it for several years furious polemics with various persons, and especially with the unhappy Democrats, whom he lashed with more than all the fury which he afterwards poured upon the heads of English Tories. In March, 1795, for instance, after much dwelling on the brutalities of the Revolution, he observes, "At the very name of Democrat humanity shudders and modesty hides its head." He returned to England in 1800, in great favor, as his sons say, with the powers of the day, and he

received offers of assistance both from Mr. Windham and Mr. Pitt. He, however, refused them, and shortly afterwards differed with the Government about the Peace of Amiens, the policy of which he disputed. In 1802 he established the *Political Register*, and continued it till his death. In 1810 he was imprisoned in Newgate for a year, for what in those days was considered a libel, and he went over to America in 1817 in order to avoid the operation of the Six Acts. He stayed there about two years, when he returned to England, and continued his avocations with no other interruption till his death, on the 18th June, 1835. It should be added that he sat for Oldham in the first Reformed Parliament; but he achieved no marked success in the House.

Such, in outline, was Cobbett's career. We will now attempt to give some estimate of the man himself, and some account of his more characteristic opinions. If we had to take a representative man from each of the three kingdoms, Cobbett, O'Connell, and Walter Scott would be by no means bad men to choose. Cobbett was a model John Bull. He had all the characteristics of the race in an exaggerated form, and the chief interest which now attaches to his opinions arises from the degree in which they illustrate the strength and the weakness of a thorough-bred Englishman of much more than average power, but not of more than average enlightenment. Cobbett's great qualities were immense vigor, resource, energy, and courage, joined to a force of understanding, a degree of logical power, and above all a force of expression, which have rarely been equalled. His weakness lay in his incredible self-confidence, his monstrous prejudices, his extreme coarseness and occasional ferocity, and the thoroughly invincible ignorance with which, when he had got any ideas into his head, he clung to them and defended them against all comers. As life went on, his style to some extent degenerated, and became, as the style of all journalists tends to become, turgid and cumbrous; but his best performances are models of vigor and pungency. These qualities, together with his energetic, rather domineering, character, are displayed in great abundance in the most unlikely places. Nothing, for instance, can be racier or

more amusing than many parts of his French and English grammars. No other man, in all probability, would ever have thought of making such books the vehicle of the keenest political satire. Cobbett contrived to do so by choosing his examples of bad grammar from dispatches, King's speeches, and other public papers. For instance, the Prince Regent in 1814 said :

"Although this war originated in the most unprovoked aggression on the part of the Government of the United States . . . I never have ceased to entertain a sincere desire to bring it to a conclusion on just and honorable terms.

"Does the Prince [asks Cobbett] mean that he would be justified in wanting to make peace on unjust and dishonorable terms because the enemy had been the aggressor? He might, indeed, wish to make it on terms dishonorable and even disgraceful to the enemy; but could he possibly wish to make it on unjust terms? Does he mean that an aggression, however wicked and unprovoked, would give him a right to do injustice? Yet if he do not mean this, what does he mean?"

He concludes the letter in which this occurs by saying to his son, to whom the letters are addressed, that when he comes to hear the people who write King's speeches making speeches in Parliament themselves, "Your wonder will be, not that they wrote a King's speech so badly, but that they contrived to put upon paper sentences sufficiently grammatical to enable us to guess at the meaning." The French grammar is as remarkable in some ways as the English one. It contains, for instance, directions for learning the French genders, which are most characteristic both of the energy and of the clumsiness of the man who invented them. Take, he says, a little book, each page of which is divided into two columns. Write out all the masculine words in one set of columns, and all the feminine words in the other, and read them over and over again at odd times until you know them all by heart. The hatred of rules and the readiness for labor which this plan shows—for it was the plan which Cobbett himself followed—are not less remarkable than the fact that, having adopted it when he was a sergeant in a marching regiment, he recommended it to others between thirty and forty years afterwards. It never appears to have occurred to him

that, as five French nouns out of six are masculine, a list of the feminine nouns only would have saved five sixths of the trouble.

Illustrations of the peculiarities of his style might be multiplied to any extent. His name, so to speak, is signed upon every page of all his writings. It will be better worth while to attempt to give a short account of the general cast of his political opinions. He was in no sense a party writer. From first to last he expressed his own views in his own way upon all sorts of subjects; and whatever the subject in hand may be, there is one uniform cast of thought about all his opinions as distinctive as the style in which it finds expression. They changed a good deal as he grew older, more passionate, and more accustomed to feel and to exert the singular powers which he possessed; but the progress of the change can be traced from month to month and year to year, and it is obvious enough that, under the varieties of opinion which he held at different times, he was always the same man. The leading idea on political subjects in Cobbett's mind was that all legislation ought to have for its object the production of a certain rough kind of prosperity and plenty, diffused throughout the whole population. There never was such an energetic believer in the theory of a good old time when every man was fed on beef, or at least bacon, and beer, and clothed in good woollens made from the fleeces of English sheep, and in shoes made out of English hides, when there were hardly any imports and very few taxes, and when there were no paupers. He appears to have believed that for several centuries this actually was the state of things in England, and that it had passed away only in very modern times by reason of the system of taxation and paper money and funding, which he never ceased to denounce as the source of every kind of national evil. As he read the history of England, "the thing called the Reformation" was the source of all our evils. Up to that time things had on the whole gone on well, and in particular the Church had provided for the poor so largely and so plentifully that there had been none of the grinding poverty which was witnessed in later times. The Reformation he viewed

as having been, in a political point of view, nothing but a vast aristocratic job and robbery of the poor. Before that event a large proportion of the revenues of the Church went to the poor. After it the whole went into the hands of private persons or of a married priesthood, who, as far as the poor were concerned, were little better. Still Queen Elizabeth's Poor-law was some compensation, and, notwithstanding the gross injustice which had been inflicted on them, the common people got on pretty well till the aristocracy invented the never-sufficiently-to-be-cursed funding system, whereby they were enabled to live out of the taxes in a constantly increasing ratio. What with constant borrowing, and what with paper money and indirect taxation, which raised the price of all food, drink, clothing, and lodging to an incredible pitch, the poor became poorer, and the rich richer, till at last, towards the time when the *Political Register* was at the height of its influence, the laborers were ground down to an extreme degree of misery, the old landlords were reduced to poverty, and Jews and fundholders (so he loved to put it) lived in brutal luxury out of the taxes. The burden of large parts of the *Political Register* and other works, especially of the delightful book—for such it is, notwithstanding many obvious blemishes—called *Rural Rides*, is that the taxes were squandered in supporting luxury. The population in the country, it is constantly repeated, was decaying, and was being collected into the great towns—or, as Cobbett always calls them, the Wens—there to be devoured by the “Wen devils:”

“The land is now used [he says in one of his rides] to raise food and drink for the monopolizers and the tax-eaters and their purveyors and lackeys and harlots; and they get together in Wens. Of all the mean, all the cowardly reptiles that ever crawled on the face of the earth, the English landowners are the most mean and the most cowardly; for while they see the population drawn away from their parishes to the Wens, while they are taxed to keep the people in the Wens, and while they see their own parsons pocket the tithes and the glebe rents, and suffer the parsonage houses to fall down: while they see all this, they, without uttering a word in the way of complaint, suffer themselves to be taxed to build new churches for the monopolizers and tax-eaters in those Wens! Never

was there in this world a set of reptiles so base as this.”

Nothing in Cobbett is more remarkable than the fact that, though he was regarded for many years as the incarnation of radicalism and revolution, he was no Radical at all in spirit and sentiment; at least he was not what is usually understood by that name. The whole of the Young English theory of things is nothing more than an effeminate parody of one side of his views. He was, as we have already said, the most English of Englishmen, as full of every English prejudice as an egg is full of meat. He always speaks with reverential tenderness of every old institution or building. The old churches and old cathedrals fill him with admiration. He had a great tenderness for the old religion, though he had no love for the despotic or priestcraft side of Popery, which he sometimes attacked in his characteristic style, and he despised Unitarians and Methodists and Jews about equally. His account of Unitarians is eminently characteristic, and contains a good deal of his grotesque humor. Baron Maseres

“went on at a great rate laughing about the Trinity, and I remember he repeated the Unitarian distich which makes a joke of the idea of there being a devil, and which they all repeat to you, and at the same time laugh and look as cunning and priggish as jackdaws, just as if they were wiser than all the rest of the world. I do most heartily dislike this priggish set for their conceit and impudence; but seeing that they want reason for the Incarnation, seeing that they will have effects here ascribed to none but usual causes, let me put a question or two to them.”

Then follow seven questions, the last of which is, “What causes flounders, real little flat fish, brown on one side, white on the other, mouth sideways, with tails, fins, and all, leaping alive in the inside of a rotten sheep's, and of every rotten sheep's liver?” Jews, Methodists, and Quakers come off quite as ill. The Quakers are “base vermin” and “unbaptized, buttonless blackguards.” The Methodists are a “bawling, canting crew” of “roving fanatics.” The Jews are “Christ-killing rascals;” and “Christ-killer” is his favorite pseudonym for a Jew, if one is to be introduced into an imaginary conversation or semi-dramatic

scene in one of his letters. The Scotch and Irish are served in the same way. He had no opinion of the Irish. One of the most stinging and crushing letters he ever wrote is devoted to the demolition of a speech of O'Connell's in his usual vein (*Register*, January, 1832). Churchill and Johnson were not harder on the Scotch. "The Scotch beggars would make us believe that we sprang from beggars. The impudent scribes would make us believe that England was formerly nothing at all till they came to enlighten it and fatten upon it." He carried his John Bull pride indeed to a positively ludicrous pitch, for in a letter to Lord Fitzwilliam, in 1817, he reproaches him bitterly for being a party to the renunciation by George III. of the title of King of France. "Had I been in Parliament I would have made every stand inch by inch in order to expose, at any rate, the abandonment of a plume won by the valor of my forefathers."

The abandonment of the title of King of France was an act of baseness without a parallel." We are acquainted with no English writer who illustrates in a more pointed manner the vein of poetry and romance which runs through every part of the English character, though in a form so strange, so subtle, and at times so grotesque, that it is continually overlooked or mistaken by superficial observers. It requires a far closer knowledge of the John Bull nature than most people possess to understand how the same man should burst into fiery indignation about the baseness of abandoning the perfectly senseless title of King of France, and should observe, "Talk of 'liberty,' indeed, 'civil and religious liberty,' the Inquisition with a bellyfull is far preferable to a state of things like this," and declare elsewhere that the religion for him was a religion which filled people's bellies.

It is most remarkable that Cobbett, who passed his life in the most passionate advocacy of Radical reform, and who denounced rotten boroughs and all the works of boroughmongers, fundholders, stockjobbers, and other "wen devils," every day and all day long for some forty years, was opposed to all characteristically liberal measures. He denounced schemes of popular education. For in-

stance, in December 1813, he published a letter to Alderman Wood "On teaching the Children of the Poor to Read," the gist of which is that there is nothing wholesome for them to read, and that they had much better not learn. They cannot understand the Bible, and the newspapers are all corrupted by the Government. In another letter he says that, in his experience of the army, he always found that the scholars in a regiment were "generally dirty and drunkards," "the conceit makes them saucy;" and their characters are so bad that men who can neither read nor write are frequently made non-commissioned officers because of the superiority of their moral character, notwithstanding the inconvenience of their ignorance. In much the same spirit of bigoted love to all that was old-fashioned, he admired the old laws against forestalling and regrating, and considered shops a mischievous innovation upon the good old fashion of fairs and markets. His view of facts was as much perverted by this state of mind as his theories. He continually maintained that it was a gross and ludicrous error to believe that the population was rapidly increasing. A man who could believe in the correctness of the census returns would be capable of believing that the moon was made of green cheese.

These were a few of the most important and characteristic of the political views of this remarkable man. They are interesting at present chiefly because they show the cast of thought which gave the most popular of all English political writers his great hold over the minds of a larger section of his countrymen than any other writer of the same class ever had for an equal time, and because they thus afford decisive proof of the strength of Conservative tendencies in this country even at a time in which party feeling ran higher than it probably ever did at any other period in our history. No one ever attacked either individuals or classes in this country with such unsparing violence as Cobbett, and yet his attachment to what he regarded as the genuine constitution of the country was undoubtedly sincere, and was exceedingly strong. He goes so far as to speak with kindness, and even with a certain sort of regret, of the feudal sys-



tem. When the matter is considered attentively, it is obvious enough that the doctrines which we are so much accustomed to see recognized, professed, and extolled in all directions—the doctrine of universal competition, free trade, religious equality, and the like—however true they may be, are popular only by accident. They are not the natural and appropriate creed of the great masses of the population. Liberalism is in many respects an aristocratic creed, inasmuch as the essence of it is to produce a condition of things in which the energies of every individual will have the fullest possible scope, and produce the most permanent results. The vigorous man will, under this system, get a maximum of advantage from his superior strength, and will transmit to his descendants the advantage which he has acquired. The apparent tendency of unrestricted free trade and unlimited competition is to throw wealth, and everything that depends upon and is derived from it, into comparatively few hands. What the average man likes is an artificial system which provides as large a number of persons as possible with a reasonable level of comfort. When people talk of good old times, the state of things present to their imagination, rightly or wrongly, is a state in which there was less trouble and anxiety, and fewer vicissitudes in life, than in the time of which they are speaking. The ideal age of most men is an age in which the common run of people got along pretty comfortably without much trouble. It does no doubt so happen that, in our own times, the extraordinary inventions which have changed the face of society, and have poured over us a flood of wealth unexampled in former times, have produced a state of feeling to which we are so accustomed that we do not see that it is exceptional. There never was an age in which the go-ahead spirit was so powerful, but even in these days there are considerable exceptions to this state of feeling. Trades' unions are a good illustration. They show that the great bulk of the class of mechanics have hardly any sympathy with free trade, and comparatively little ambition. Let us, say they in effect, have fair wages and short hours, and let both time and wages be regulated by the

work of the average man, not by the powers of those who rise above the average. The following passage is at once an excellent specimen of Cobbett's best style and a short summary of his most characteristic doctrine :

"The state of the people relative to the nobility and gentry used to be such as to be productive of great advantage to both. The laborers were happy. Each had his little home. He had things about him worth possessing and worth preserving. His clock, which had come to him from his father, and in many cases from his grandfather, was preserved with as much care and veneration as you would preserve your title deeds, or any building upon your estates. Men lived in the same cottage from the day of their marriage till the day of their death. They worked for the same masters for many years. They were so well off that there was no desire for change. Whole families were in the service of the same nobleman or gentleman, without any legal engagement, and without any other dependence than that occasioned by respect and good-will. In numerous instances, son succeeded father, generation after generation, as the workman or servant of son after father. The liberality and kindness of the employer were repaid by the respect and fidelity of the servant. All this is now swept away. That inexorable system of taxation, that fraudulent and ruinous system of funding, which have enabled the borough holders in England to smother liberty and reinstate despotism in Europe, have, at last, almost wholly destroyed this most beautiful and happy state of society, and, in the place of mutual confidence and mutual good-will, have introduced mutual distrust and mutual hatred. The American war, as I said before, gave the nation a great blow. That blow, however, might have been overcome; but the blow given by the late wars never can be overcome, except by that regeneration which a Parliamentary reform would produce."

What degree of truth was there in these views? The question is one which could be adequately discussed only in a large work spreading over a great variety of subjects, but one remark about it may be made with confidence. Cobbett altogether overstated his case, and pertinaciously shut his eyes to the real progress which the nation was most undoubtedly making in the midst of much suffering and a great deal of jobbery and corruption. The vast load of indirect taxation was no doubt cruel and mischievous. The abuses of Government

were very great, but, notwithstanding all that, the wealth of the country did increase enormously, and so, whatever Cobbett thought about it, did the population, all through the great war and down to our times. He put his finger on the real evil when he complained of the way in which property is distributed, and when he pointed out the excessive hardship upon the poor of the system of indirect taxation; but he was mistaken when he underrated the powers of production in the country, and was utterly wrong when he denied its increase in population. He was also wrong, as it appears to us, in the notion that it is possible by any artificial means to arrest the natural progress of society, and to make the general diffusion of rough plenty the principal ideal of such a nation and such an age as our own.

We have given only a slight outline of one part of Cobbett's views. His occasional writings on all manner of practical subjects are eminently characteristic, and for the most part well worth reading. Whoever wishes to get a vivid picture of the man, his thoughts, his views on all subjects, and his personal adventures, intermixed with most picturesque and beautiful descriptions of every part of the country, and of most classes of its inhabitants, may find all this, and much more, in the *Rural Rides*—a delightful book, with all its occasional coarseness and ferocity. We have omitted all notice of Cobbett's wars with private persons, many of which were exceedingly violent. They make up a great part of his writings, but their interest has now entirely passed away. To those who are accustomed to the gentler manners of our own time they are wearisome, and sometimes disgusting.

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London Society.

#### THE TREVILIANS' SUMMER TRIP, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

ROSE and Evelyn Trevilian sat under the trees on the lawn in front of their home, on a warm evening in July, each of them absorbed in a novel. They were very pretty girls, with clear, fresh complexions, fine teeth, dark hair, and honest

gray eyes. At this time they were scarcely eighteen; and being twins, and very much alike, the good looks of each were reflected and heightened in the other, as it were, so that they generally received credit for a greater share than they actually possessed. Huntley Manor, their father's place, was in one of the southern counties; the house, a long, straggling mansion, had evidently been added to at many different times, and according to as many different tastes, and the effect was, perhaps, more picturesque than correct in an architectural point of view. It was absolutely covered with all sorts of creeping plants; the old walls modestly veiling themselves under a curtain of ivy, Virginia creeper, and roses, not to speak of a variety of perennial beauties.

An extensive lawn lay in front, dotted with fine old trees and brilliant flower beds. At the back was the garden, kept up in the old style, with broad grassy walks, and close-clipped yew and box trees; and there might be found an abundance of those dear old-fashioned flowers, so rarely to be met with in modern times, wall-flowers, stocks, sweet william, etc., etc., filling the air with their delicious fragrance. The river ran below a terrace at the bottom of the garden.

The girls sat quietly reading for a long time, undisturbed by any sound save that of bird and insect life; but at length a tall young man of about twenty-one appeared on the steps of the hall door, and strolled leisurely towards them, lighting a cigar as he came: this was their eldest brother, Walter, who had taken brilliant honors at Oxford in April, and having rather injured his health by his exertions, he was at present, by the doctor's advice, indulging in a long holiday before entering on the serious business of life. He was very tall, and extremely handsome, with the same frank, honest expression which characterized his sisters. The books were shut as he approached, and Rose jumped up to meet him.

"What a time you and papa have been over your wine," said she; "and pray what have you done with mamma?"

"She will be here directly; she has gone up to inspect the small fry in the nursery. But now, what do you think has been the subject of our conversation

in the dining room? You would give a good deal to know, I can tell you."

"What was it? What was it?" cried both at once; "anything interesting or exciting? Do tell us, Walter."

"Come, attend to my little wants first, and give me my little comforts about me," said he, in a would-be languid manner, "and then we'll see what can be done for you."

So he was pulled down into a comfortable chair, and a little rustic table drawn close for his elbow to rest on, and then his sisters knelt down on the grass at his feet, and begged for the desired information.

Some slow puffs of the cigar, and a twinkle of enjoyment at their evident curiosity, was the sole response for some minutes; but at last, after coaxing and shaking and hair-pulling had all been tried in vain, he relented, and began:

"Well, you really wish to know? You're sure you think it would be good for you to know?"

"Oh, go on, you tiresome creature!" said Evelyn. "Yes, we wish to know, and it would be good for us to know; and what is more, we *must* know."

"That about settles it, I suppose, so here goes. Well, my little dears, did you ever, in the whole course of your small existences, hear of a place called Spa?"

"Yes, of course," said Evelyn; "it is in France."

"Oh! is it, indeed? What do you say, Rose?"

"It is in Germany—in Prussia, I think," said Rose.

"In Prussia, you think! Nice young ladies you both are! and I shall request Miss Hall to take you back into the schoolroom to pursue your geographical studies. Upon my word you don't deserve to go, for displaying such terrific ignorance. Spa is in Belgium."

"To go!" cried both the girls, who had never left England in their lives; "you don't mean to say there is any idea of our going there?"

"The parents and I are going, with the boys, and we thought of perhaps taking you," said Walter, in a patronizing tone; "but I really don't know that it will be my duty to advise it, under the circumstances."

"To go abroad! Oh, just think of it!"

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how delightful! But it can't be true. Here is mamma! now we shall know all about it."

Mrs. Trevilian appeared with her work basket at this moment; and her daughters rushing towards her, soon placed her in a comfortable chair, and assailed her with questions.

"Don't mind them, mother," said Walter; "when I asked them, just now, where Spa is, one said in Prussia, and the other in India; so after that, of course they remain in the schoolroom, and Louisa and Constance can go instead."

"That was truly shocking!" said Mrs. Trevilian, laughing. "Well, girls, I suppose you are quite enchanted at the thought of a little trip?" And she proceeded to explain to them that their papa had been advised to drink the waters at Spa for a few weeks, and that it had been decided they should make up a family party and go together.

"When we leave Spa we shall go to Cologne, and let you see the Rhine, and then come home by Paris."

By Paris! that was the crowning bliss of all, if any part of so entirely blissful a scheme could be said to be more so than another; and never was any piece of good news received with greater excitement and ecstasy.

Presently Charles, Arthur, and William, the three schoolboys, came in from a boating expedition, and were made aware of the intended trip. They were by no means so overjoyed as their sisters, for the river at home had great attractions for them; however, they were devoted to cricket also, and agreed that they would take their bats, and that it would be "very jolly indeed."

By and by it got too dark to remain any longer on the lawn; so they all adjourned to the lighted drawing room for tea, where Mr. Trevilian was awaiting them with the two schoolroom young ladies, Louisa, a girl of sixteen, and Constance, three years younger, as well as their good old governess, Miss Hall, who had been with them ever since the twins were eight years old, and was much beloved by the whole family.

"How I envy you!" said Louisa, when she heard the news; "but my turn will come some day, I suppose, won't it, papa?"

"That it shall, my love," replied her father; "but don't be impatient; you will find yourself grown up — well, *quite* grown up, I suppose I must say, and out of the schoolroom, only too soon—and then there will be foreign trips for you also."

After tea, and a little music, and what promised at one time to be interminable questions and explanations, and consultations of Bradshaw and Murray, the happy party at last broke up. The two eldest girls, whose rooms opened into each other, lay long awake, talking of the coming pleasure, and, as a sort of perpetual chorus to their rejoicings, they remarked over and over again, "How delightful that the Pagets are there; and how surprised they will be to see us!"

The Paget family were near neighbors at Huntley, and consisted of a father and mother, one son, a barrister, and one daughter, Ada, about a year older than the twins. They had come to that part of the world about two years before, to take possession of a small property left Mrs. Paget by a distant relation; and there was a great friendship between the two families, and a particularly warm one between the young ladies.

In about three days all the necessary preparations for the journey were completed; and finally, on one of the loveliest afternoons of a very lovely season, Louisa and Constance were flying about among the flower beds, gathering bouquets for the departing travellers. Walter, with the three boys and most of the baggage, had already departed by an early train, as they wished to "lionize" Dover; and, after innumerable adieus and promises of letters, the others got under weigh. The girls had so very rarely left home before that even at this sublime moment tears almost came into their eyes as they looked back from the carriage windows at their sisters and Miss Hall, gazing wistfully after them at the hall door, while the afternoon sun lighted up all the trees and flowers, in such a way that they thought the dear old place had never looked half so beautiful.

Dover was reached without any adventure, and Walter had secured rooms for the party in the Ship hotel. He took his sisters out in the evening for

a stroll on the beach, where the animation and novelty of the scene greatly delighted them. In the course of the walk, a hand was laid suddenly on Walter's shoulder, and a cheery voice called out,

"Why, Trevilian! can it be you?"

"Hollo, Granville!" was the reply, "can it be you? I may rather say; I heard you were off to Switzerland, and thought you were perched on some pinnacle of the Alps long ago."

"Well, so I was; but you see, at Zermatt I met a very nice pleasant fellow, who had been doing all sorts of things; and we were to have done all sorts of other things together; however, he was suddenly summoned home; and, being a nice fellow, I thought I might as well have his company as long as possible, and so I came with him: but I am just starting again for the Tyrol, with an old Oxford don who is wild about the dolomite mountains; a queer old fellow, but a good soul—Crossthwaite is his name."

"Well, *you* are a queer fellow, I am sure," said Walter, laughing. "The idea of your flying about the world in such a way! But come on now, and let us overtake my sisters, and I will introduce you. You know Granville well by name, I am sure," said he to them, as he presented his friend.

"Yes," replied Rose, turning to Mr. Granville; "your name is very familiar to us; it is surprising we have not met before."

"I was always so unlucky as not to be able to go to Huntley when Trevilian asked me," he answered; "but I hope I may be more fortunate in future."

"Come in and have tea with us," said Walter, "and be introduced to the heads of the house."

So Mr. Granville accompanied them to the hotel, and was presented to Mr. and Mrs. Trevilian. On hearing that they were going to Spa, he tried hard to persuade them to change their plans, and proceed to Innspruck instead; but this being pronounced impossible, and as he found the evening pass in a particularly pleasant manner, the volatile young man began to meditate an assault on Mr. Crossthwaite, to make him alter his plans, which, as Walter laughingly observed, "was not likely; not if Mr. Crossthwaite knew it."



However, to their great astonishment, when they all met on board the steamer next morning, it was announced that Mr. Crossthwaite had proved less obdurate than was expected, inasmuch as he had consented to a compromise, and would spend a week at Spa in the first place. Mrs. Trevilian and the girls felt rather shocked at young Granville's inconsiderateness in thus upsetting his friend's arrangements to gratify a whim of his own. However, nothing could be said, and Mr. Crossthwaite was duly introduced.

He was a man of five-and-forty, about the middle height, and very thin. His face was not handsome, by any means; but both talent and goodness were expressed in it. He was beginning to be slightly bald about the forehead, and looked and felt decidedly shy and nervous at coming into the midst of so large a party, especially the lady portion thereof. But Mrs. Trevilian immediately took him in hand, with her usual kindness; and long before they reached Calais, her pleasant, cordial manners had made him feel quite at home with her, at all events.

The passage was very calm, and none of them suffered from *mal de mer* except Barnes, the maid; and as she had, previous to starting, declared herself quite unassailable by any weakness of the sort, she had to submit to a considerable amount of "chaff" from the boys during the rest of the excursion.

After a long and wearisome journey (at least so it appeared to the elders of the party, at any rate—the spirit of the younger members seemed to rise higher every hour) they reached Brussels, where as many as could found accommodation in the Hôtel de Flandre; but some of the gentlemen had to go elsewhere. The next day Walter and his friend and Mr. Crossthwaite went on to Spa to secure quarters, while the others remained for two days in order to see Brussels thoroughly. They went to Waterloo, of course, and visited the cathedral, church, and museum, and began to lay in a stock of photographs. The shops looked very inviting, but as Paris was to be visited on the way home, any acquaintance with them, further than was to be gained from the outside of the windows, was strictly prohibited. On the third

day they made their way to Spa, where Walter and the Pagets met them at the station and took them to the capital airy lodgings which they had been fortunate enough to secure, Walter and the two gentlemen establishing themselves comfortably at the Hôtel d'Orange. The Pagets had prepared tea for them in their rooms, and insisted on their all going there; and a most joyous meeting they had, Mr. Crossthwaite alone being too shy to join them. Edward Paget, who was by some people suspected of a secret weakness for Rose Trevilian, was full of plans for riding parties, picnics, and all sorts of "jollity," as he expressed it, while Mr. Granville became more and more strongly of opinion that the Tyrol was a decided bore, and that his companion must by all means be persuaded, if possible, to give it up and remain at Spa.

Next morning a great array of the little sure-footed Ardenne horses stood pawing outside the door of the Trevilians' lodgings. Mrs. Paget, who was very fond of riding, acted chaperone, and they had a famous canter over the moors, and at last alighted on a tempting spot, where some sat and others strolled as they felt inclined, enjoying the delicious air. Evelyn, observing that Mr. Crossthwaite kept apart, and looked shy and uncomfortable, evidently feeling "a fish out of water" in the midst of the large merry party, contrived, good-naturedly, to get near him, and began to talk to him, though terribly afraid to do so, on account of the fearful amount of learning of which she had heard so much. But she was agreeably surprised by finding that he not only condescended to converse with her, but that he used language perfectly intelligible to her, and talked in a most interesting way on interesting subjects. Evelyn was not only well educated, but was an extremely intelligent, well-informed girl, who had read a good deal, and remembered what she read. Mr. Crossthwaite was, therefore, equally surprised and pleased with her, for (owing, no doubt, to the limited number of his female acquaintance) he was accustomed to look on all ladies and their acquirements with a certain amount of contempt, a sentiment which it is to be hoped, for the credit of his sex, is shared by very few of them.

"I felt very sorry for you, Miss Evelyn," said Mr. Granville on the way home, "when I saw you in the claws of the old fellow. Were you quite knocked down with words about a mile long?"

"Very much the contrary," replied she: "he really is a very pleasant man when he does talk. What a pity it is that he should be so silent generally."

"Oh, poor fellow! he's a regular bookworm, you know, and they never talk much: he is a sort of owl, who ought never to be seen except at night, and then only in connection with green spectacles and a shaded lamp and musty volumes of an appalling size."

"Well," said Evelyn, laughing, "you see it is possible to behold him without such appendages. But what will he do without his books for two long months?"

"He will collect materials for one, that is what he will do. You know he's a great geologist, and I am sure the very sight of the dolomites will make him mad, and I'm very courageous to go with him, I consider. Not that he would have pluck enough to go dangerously mad, but he will fall into a mooning state and take root on the Monte Cristallo, and refuse to leave it, to the despair of myself and his old mother, when she hears it."

"Is his mother living still?" said Evelyn.

"Yes. I don't wonder at your asking, for he looks too old to possess such a relative; but, after all, he is only forty-five, you know, though he looks so much more. The fuss that he makes about her is something quite incredible, I assure you. She lives in a little cottage near Oxford, and of course he is there continually; and I really think he is animated—actually animated—when with her. It is too ridiculous the way he gets on about her."

"How can you say so?" cried Evelyn; "he can't be too attentive to his mother, surely."

"Well, you see, I don't understand that sort of thing. Of course, I'm immensely fond of my mother; but I should never dream of putting myself to such worry and trouble on her account; and I am sure she would not expect it."

Mr. Crossthwaite here rode up to Evelyn's other side, with a curious plant he

had discovered; and they again got into conversation. She managed by degrees to bring his mother on the *tapis*, and watched with interest how his eyes brightened as he spoke of her. She could not help thinking that, in spite of Master Frank's external advantages, his youth and good looks and easy manners and careless good temper, he was, in reality, a much inferior man to the plain, awkward, depressed individual beside her; the very fact of his being there, instead of among his beloved mountains, merely to gratify a whim of his companion's, showed an amount of self-denial of which the other was incapable. A few evenings after this they went to the Redoute, and visited the roulette and rouge-et-noir tables, and watched the bourgeois of the place enjoying their nightly dance in the *grande salle*. In the rooms they found many acquaintances, some just arrived, some just going, and they had a most lively evening. Rose and the Pagets seemed instinctively to fraternize; Granville had installed himself as Evelyn's especial friend from the first, and they got on famously together.

"Come, Trevilian," said he to Walter, this evening, "come and let us venture a few francs at roulette; you will come and look on, won't you?" he added, turning to Evelyn, "and bring us good luck."

"But isn't it very wicked?" said Evelyn, hesitating.

Both Walter and Granville laughed heartily.

"Not very," said the latter. "I can show you a most respectable old female who has been playing all night, and I'm sure she wouldn't do anything 'wicked.'"

So they went into the next room, and after looking on for awhile, the two young gentlemen each put down a five-franc piece, and won. This happened several times, and Evelyn grew excited. It happened that she had, fortunately, been saving her pocket money for some time before she had heard of the foreign trip, so she was the happy possessor of twenty pounds, which was to be spent in Paris on all manner of beautiful presents for sisters and friends at home; and this idea was one of the chief pleasures she was looking forward to. It now occur-

red to her how delightful it would be if this twenty pounds would turn itself into forty pounds, in such a very easy manner as Walter had doubled his francs; and after various debates within herself she could resist no longer.

"Will you put this down for me, please?" said she to Walter.

"That is right!" cried Granville. "I am sure you will make a fortune in no time."

Evelyn entered into all the excitement of the hour. At one time she had nearly doubled her money; then reverses began to set in. She would not give up, however, always confidently expecting to win everything back—till, after various vicissitudes of fortune, she saw her last coin swept away by the rake of the croupier. She tried to laugh and look indifferent; and Walter and Granville commended her pluck, and declared they would win all her money back for her; but her eyes filled with tears as she turned to find a seat, and, to her surprise and mortification, she saw that Mr. Crossthwaite was standing close beside her.

"Here is a seat," said he, bringing her to a sofa in a corner of the room. "I am afraid you have been unlucky."

Evelyn's eyes brimmed over; she was little more than a child as yet, and she could not find voice to reply. Her companion saw this, and, with wonderful tact for so learned a man, he immediately began to talk of indifferent topics not requiring an answer, until she regained her composure. When, however, she was fairly recovered, he brought the subject round again to the gaming table, and she told him all her distress, which she never dreamed she would have been able to do, and tears sprung once more unbidden to her eyes.

"I feel truly sorry for your loss and disappointment," said her friend. "I know that it must be a great disappointment! but, you see, it does not do to play with fire and expect to come off without a burn. If I might venture to advise you, I should say, never put down so much as a franc again. The love of excitement is so subtle a thing, it takes possession of us in a way we could not believe beforehand. Were there no other evils connected with it, there is something degrading—is there not?—in get-

ting so excited about the acquisition of mere money."

He grew very confidential in the course of the evening, and told Evelyn, to her great surprise, that his own love of gambling had been so strong in his youth that every consideration of duty and principle gave away to it, and no advice or remonstrance had the slightest effect on him until he fairly broke his father's heart, of whose sudden death he received intelligence one evening at Baden. "I never thought I should tell that story to any one," he concluded. "You may imagine the anguish and remorse which made me old before my time, and which render me to this very day, I am quite aware, unlike other people. The very sight of a gaming table fills me with horror, and I long to stop the hand of any young man or woman whom I see beginning to tamper with a temptation so fatal to me."

Evelyn warmly thanked him for his advice, and assured him that nothing should ever induce her to do again as she had that evening done.

"I am very glad to hear you say so," he answered; "and not only that, but use all your influence with your brothers and friends, or any one in whom you are interested, to prevent them from running any risk from that terrible evil. Will you forgive my lecture?" he added, smiling and holding out his hand to say "good-night," as Walter and Granville came towards them. They, too, had been unlucky, and a shade was on the brow of the latter.

"That old fellow seems to be always dodging about and making a victim of you," said he, impatiently, looking after Mr. Crossthwaite as he left the room. "I wish he would keep himself to himself, or you will vote me a dreadful bore for inflicting him upon you."

"Oh! no, no," cried Evelyn, "I like him very much; he is very kind and good, and does not bore me at all."

"Ah, that's all your good nature—any one *must* be bored with him. Hallo! here is all the world going away; let me get your shawl. Where is it?"

"Don't take the trouble," said Evelyn, for his tone jarred upon her. "Walter, you will find it behind the second pillar on the right in the dancing room."

Granville turned on his heel in a pet, and went away by himself. His ill-humor was never of long duration, however, and next morning he had forgotten all about it, and came early to the Trevilians, full of plans for the day's amusement.

What with rides, and drives, and picnics, the time passed swiftly away, until at last one evening, on the return of the whole party from a long walk, Rose put her arms round Evelyn's neck when they got up to their own room, and hiding her face, said:

"Do you know, Edward Paget is talking to papa down stairs just now; what do you think it is about?"

"Aha!" cried Evelyn, laughing, "so it has come about as I guessed. I am so glad. I like Mr. Paget very much; but oh! Rose, what shall I do without you?"

"Do without me!" said Rose, holding up her head. "Why, you will have some one far better than me, for of course you and Mr. Granville will arrange it for the same day."

Evelyn started violently.

"Mr. Granville and me! Oh! Rose, I never thought of such a thing, nor does he, I am quite sure. I don't like him the least in that way. We are like brother and sister, nothing more. Oh! I should never dream of marrying Mr. Granville."

"Should you not?" said Rose, disappointed; "I am sorry for that, he is so nice and so handsome; but never mind, some one else is sure to turn up before that, and we shall leave home together, and live near each other all our lives."

Evelyn warmly embraced her sister, and tried to look as if she accepted her consolations, in order not to damp this new-born happiness. But she lay long awake that night, and shed some natural tears at the idea of the separation, and meditated on many things. She almost smiled as she thought of Rose's suggestion as to Granville; she certainly looked upon him very much as she did upon Walter, and nothing more. But how was it that the face of Mr. Crossthwaite kept continually presenting itself before her mental vision, and different things he had said in the course of the many conversations they had now had together would come up in her mind? Could it be that she, a pretty, lively girl of eigh-

teen, was about to fall in love with the plain, shy, elderly professor? No, she was *not* about to fall in love with him, for all unconsciously to herself she had already done so, and it was pretty certain that he would henceforth hold a place in her heart which no other man could ever hope to do; but as yet she did not know this.

So things went on as usual (except that Rose and Edward Paget were in a seventh heaven of bliss and contentment, and the parents on each side were greatly pleased with the engagement), till one morning that Mr. Crossthwaite took a long solitary walk by himself over the moors, making up his mind to some painful step evidently, judging by the expression of his face. That resolution was to tear himself away at once from the society of Evelyn.

Thinking over everything, he marvelled at his own folly in allowing himself to remain near her when he became aware of the danger of doing so—and came to a final decision amid many bitter thoughts of the contrast between them, and of his uncheered solitary life. But he looked as calm and composed as usual that night on entering the ballroom at the Redoute. It was Friday, on which evening there is what is called a dress ball, in which the visitors take part, and the Trevilians and Pagets were already there.

"This next dance is a stupid quadrille," said Granville, coming up to Evelyn, "and I am going to dance it with Miss Paget; but remember, you have promised me the next waltz. Oh! by Jove, there is that fellow Crossthwaite mooning into the room, and he will select you for his victim of course, as usual. Can't I take you somewhere to escape him? Come into the next room."

"No, thank you," replied Evelyn; "I have often told you that I find him very pleasant to talk to—I don't feel a victim in the least."

"I can't understand that, and I don't believe you really think him agreeable. However, here he comes, and I'll be off if you are sure you won't be rescued. Au revoir! don't forget our waltz."

"Are you going to dance?" said Mr. Crossthwaite, coming up and seating himself beside her.



"No," said Evelyn, "I have just been dancing, and I am going to rest."

"Then we can have a little talk," said he, with a smile; "the *last*, I am afraid, for it is high time I was off to the Tyrol."

A pang shot through Evelyn's heart as he said this, which revealed to her a great deal more of her own state of mind than she had previously known.

"Do you mean to go directly?" she said.

"To-morrow," replied he; and at the word her heart died within, and she could not have found voice to make a remark, so it was fortunate he continued talking.

"To-morrow I mean to go. Just think what an idler I am. It is a whole month to-day since we came here, and it is almost too late now for the Tyrol."

"If it is too late, then, you had better stay on here," said Evelyn, with an attempt at a laugh.

"No, I think I shall go: Granville will not, of course. I should never expect him to leave all his amusements here."

"What would you not expect Granville to do?" said the gentleman in question, as he passed where they sat.

"To leave Spa to-morrow," replied his friend, smiling.

"To-morrow! surely not to-morrow?"

Granville felt he had behaved ill in detaining Mr. Crossthwaite so long, and that he could not in common civility let him go on by himself, so he stopped, and begged him to remain another week.

"You will persuade him, Miss Evelyn, I know," said he, as he was obliged to go away to dance. "I shall leave him in your hands."

Evelyn, thus commissioned, did her best, but Mr. Crossthwaite was perfectly firm and immovable in his determination.

"How obstinate you are," said she at length, rather piqued, "and how unpleasant we must all have been to you to make you so determined to leave."

He looked at her; there was a strange expression in his eyes which made her color and turn hers away.

"Miss Evelyn," he said, gravely, "I have been happy here, happier than I ever thought I should be, far happier than I had any right to be. I shall al-

ways look back to this time as the brightest part of my life; but it is time that all were ended. Dreams are pleasant things, but you know one must not always indulge in them, especially when they are utterly wild and useless. Good-by now; you have been very kind to me; I shall never forget it—good-by."

He took her hand and held it firmly pressed for a moment in his own, and the next minute had abruptly left the room. Evelyn's thoughts were in a whirl that night when she got to her own room. A great joy thrilled her whole frame when she thought of Mr. Crossthwaite's looks and words, for were they not unmistakable? Did he not love her as she loved him? Yes, the conviction grew upon her more and more strongly. But about his going away to-morrow. Surely he would not go—he could not go—if he really cared for her. She felt that without him everything would be a blank, and if he loved her he must feel the same. At last she settled it in her own mind that he would not go, it was impossible: at any rate, she would see him in the morning, for his good-by only meant good-night, of course; and then he would be sure to change his mind. And having come to this conclusion, she fell asleep, but not till the dawn of a glorious summer morning had begun to redden the eastern sky.

At breakfast time that day Walter and Granville came over from the hotel.

"Just think of it," said the latter, "the old fellow has gone off to the Tyrol by himself, early this morning."

We must now skip over the rest of the visit to Spa and the trip to Cologne and the Rhine. About the end of September the Trevilians and Pagets had reached the Grand Hôtel in Paris, *en route* for home. The second day after their arrival, Mr. Granville went off by himself, somewhat suddenly, to England.

"I can tell you why he has gone, mamma," whispered Rose to her mother, in a corner of the large public drawing room where they were all sitting, and where much speculation had taken place on the subject. "Evelyn refused him last night! Yes, it is quite true. I was sure something had happened, so I asked her, and she could not deny it."

"Refused him, my dear!" said Mrs.

Trevilian, all astonishment, for she had come to like Frank Granville, and to look upon him as almost as certain to be her son-in-law as young Paget. "Are you quite sure?"

Rose was quite sure, and though a good deal surprised and disappointed, of course Mrs. Trevilian could say nothing whatever to her daughter about it—on such subjects she must judge for herself.

Poor Evelyn had a very different visit to Paris from what she had expected. Her lively companion was gone, and Rose, of course, much taken up and engrossed by her intended, and, besides that, she had her own secret, not guessed at by any one, and filling her with anxiety, joy, and doubt, by turns. The day before they left, as she and her mother were walking in the Palais Royal, where the former had been making many purchases for the home party, she saw a familiar form in front of them, which made her heart leap, and Mrs. Trevilian immediately exclaimed, "Dear me, there is Mr. Crossthwaite; we must stop him, and ask all about his adventures." He was walking very quickly, however, and they did not overtake him then; but he turned into the Grand Hôtel, and stood on the steps talking to some one till they came up, when Mrs. Trevilian spoke to him. He started violently at the sound of her voice, and colored when he turned round and saw who was there.

"I thought you were at home by this time," said he, confusedly, as if he hardly knew what he was saying.

"Come upstairs to our sitting room," said Mrs. Trevilian, "and let us hear what you have been about."

She led the way upstairs before he could make some excuse, which he seemed on the point of doing. He walked behind with Evelyn, determined not to speak to her; but catching sight of her face at a turning of the stair, and seeing how pale she was, he forgot his resolution.

"You have not been ill?" said he, in a low tone of such earnest anxiety that the delightful conviction that she was far from an object of indifference to him again impressed itself strongly upon her.

"Not at all, thank you," she replied, in a voice which sounded cold and stiff from the effort she was making to conceal all emotion. "We have been doing a

good deal here, and I am rather tired, that is all."

Nothing further passed between them; upstairs, Mr. Trevilian, who had learned to like him extremely during the month at Spa, gave him a most cordial greeting, and pressed him to come and pay them a visit at Huntley, which, to Evelyn's mortification, he excused himself from doing, with many thanks, but with immovable firmness, saying that he was an old hermit, who never visited the haunts of men except during his summer holiday just over.

"Well, well," said Mr. Trevilian at last, "a wilful man must have his way. When do you cross the Channel?"

"To-morrow," replied Mr. Crossthwaite, rising to take leave.

"Ah! then we shall at least perform the voyage together." But they did not see him again till they were seated in the railway carriage, when he merely came up to bid them good-by, saying he was unavoidably detained till next day.

"Poor man! how terribly shy he is," said Mrs. Trevilian; "I hoped he had got over all that with us, but he seems as bad as ever again. I am sure it is mere shyness which keeps him from going with us now."

"Oh! it is nothing else in the world," said Mr. Trevilian; "it is a thousand pities, for he is a very good fellow, and I have the greatest respect for him. I wish I could have got him to come to Huntley."

Evelyn did not know how to account for this obstinate avoidance of her society, and once away from him, she harassed herself with inward questionings and doubtings. Surely he could not care for her, or how could he stay away from her—she must have made a foolish mistake—as if a learned man like him *could* really care for a girl like her! So Evelyn began to be very unhappy, and a great change in her appearance and spirits became evident to all the home circle. Her anxious mother began to think that she repented her refusal of Mr. Granville, and heartily wished that by some happy chance that youth would make his appearance again.

The winter went by much as usual. The weather was clear and bright and frosty—favorable for long walks. There

was also a capital billiard table, and a great box of books came from Mudie's every fortnight, so that there was no want of resources. In January Mr. Trevilian happened to pay a visit by himself at Sir William Graham's, a country neighbor of theirs. He arrived late, and, to his surprise, the first person he saw on taking his seat at dinner was Mr. Crossthwaite opposite him. Next day they had a long walk together, and Mr. Trevilian reproached him for having refused all invitations to Huntley, while it appeared he could visit other friends.

"I know it must appear extremely uncivil and unaccountable to you," he replied, "and I am sorry to say I can only excuse myself by letting you see what an intense fool I have been."

He then confided his secret to Mr. Trevilian, who was utterly amazed, and much inclined to smile at the absurd idea; but, of course, repressed it, and told his friend how very grieved he was for him, but that he was sure his daughter had never given a thought to the subject.

"I know she has not," was the reply. "Do not think that I have been so insane as to have any hope; but you will understand how it is I cannot visit you."

On his return home, Mr. Trevilian, of course, told his wife what had passed, and she was no less astonished than himself. "Poor dear man!" said she; "how could such a thing ever come into his head? I wish I might tell Evelyn; it would amuse her greatly; but of course it would not be fair."

As spring advanced, young Paget began to be very impatient at being "kept so long out of his wife," and wrote pathetic accounts of his extreme misery and loneliness in London, which Rose, at any rate, fully believed to be in no wise exaggerated. However, Mr. Trevilian would not hear of the marriage taking place till the end of August, when Rose would be nineteen; and in the mean time it was fixed that the two girls should be introduced and go about a little in London together, which would be pleasant for both. A house was accordingly taken in Eaton-square, and the young ladies duly made their debut. Rose's engagement was announced, but Evelyn met with many admirers, the more, perhaps,

that she cared nothing at all about them. Mr. Granville also was in town, and established himself on something like his old footing. Early in July a great season of shopping set in, which both Rose and her mother seemed rather to enjoy than otherwise. Evelyn was too sad, both on account of her secret and also at the prospect of losing her sister, to take much interest in anything; and when young Granville proposed once more, and was decidedly refused, her mother was completely puzzled, and began to think that some terrible illness must be on the point of showing itself. The evening before they went down to Huntley, it being now within four weeks of the wedding, Evelyn and her mother were sitting alone in the drawing room, as the others had all gone to the Opera. A letter was brought in for Mrs. Trevilian from their neighbor, Lady Graham, who was at home. It said:

"We are in great distress here: our dear friend, Mr. Crossthwaite, is in the house dangerously ill; the doctors give us very little hope of him this evening." Mrs. Trevilian read this paragraph aloud.

"How very sad," she said; "poor Mr. Crossthwaite! Evelyn, my dear child, what is the matter?"

Evelyn had started off her seat and stood staring at her mother, pale as death.

"Read it again," she said—"Not dangerously ill—Oh! surely not that—I cannot bear it."

Her mother rose and went to her.

"Evelyn, what is this? you astonish me—you cannot mean that you—that you—care for Mr. Crossthwaite, except as a friend?"

"I could die for him!" she said, vehemently.

"My dear child!" was all Mrs. Trevilian could say—she was so completely taken aback by this unexpected announcement.

"Had you any idea of this, Rose?" she asked of her other daughter, whom she took into her own room that night for a private conference.

"Well, I must confess I had begun to suspect something of the kind, mamma," she replied, "though I never dreamed of its being so serious; but what will you do? Surely you won't forbid it, since

Evelyn is set on it. What will papa say?"

"Your father will be amazed, and I am sure he will disapprove—not that there is any objection to the man, except that he is too old, far too old, and then he is not at all suited to Evelyn—he is a regular old bachelor."

"Oh! I think you are mistaken, mamma; Evelyn and he got on capitally; then you know he is not nearly so old as he looks. My only objection to him is that he wears such fearfully baggy coats."

This made them both smile.

"As to that," said Mrs. Trevilian, "I suppose we could find him a good tailor; but, poor man, I forget how useless all our anxieties are likely to be; he is so very ill, and not expected to recover." However, Mr. Crossthwaite did recover, contrary to all expectation.

Mr. Trevilian was quite as much surprised (and almost annoyed) as his wife expected. At first he refused to believe that it was anything but a mere fancy, and a very mistaken one, on Evelyn's part, but in the course of a week or two he modified his views and went over to see Mr. Crossthwaite. One day shortly afterwards that gentleman drove up in Sir William Graham's carriage, and after luncheon Evelyn and he walked in the garden together. Once more she saw those serious eyes turned on her with a look which was reserved for her of all the world, and which filled her with indescribable happiness.

"Evelyn," said he, "I must hear it from your own lips—I cannot realize it, or believe it as yet—is it possible that you can love me?" Evelyn's answer must have been very satisfactory, for Rose's wedding was immediately postponed, and on the last day of September the twins were married at the same time. Mr. and Mrs. Paget went to Italy, and Mr. and Mrs. Crossthwaite to Scotland; but there was a happy Christmas meeting at Huntley. The more they saw of Mr. Crossthwaite, the more did Mr. and Mrs. Trevilian repent of their first opposition to the marriage, and the more did their love and respect increase for their, at first, unwelcome son-in-law. In two years from that time Mr. Granville married Louisa Trevilian; and now Constance is

the only daughter at home. That she may long remain there is the hearty wish of her parents; but one which we fear is not at all likely to be realized.

Fraser's Magazine.

## SCIENCE.

A LECTURE DELIVERED AT THE ROYAL INSTITUTION.

BY THE REV. C. KINGSLEY.

I SAID that Superstition was the child of Fear, and Fear the child of Ignorance; and you might expect me to say antithetically, that Science was the child of Courage, and Courage the child of knowledge.

But these genealogies—like most metaphors—do not fit exactly, as you may see for yourselves.

If fear be the child of ignorance, ignorance is also the child of fear; the two react on, and produce each other. The more men dread Nature, the less they wish to know about her. Why pry into her awful secrets? It is dangerous—perhaps impious. She says to them, as in the Egyptian temple of old: "I am Isis, and my veil no mortal yet hath lifted." And why should they try or wish to lift it? If she will leave them in peace, they will leave her in peace. It is enough that she does not destroy them. So as ignorance bred fear, fear breeds fresh and willing ignorance.

And courage? We may say—and truly—that courage is the child of knowledge. But we may say as truly, that knowledge is the child of courage. Those Egyptian priests in the temple of Isis would have told you that knowledge was the child of mystery, of special illumination, of reverence, and what not; hiding under grand words their purpose of keeping the masses ignorant, that they might be their slaves. Reverence? I will yield to none in reverence for reverence. I will all but agree with the wise man who said that reverence is the root of all virtues. But which child reverences his father most? He who comes joyfully and trustfully to meet him, that he may learn his father's mind, and do his will; or he who at his father's coming runs away and hides, lest he should be beaten



for he knows not what? There is a scientific reverence—a reverence of courage—which is surely one of the highest forms of reverence. That, namely, which so reveres every fact, that it dare not overlook or falsify it, seem it never so minute; which feels that because it is a fact, it cannot be minute, cannot be unimportant; that it must be a fact of God; a message from God; a voice of God, as Bacon has it, revealed in things; and which therefore, just because it stands in solemn awe of such paltry facts as the scolopax feather in a snipe's pinion, or the jagged leaves which appear capriciously in certain honeysuckles, believes that there is likely to be some deep and wide secret underlying them, which is worth years of thought to solve. That is reverence. A reverence which is growing, thank God, more and more common; which will produce, as it grows more common still, fruit which generations yet unborn shall bless.

But as for that other reverence, which shuts its eyes and ears in pious awe—what is it but cowardice decked out in state robes, putting on the sacred Urim and Thummim, not that men may ask counsel of the Deity, but that they may not? What is it but cowardice; very pitiable when unmasked: and what is its child but ignorance as pitiable, which would be ludicrous were it not so injurious? If a man comes up to nature as to a parrot or a monkey, with this prevailing thought in his head, Will it bite me? will he not be pretty certain to make up his mind that it may bite him, and had therefore best be left alone? It is only the man of courage—few and far between—who will stand the chance of a first bite, in the hope of teaching the parrot to talk or the monkey to fire off a gun. And it is only the man of courage—few and far between—who will stand the chance of a first bite from nature, which may kill him for aught he knows (for her teeth, though clumsy, are very strong), in order that he may tame her and break her in to his use by the very same method by which that admirable inductive philosopher, Mr. Rarey, breaks in his horses. First, by not being afraid of them; and next, by trying to find out what they are thinking of. But after all, as with animals so with nature; cow-

ardice is dangerous. The surest method of getting bitten by an animal is to be afraid of it; and the surest method of being injured by nature is to be afraid of her. Only as far as we understand nature are we safe from her; and those who in any age counsel mankind not to pry into the secrets of the universe, counsel them not to provide for their own life and well-being, or for their children after them.

But how few there have been in any age who have not been afraid of nature. How few who have set themselves, like Rarey, to tame her by finding out what she is thinking of. The mass are glad to have the results of science, as they are to buy Mr. Rarey's horses after they are tamed: but, for want of courage or of wit, they had rather leave the taming process to some one else. And therefore we may say that what knowledge of nature we have (and we have very little) we owe to the courage of those men (and they have been very few) who have been inspired to face nature boldly; and say—or, what is better, act as if they were saying—"I find something in me which I do not find in you; which gives me the hope that I can grow to understand you, though you may not understand me; that I may become your master, and not as now, you mine. And if not, I will know, or die in the search."

It is to those men, the few and far between, in a very few ages and very few countries, who have thus risen in rebellion against Nature, and looked her in the face with an unquailing glance, that we owe what we call Physical Science.

There have been four races—or rather a very few men of each of four races—who have faced nature after this gallant wise.

First, the old Jews. I speak of them, be it remembered, exclusively from a historical and not a religious point of view.

These people, at a very remote epoch, emerged from a country highly civilized, but sunk in the superstitions of nature-worship. They invaded and mingled with tribes whose superstitions were even more debased, silly and foul than those of the Egyptians from whom they escaped. Their own masses were for centuries given up to nature-worship. Now

among those Jews arose men—a very few—sages—prophets—call them what you will, the men were inspired heroes and philosophers—who assumed toward nature an attitude utterly different from the rest of their countrymen and the rest of the then world; who denounced superstition and the dread of nature as the parent of all manner of vice and misery; who for themselves said boldly that they discerned in the universe an order, a unity, a permanence of law, which gave them courage instead of fear. They found delight and not dread in the thought that the universe obeyed a law which could not be broken; that all things continued to that day according to a certain ordinance. They took a view of nature totally new in that age; healthy, human, cheerful, loving, trustful, and yet reverent—identical with that which happily is beginning to prevail in our own day. They defied those very volcanic and meteoric phenomena of their land, to which their countrymen were slaying their own children in the clefts of the rocks, and (like Theophrastus's superstitious man) pouring their drink-offerings on the smooth stones of the valley; and declared that for their part they would not fear, though the earth was moved, and though the hills were carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters raged and swelled, and the mountains shook at the tempest.

The fact is indisputable. And you must pardon me if I express my belief that these men, if they had felt it their business to found a school of inductive physical science, would, owing to that temper of mind, have achieved a very signal success. I ground that opinion on the remarkable, but equally indisputable fact, that no nation has ever succeeded in perpetuating a school of inductive physical science, save those whose minds have been saturated with this same view of nature, which they have (as a historic fact) slowly but thoroughly learned from the writings of these Jewish sages.

Such is the fact. The founders of inductive physical science were not the Jews: but first the Chaldeans, next the Greek, next their pupils the Romans—or rather a few sages among each race. But what success had they? The Chaldean astronomers made a few discover-

ies concerning the motions of the heavenly bodies, which (rudimentary as they were) prove them to have been men of rare intellect—for a great and a patient genius must he have been who first distinguished the planets from the fixed stars, or worked out the earliest astronomical calculation. But they seem to have been crushed, as it were, by their own discoveries. They stopped short. They gave away again to the primeval fear of nature. They sank into planet-worship. They invented (it would seem) that fantastic pseudo-science of astronomy, which lay for ages after as an incubus on the human intellect and conscience. They became the magicians and quacks of the old world; and mankind owed them thenceforth nothing but evil. Among the Greeks and Romans, again, those sages who dared face nature like reasonable men, were accused by the superstitious mob as irreverent, impious, atheists. The wisest of them all, Socrates, was actually put to death on that charge; and finally, they failed. School after school, in Greece and Rome, struggled to discover, and to get a hearing for, some theory of the universe which was founded on something like experience, reason, common sense. They were not allowed to prosecute their attempt. The mud-ocean of ignorance and fear of nature in which they struggled so manfully were too strong for them; the mud-waves closed over their heads finally, as the age of the Antonines expired; and the last effort of Græco-Roman thought to explain the universe was Neoplatonism—the muddiest of the mud—an attempt to apologize for, and organize into a system, all the nature-dreading superstitions of the Roman world. Porphyry, Plotinus, Proclus, poor Hypatia herself, and all her school—they may have had themselves no bodily fear of nature; for they were noble souls. Yet they spent their time in justifying those who had; in apologizing for the superstitions of the very mob which they despised—as (it sometimes seems to me) some folks in those days are like to end in doing; begging that the masses may be allowed to believe in anything, however false, lest they should believe in nothing at all; as if believing in lies could do anything but harm to any human being. And so died

the science of the old world, in a true second childhood, just where it began.

The Jewish sages, I hold, taught that science was probable; the Greeks and Romans proved that it was possible. It remained for our race, under the teaching of both, to bring science into act and fact.

Many causes contributed to give them this power. They were a personally courageous race. This earth has yet seen no braver men than the forefathers of Christian Europe, whether Scandinavian or Teuton, Angle or Frank. They were a practical hard-headed race, with a strong appreciation of facts, and a strong determination to act on them. Their laws, their society, their commerce, their colonization, their migrations by land and sea, proved that they were such. They were favored, moreover, by circumstances, or (as I should rather put it) by that divine Providence which determined their times, and the bounds of their habitation. They came in as the heritors of the decaying civilization of Greece and Rome; they colonized territories which gave to man special fair play—but no more—in the struggle for existence, the battle with the powers of nature; tolerably fertile, tolerably temperate; with boundless means of water communication; freer than most parts of the world from those terrible natural phenomena, like the earthquake and the hurricane, before which man lies helpless and astounded, a child beneath the foot of a giant. Nature was to them not so inhospitable as to starve their brains and limbs, as she has done for the Esquimaux or Fuegian; and not so bountiful as to crush them by her very luxuriance, as she has crushed the savages of the tropics. They saw enough of her strength to respect her: not enough to cower before her; and they and she have fought it out; and it seems to me, standing either on London Bridge or on a Holland fennyke, that they are winning at last.

But they had a sore battle: a battle against their own fear of the unseen. They brought with them, out of the heart of Asia, dark and sad nature-superstitions, some of which linger among our peasantry till this day, of elves, trolls, nixes, and what not. Their Thor and Odin where at first, probably, only the

thunder and the wind; but they had to be appeased in the dark marches of the forest, where hung rotting on the sacred oaks, amid carcasses of goat and horse, the carcasses of human victims. No one is acquainted with the early legends and ballads of our race, but must perceive throughout them all the prevailing tone of fear and sadness. And to their own superstitions they added those of the Rome which they conquered. They dreaded the Roman she-poisoners and witches, who, like Horace's Canidia, still performed horrid rites in graveyards and dark places of the earth. They dreaded as magical the delicate images engraved on old Greek gems. They dreaded the very Roman cities they had destroyed. They were the work of enchanters. Like the ruins of St. Albans here in England, they were all full of devils, guarding the treasures which the Romans had hidden. The Cæsars became to them magical man-gods. The poet Virgil become the prince of necromancers. If the secrets of nature were to be known, they were to be known by unlawful means, by prying into the mysteries of the old heathen magicians, or of the Mohammedan doctors of Cordova and Seville; and those who dared to do so were respected and feared, and often came to evil ends. It needed moral courage, then, to face and interpret fact. Such brave men as Pope Gerbert, Roger Bacon, Galileo, even Kepler, did not lead happy lives; some of them found themselves in prison. All the mediæval sages—even Albertus Magnus—were stigmatized as magicians. One wonders that more of them did not imitate poor Paracelsus, who, unable to get a hearing for his coarse common sense, took—vain and sensual—to eating the opium which he himself had discovered and vaunted as a priceless boon to men; and died as the fool dieth, in spite of all his wisdom. For the "*Romani nominis umbra*," the shadow of the mighty races whom they had conquered, lay heavy on our forefathers for centuries. And their dread of the great heathens was really a dread of nature, and of the powers thereof. For when the authority of great names has reigned unquestioned for many centuries, those names become, to the human mind, integral and necessary parts

of nature herself. They are, as it were, absorbed into her; they become her laws, her canons, her demiurges and guardian spirits; their words become regarded as actual facts—in one word, they become a superstition, and are feared as parts of the vast unknown; and to deny what they have said is, in the minds of the many, not merely to fly in the face of reverent wisdom, but to fly in the face of facts. During a great part of the middle age, for instance, it was impossible for an educated man to think of nature herself, without thinking first of what Aristotle had said of her. Aristotle's dicta were nature; and when Benedetti, at Venice, opposed in 1585 Aristotle's opinions on violent and natural motion, there were hundreds, perhaps, in the universities of Europe—there certainly were in the days of the immortal *Epistola Obscurorum Virorum*—who were ready, in spite of all Benedetti's professed reverence for Aristotle, to accuse him of outraging not only the father of philosophy, but nature herself and her palpable and notorious facts. For the restoration of letters in the fifteenth century had not at first mended matters, so strong was the dread of nature in the minds of the masses. The minds of men had sported forth, not towards any sound investigation of facts, but toward an eclectic resuscitation of Neoplatonism, which endured, not without a certain beauty and use—as let Spenser's *Faery Queen* bear witness—till the latter half of the seventeenth century.

After that time a rapid change began. It is marked by—it has been notably assisted by—the foundation of our own Royal Society. Its causes I will not enter into; they are so inextricably mixed, I hold, with theological questions, that they cannot be discussed here. I will only point out to you these facts; that, from the latter part of the seventeenth century, the noblest heads—the noblest hearts, too—of Europe, concentrated themselves more and more on the brave and patient investigation of physical facts, as the source of priceless future blessings to mankind; that the eighteenth century, which it has been the fashion of late to depreciate, did more for the welfare of mankind, in every conceivable direction, than the whole fifteen centuries be-

fore it; that it did this good work by boldly observing and analyzing facts; that this boldness towards facts increased in proportion as Europe became indoctrinated with the Jewish literature; and that notably such men as Kepler, Newton, Berkeley, Spinoza, Leibnitz, Descartes, in whatsoever else they differed, agreed in this, that their attitude towards nature was derived from the teaching of the Jewish sages. I believe that we are not yet fully aware how much we owe to the Jewish mind, in the gradual emancipation of the human intellect. The connection may not, of course be one of cause and effect; it may be a mere coincidence. I believe it to be a cause; one of course of very many causes, but still an integral cause. At least the coincidence is too remarkable a fact not to be worthy of investigation.

I said, just now—The emancipation of the human intellect. I did not say—Of science, or of the scientific intellect; and for this reason:

That the emancipation of science is the emancipation of the common mind of all men. That all men can partake of the gains of free scientific thought, not merely by enjoying its physical results, but by becoming more scientific men themselves.

Therefore it was that, though I began my first lecture by defining superstition, I did not begin my second by defining its antagonist, science. For the word science defines itself. It means simply knowledge; that is, of course, right knowledge, or such an approximation as can be obtained; knowledge of any natural object, its classification, its causes, its effects; or in plain English, what it is, how it came where it is, and what can be done with it.

And scientific method, likewise, needs no definition; for it is simply the exercise of common sense. It is not a peculiar, unique, professional, or mysterious process of the understanding; but the same which all men employ from the cradle to the grave, in forming correct conclusions.

Every one who knows the philosophic writings of Mr. John Stuart Mill will be familiar with this opinion. But to those who have no leisure to study him, I should recommend the reading of Pro-



fessor Huxley's third lecture on the origin of species.

In that he shows, with great logical skill, as well as with some humor, how the man who, on rising in the morning, finds the parlor window open, the spoons and teapot gone, the mark of a dirty hand on the window-sill, and that of a hob-nailed boot outside, and comes to the conclusion that some one has broken open the window and stolen the plate, arrives at that hypothesis (for it is nothing more) by a long and complex train of inductions and deductions, of just the same kind as those which, according to the Baconian philosophy, are to be used for investigating the deepest secrets of nature.

This is true, even of those sciences which involve long mathematical calculations. In fact, the stating of the problem to be solved is the most important element in the calculation; and that is so thoroughly a labor of common sense that an utterly uneducated man may, and often does, state an abstruse problem clearly and correctly; seeing what ought to be proved, and perhaps how to prove it, though he may be unable to work the problem out, for want of mathematical knowledge.

But that mathematical knowledge is not—as all Cambridge men are surely aware—the result of any special gift. It is merely the development of those conceptions of form and number which every human being possesses; and any person of average intellect can make himself a fair mathematician if he will only pay continuous attention—in plain English, think enough about the subject.

There are sciences, again, which do not involve mathematical calculation; for instance, botany, zoölogy, geology, which are just now passing from their old stage of classificatory science into the rank of organical ones. These are, without doubt, altogether within the scope of the merest common sense. Any man or woman of average intellect, if they will but observe and think for themselves, freely, boldly, patiently, accurately, may judge for themselves of the conclusions of these sciences, may add to these conclusions fresh and important discoveries; and if I am asked for a proof of what I assert, I point (in spite of assertions in it

from which I differ) to *Rain and Rivers*, written by no professed scientific man, but by a Colonel in the Guards, known to fame only as one of the most perfect horsemen in the world.

Let me illustrate my meaning by an example. A man—I do not say a geologist, but simply a man, squire or ploughman—sees a small valley, say one of the side glens which open into the larger valleys in the Windsor forest district. He wishes to ascertain its age.

He has, at first sight, a very simple measure—that of denudation. He sees that the glen is now being eaten out by a little stream, the product of innumerable springs which arise along its sides, and which are fed entirely by the rain on the moors above. He finds, on observation, that this stream brings down some ten cubic yards of sand and gravel, on an average, every year. The actual quantity of earth which has been removed to make the glen may be several million cubic yards. Here is an easy sum in arithmetic. At the rate of ten cubic yards a year, the stream has taken several hundred thousand years to make the glen.

You will observe that this result is obtained by mere common sense. He has a right to assume that the stream originally began the glen, because he finds it in the act of enlarging it; just as much right as he has to assume, if he finds a hole in his pocket, and his last coin in the act of falling through it, that the rest of his money has fallen through the same hole. It is a sufficient cause, and the simplest. A number of observations as to the present rate of denudation, and a sum which any railroad contractor can do in his head, to determine the solid contents of the valley, are all that are needed. The method is that of science; but it is also that of simple common sense. You will remember, therefore, that this is no mere theory or hypothesis, but a pretty fair and simple conclusion from palpable facts; that the probability lies with the belief that the glen is some hundreds of thousands of years old; that it is not the observer's business to prove it further: but of other persons to disprove it, if they can.

But does the matter end here? No. And, for certain reasons, it is good that it should not end here.

The observer, if he be a cautious man, begins to see if he can disprove his own conclusion; moreover, being human, he is probably somewhat awed, if not appalled, by his own conclusion. Hundreds of thousands of years spent in making that little glen! Common sense would say that the longer it took to make, the less wonder there was in its being made at last: but the instinctive human feeling is the opposite. There is in men—there remains in them, even after they are civilized, and all other forms of the dread of nature have died out in them—a dread of size; of vast space; of vast time—that latter, mind, being always imagined as space, as we confess when we speak instinctively of a space of time. They will not understand that size is merely a relative, not an absolute term; that if we were a thousand times larger than we are, the universe would be a thousand times smaller than it is; that if we could think a thousand times faster than we do, time would be a thousand times longer than it is; that there is One in whom we live, and move, and have our being, to whom one day is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day. I believe this dread of size to be merely, like all other superstitions, a result of bodily fear, a development of the instinct which makes a little dog run away from a big dog. Be that as it may, every observer has it; his own conclusion seems to him strange, doubtful—he will reconsider it.

Moreover, if he be an experienced man, he is well aware that first guesses, first hypotheses, are not always the right ones; and if he be a modest man, he will consider the fact that many thousands of thoughtful men in all ages, and thousands still, would say, that the glen can only be a few thousand, or possibly a few hundred years old. And he will feel bound to consider their opinion; as far as it is, like his own, drawn from facts: but no further.

So he casts about for all other methods by which the glen may have been produced, to see if any one of them will account for it in a shorter time.

1. Was it made by an earthquake? No; for the strata on both sides are identical, at the same level, and in the same plane.

2. Or by a mighty current? If so, the flood must have run in at the upper end, before it ran out at the lower. But nothing has run in at the upper end. All round above are the undisturbed gravel beds of the horizontal moor, without channel or depression.

3. Or by water draining off a vast flat as it was upheaved out of the sea? That is a likely guess. The valley at its upper end spreads out like the fingers of a hand, as the gullies in tide-muds do.

But that hypothesis will not stand. There is no vast unbroken flat behind the glen. Right and left of it are other similar glens, parted from it by long narrow ridges; these also must be explained on the same hypothesis: but they cannot. For there could not have been surface drainage to make them all, or a tenth of them. There are no other possible hypotheses; and so he must fall back on the original theory—the rain, the springs, the brook; they have done it all, even as they are doing it this day.

But is not that still a hasty assumption? May not their denuding power have been far greater in old times than now? Why should it? Because there was more rain then than now? That he must put out of court: there is no evidence of it whatsoever.

Because the land was more friable originally? Well, there is a great deal to be said for that. The experience of every countryman tells him that bare or fallow land is more easily washed away than land under vegetation. And no doubt, when these gravels and sands rose from the sea, they were barren for hundreds of years. He has some measure of the time required, because he can tell roughly how long it takes for sands and shingles left by the sea to become covered with vegetation. But he must allow that the friability of the land must have been originally much greater than now, for hundreds of years.

But again, does that fact really cut off any great space of time from his hundreds of thousands of years? For when the land first rose from the sea, that glen was not there. Somewhat bay or bend in the shore determined its site. That stream was not there. It was split up into a million little springs, oozing side by side from the shore, and having each a very

minute denuding power, which kept continually increasing by combination as the glen ate its way inwards, and the rainfall drained by all these little springs was collected into the one central stream. So that when the ground being bare was most liable to be denuded, the water was least able to do it; and as the denuding power of the water increased, the land, being covered with vegetation, became more and more able to resist it. All this he has seen, going on at the present day, in the similar gullies worn in the soft strata of the South Hampshire coast; especially round Bournemouth.

So the two disturbing elements in the calculation may be fairly set off against each other, as making a difference of only a few thousands or tens of thousands of years either way; and the age of the glen may fairly be, if not a million years, yet such a length of years as mankind still speak of with bated breath, as if forsooth it would do them some harm.

I trust that every scientific man in this room will agree with me, that the imaginary squire or ploughman would have been conducting his investigation strictly according to the laws of the Baconian philosophy. You will remark, meanwhile, that he has not used a single scientific term, nor referred to a single scientific investigation; and has observed nothing and thought nothing which might not have been observed and thought by any one who chose to use his common sense, and not to be afraid.

But because he has come round, after all this further investigation, to something very like his first conclusion, was all that further investigation useless? No—a thousand times, no. It is this very verification of hypotheses which makes the sound ones safe, and destroys the unsound. It is this struggle with all sorts of superstitions which makes science strong and sure, irresistible, winning her ground slowly, but never receding from it. It is this buffeting of adversity which compels her not to rest dangerously upon the shallow sands of first guesses and single observations; but to strike her roots down, deep, wide, and interlaced, into the solid ground of actual facts.

It is very necessary to insist on this point. For there have been men in all

past ages—I do not say whether there are any such now, but I am inclined to think that there will be hereafter—men who have tried to represent scientific methods as something difficult, mysterious, peculiar, unique, not to be attained by the unscientific mass; and this not for the purpose of exalting science, but rather of discrediting her. For as long as the masses, educated or uneducated, are ignorant of what scientific method is, they will look on scientific men (as the middle age looked on necromancers) as a privileged, but awful and uncanny caste, possessed of mighty secrets; who may do them great good, but may also do them great harm.

Which belief on the part of the masses will enable these persons to instal themselves as the critics of science, though not scientific men themselves; and (as Shakespeare has it) to talk of Robin Hood, though they never shot in his bow. Thus they become mediators to the masses between the scientific and the unscientific worlds. They tell them—You are not to trust the conclusions of men of science at first hand. You are not fit judges of their facts or of their methods. It is we who will, by a cautious eclecticism, choose out for you such of their conclusions as are safe for you; and them we will advise you to believe. To the scientific man, on the other hand, as often as anything is discovered unpleasant to them, they will say, imperiously and *ex cathedra*—Your new theory contradicts the established facts of science. For they will know well that whatever the men of science think of their assertions, the masses will believe it; totally unaware that the speakers are by their very terms showing their ignorance of science; and that what they call established facts scientific men call merely provisional conclusions, which they would throw away to-morrow without a pang were the known facts explained better by a fresh theory, or did fresh facts require one.

It has happened too often. It is in the interest of superstition that it should happen again; and the best way to prevent it surely is to tell the masses—Scientific method is no peculiar mystery, requiring a peculiar initiation. It is simply common sense, combined with

uncommon courage, which includes common honesty and common patience; and if you will be brave, honest, patient, and rational, you will need no mystagogues to tell you what in science to believe and what not to believe; for you will be just as good judges of scientific facts and theories as those who assume the right of guiding your convictions. You are men and women, and more than that you need not be.

And let me say that the man whose writings exemplify most thoroughly what I am going to say is the present Lord Rector of the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Thomas Carlyle.

As far as I know, he has never written on any scientific subject. For aught I am aware of, he may know nothing of mathematics or chemistry, of comparative anatomy or geology. For aught I am aware of, he may know a great deal about them all, and, like a wise man, hold his tongue, and give the world merely the results in the form of general thought. But this I know, that his writings are instinct with the very spirit of science; that he has taught men, more than any living man, the meaning and end of science; that he has taught men moral and intellectual courage; to face facts boldly, while they confess the divineness of facts; not to be afraid of nature, and not to worship nature: to believe that man can know truth, and that only in as far as he knows truth can he live worthily on this earth. And thus he has vindicated, as no other man in our days has done, at once the dignity of nature and the dignity of spirit. That he would have made a distinguished scientific man, we may be as certain from his writings as we may be certain, when we see a fine old horse of a certain stamp, that he would have made a first-class hunter, though he has been unfortunately all his life in harness.

And did I try to train a young man of science to be true, devout, and earnest, accurate and daring, I should say—Read what you will: but at least read Carlyle. It is a small matter to me (and I doubt not to him) whether you will agree with his special conclusions; but his premises and his method are irrefragable; for they stand on the "*voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*"—on fact and common sense.

And Mr. Carlyle's writings, if I am correct in my estimate of them, will afford a very sufficient answer to those who think that the scientific habit of mind tends to irreverence.

Doubtless this accusation will always be brought against science by those who confound reverence with fear. For from blind fear of the unknown Science does certainly deliver man. She does by man as he does by an unbroken colt. The colt sees, by the road side, some quite new object—a cast-away boot; an old kettle, or what not. What a fearful monster! What unknown terrific powers may it not possess! And the colt shies across the road, runs up the bank, rears on end; putting itself thereby, as many a man does, in real danger. What cure is there? But one, experience. So science takes us, as we should take the colt, gently by the halter; and makes us simply smell at the new monster; till after a few trembling sniffs, we discover, like the colt, that it is not a monster, but a kettle. Yet I think if we sum up the loss and gain, we shall find the colt's character has gained, rather than lost, by being thus disabused. He learns to substitute a very rational reverence for the man who is breaking him in, for a totally irrational reverence for the kettle; and becomes thereby a much wiser and more useful member of society, as does the man when disabused of his superstitions.

From which follows one result. That if science proposes—as she does—to make men brave, wise, and independent, she must needs excite unpleasant feelings in all who desire to keep men cowardly, ignorant, and slavish. And that too many such persons have existed in all ages is but too notorious. There have been from all time goëts, quacks, powwow men, rainmakers, and necromancers of various sorts, who having for their own purposes set forth partial, ill-grounded, fantastic, and frightful interpretations of nature, have no love for those who search after a true, exact, brave, and hopeful one. And therefore it is to be feared, or hoped, science and superstition will to the world's end remain irreconcilable and interecine foes.

Conceive the feelings of an old Lapland witch who has had for the last fifty



years all the winds in a seal-skin bag, and has been selling fair breezes to northern skippers at so much a puff, asserting her powers so often, poor old soul, that she has got to half believe them herself—conceive, I say, her feelings at seeing her customers watch the Admiralty storm-signals, and con the weather reports in the *Times*. Conceive the feelings of Mr. Baker's African friend, Katchiba, the rain-making chief, who possessed a whole houseful of thunder and lightning—though he did not, he confessed, keep it in a bottle as they do in England—if Mr. Baker had had the means, and the will, of giving to Katchiba's negroes a course of lectures on electricity, with appropriate experiments, a real bottle full of real lightning among the foremost.

It is clear that only two methods of self-defence would have been open to the rainmaker; namely, either to kill Mr. Baker, or to buy his real secret of bottling the lightning, that he might use it for his own ends. The former method (that of killing the man of science) was found more easy in ancient times; the latter in these modern ones; and there have been always those who, too good-natured to kill the scientific man, have patronized knowledge not for its own sake, but for the use which may be made of it; who would like to keep a tame man of science, as they would a tame poet, or a tame parrot; who say—Let us have science by all means, but not too much of it. It is a dangerous thing; to be doled out to the world, like medicine, in small and cautious doses. You, the scientific man, will of course freely discover what you choose. Only don't talk too loudly about it: leave that to us. We understand the world, and are meant to guide and govern it. So discover freely, and meanwhile hand over your discoveries to us, that we may instruct and edify the populace with so much of them as we may think safe, while we keep our position thereby, and in many cases make much money by your science. Do that, and we will patronize you, applaud you, ask you to our houses, and you shall be clothed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously with us every day. I know not whether these latter are not the worst enemies which science has. They are often such excel-

lent, respectable, orderly, well-meaning persons. They desire so sincerely that every one should be wise, only not too wise. They are so utterly unaware of the mischief they are doing. They would recoil with horror if they were told they were so many Iscariots, betraying Truth with a kiss.

But science, as yet, has withstood both terrors and blandishments. In old times she endured being imprisoned and slain. She came to life again. Perhaps it was the will of Him in whom all things live that she should live. Perhaps it was His spirit which gave her life.

She can endure, too, being starved. Her votaries have not as yet cared much for purple and fine linen, and sumptuous fare. There are a very few among them who, joining brilliant talents to solid learning, have risen to deserved popularity, to titles, and to wealth. But even their labors, it seems to me, are never rewarded in any proportion to the time and intellect spent on them, or to the benefits which they bring to mankind; while the great majority, unpaid and unknown, toil on, and have to find in science her own reward. Better, perhaps, that it should be so. Better for science that she should be free, in holy poverty, to go where she will and say what she knows, than that she should be hired out at so much a year to say things pleasing to the many, and to those who guide the many. And so, I verily believe, the majority of scientific men think. There are those among them who have obeyed very faithfully St. Paul's precept, "No man that warreth entangleth himself with the affairs of this life." For they have discovered that they are engaged in a war—a veritable war against the rulers of darkness, against ignorance, and its twin children, fear and cruelty. Of that war they see neither the end nor even the plan. But they are ready to go on; ready, with Socrates, "to follow reason whithersoever it leads;" and content, meanwhile, like good soldiers in a campaign, if they can keep tolerably in line, and use their weapons, and see a few yards ahead of them through the smoke and the woods. They will come out somewhere at last—they know not where or when; but they will come out at last, into the daylight and the open field; and

be told then—perhaps to their astonishment—as many a gallant soldier has been told, that by simply walking straight on and doing the duty which lay nearest them, they have helped to win a great battle, and slay great giants, earning the thanks of their country and of mankind.

And, meanwhile, if they get their shilling a day of fighting pay, they are content. I almost said, they ought to be content. For science is, I verily believe, like virtue, its own exceeding great reward. I can conceive few human states more enviable than that of the man to whom, panting in the foul laboratory, or watching for his life under the tropic forest, Isis shall for a moment lift her sacred veil, and show him, once and for ever, the thing he dreamed not of—some law, or even mere hint of a law, explaining one fact; but explaining with it a thousand more, connecting them all with each other and with the mighty whole, until order and meaning shoots through some old chaos of scattered observations.

Is not that a joy, a prize, which wealth cannot give, nor poverty take away? What it may lead to, he knows not; of what use it may become, he knows not. But this he knows, that somewhere it must lead; of some use it will be. For it is a truth; and having found a truth, he has exorcised one more of the ghosts that haunt humanity. He has left one object less for man to fear; one object more for man to use. Yes, the scientific man may have this comfort—that whatever he has done, he has done good; that he is following a mistress who has never yet conferred aught but benefits on the human race.

What physical science may do hereafter I know not; but as yet she has done this:

She has enormously increased the wealth of the human race; and has therefore given employment, food, existence, to millions who, without science, would either have starved or have never been born. She has shown that the dictum of the early political economists, that population has a tendency to increase faster than the means of subsistence, is no law of humanity, but merely a tendency of the barbaric and ignorant man, which can be counteracted by in-

creasing many fold by scientific means his powers of producing food. She has taught men; during the last few years to foresee and elude the most destructive storms: and there is no reason for doubting, and many reasons for hoping, that she will gradually teach men to elude other terrific forces of nature, too powerful, and too seemingly capricious for them to conquer. She has discovered innumerable remedies and alleviations for pains and disease. She has thrown such light on the causes of epidemics, that we are able to say now that the presence of cholera—and probably of all zymotic diseases—in any place is a sin and a shame for which the owners and authorities of that place ought to be punishable by law, as destroyers of their fellow men; while for the weak, for those who, in the barbarous and semi-barbarous state (and out of that last we are only just emerging), how much has she done—an earnest of much more which she will do? She has delivered the insane—I may say by the scientific insight of one man, more worthy of titles and pensions than nine tenths of those who earn them—I mean the great and good Pinel—from hopeless misery and torture into comparative peace and comfort, and at least the possibility of cure. For children she has done much, or rather might do, would parents read and perpend such books as Andrew Combe's and those of other writers on physical education. We should not then see the children, even of the rich, done to death piecemeal by improper food, improper clothes, neglect of ventilation, and the commonest measures for preserving health. We should not see their intellects stunted by Procrustean attempts to teach them all the same accomplishments, to the neglect, most often, of any sound practical training of their faculties. We should not see slight indigestion, or temporary rushes of blood to the head, condemned and punished as sins and crimes against Him who took up little children in his arms and blessed them; and parents would do for themselves what a wise doctor of my acquaintance once did, when finding a little girl in disgrace and crying because "she was obstinate and would not learn her lessons," he went into the schoolroom, and after five minutes' examination declared that

whoever made her learn lessons or punished her violently for the next month would be simply guilty of manslaughter.

But we may have hope. When we compare education now with what it was even forty years ago, much more with the stupid brutality of the monastic system, we may hail for children, as well as for grown people, the advent of the reign of common sense.

And for woman. What might I not say on that point? But most of it would be fitly discussed only among physicians and biologists: here I will say only this: Science has exterminated, at least among civilized nations, witch manias. Women are no longer tortured and burnt alive from man's blind fear of the unknown. If science had done no more than that, she would deserve the perpetual thanks and the perpetual trust, not only of the women whom she has preserved from agony, but the men whom she has preserved from crime.

These benefits have already accrued to civilized men, because they have lately allowed a very few of their number peaceably to imitate Mr. Rarey, and find out what nature—or rather, to speak at once reverently and accurately, He who made nature—is thinking of; and obey the "*voluntatem Dei in rebus revelatam*." This science has done, while yet in her infancy. What she will do in her maturity, who dare predict? At least, in the face of such facts as these, those who bid us fear, or restrain, or mutilate science, bid us commit an act of folly as well as of ingratitude which can only harm ourselves. For science has yet done nothing but good. Will any one tell me what harm it has ever done? When any one will show me a single result of science, of the knowledge of and use of physical facts, which has not tended directly to the benefit of mankind, moral and spiritual, as well as physical and economic—then I shall be tempted to believe that Solomon was wrong when he said that the one thing to be sought after on earth, more precious than all treasure, she who has length of days in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honor, whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace, who is a tree of life to all who lay hold on her, and makes happy every one who retains

her, is (as you will see if you will yourselves consult the passage) that very wisdom—by which God has founded the earth; and that very understanding—by which he has established the heavens.

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#### THE MILITARY TRIALS IN IRELAND.

THAT much underground alarm has prevailed with reference to the loyalty of the army serving in Ireland, probably those who too readily gave way to the feeling will themselves be the first to admit. There was a crisis during the excitement of the Fenian trials, when the participation of the military in the conspiracy was considered of so grave a character that the disbandment of certain regiments was hinted at as a necessity. When the trials of a few of the implicated soldiers had taken place a calmer estimate came to be formed of the extent of the evil: the almost panic hastily allowed to arise in the minds of many subsided; but some just as hastily and lightly then undertook to censure the efforts of the authorities to weed out the Fenians from the ranks of the loyal soldiery whom they had dishonored, describing the whole case respecting them as not worth serious attention. The stories of approvers, and the information furnished by soldiers who had successfully resisted temptation, and immediately on being solicited to join the confederacy had communicated with their commanding officers, were dismissed loftily as unworthy of credence, and the Government blamed for unnecessarily creating the impression abroad as well as at home that the army was unsound. Those who have read our previous references to the state of Ireland in connection with Fenianism in these pages, will allow us to say that we fell into neither of these extremes. It was manifest from the first that the Fenian plotters had spent a good deal of money and effort on the attempt to corrupt the army, and that they had accomplished their object to an extent that would have been before conceived impossible. It was clear, on the other hand, that the disloyal men wearing the Queen's uniform were comparatively a small number, even in

the garrisons most assailed by bribes of free drinking, and even of actual sums of money. If the civilian conspirators had attempted an insurrectionary riot, and this handful of soldiers had mutinously endeavored to coöperate with them, it is certain that the traitors would have been at once overpowered by the sound-hearted men of their companies. The difficulty of the authorities, nevertheless, was to know exactly how far the mischief had gone, and who were of the treason party in certain corps. To re-establish confidence in the regiments suspected it was necessary to purge them thoroughly, and this was not to be done in a day, or done in a corner. It was no doubt a hard necessity. But to have given our own public, or any foreign people, the semblance of a ground for believing that the existence of Fenianism was general in the army, and that an inquiry had been suppressed to prevent the worse result of that fact becoming known, would have been to do the army the grossest injustice, as well as to injure the State. It was much more wisely determined to search the matter to the bottom, and not to shrink from such trials as might be necessary, in the case of the greater criminals, through any weak fear of publicity. At an early stage, accordingly, soldier offenders of various types and degrees of guilt were held up to the gaze of the outraged public and of their indignant fellows. Those cases ranged through the whole area of the crime of treason, from the offence of Sergeant Darragh, who planned a mutiny at Cork, to the rebellious ballad singing of the tipsified privates at Enniskillen, who got as far only as chanting "The Fenian Men," and "The Green above the Red," in wayside public houses. By an act of Royal clemency Darragh's sentence stands commuted to transportation; the minor criminals were flogged or drummed out; and the duty of repression seemed to the public to be then completed. It is a fact as true as it is lamentable, however, that during the trials of Darragh and the other inferior Fenians, the agents of the conspiracy continued busily to ply their trade, not only in Dublin and at the Curragh camp, but in other garrison towns in Ireland.

When the subject was mentioned lately

in the House of Peers by Lord Dunsany, the Government admitted that the speaker was fully warranted in describing this, we will still say abortive, effort to corrupt the Irish soldiery as the "distinguishing feature" of the Fenian conspiracy. It had been stated that the agents employed for the purpose were miserable, ignorant creatures, but Lord Dunsany was enabled to state that in many cases the fact was quite otherwise. They claimed high rank in the American army, and it was plain from their bearing that they were trained soldiers, accustomed to campaigning, with all the shifts incident to the sort of warfare carried on during their own civil war. No barrack or station in the country, Lord Dunsany believed, had been left unvisited by those persons, and they were then, notwithstanding all that had happened, pursuing their avocation. The unwillingness even of the Irish public to believe this was shown when Lord Dunsany related how absurdly—for no other word is applicable—certain magistrates had behaved at the Sligo petty sessions. A man was brought before them charged with attempting to seduce two soldiers from their allegiance, and to swear them into the Fenian confederacy. By the Act 37th George III. the offence is made a felony, punishable with death. The statute was contemporaneous with the mutiny at the Nore, and contained a proviso ordering that persons so offending should be indicted for high treason. A later Act abolished the punishment of death, but in no way reduced the idea of Crown or Parliament as to the enormity of the offence. The individuals chargeable with committing it still remained liable to an indictment for high treason. The Sligo magistrates, however, either in ignorance of the law, or from an inadequate estimate of the nature of the project of which the corruption of the soldiery was the cardinal part, thought they sufficiently discharged their responsibility by a summary dealing with the case, and awarded two months' imprisonment. Lord Dufferin admitted that the punishment was ridiculous, but the Government were not blamable. The only object in recalling the facts is to show that, even lately, there were wandering "colonels" in Ireland pursuing the scheme of the rev-



olutionary Brotherhood with confidence, shattered though the organization is in the United States. Without striving to account for the extraordinary faith of those agents in their enterprise, it is enough to point to the phenomenon as a justification of the vigilance of the authorities, and as a proof that necessity existed for showing the Irish soldiery, who may be naturally of a poetic and imaginative turn, and "national" in their instincts, that they cannot toy or trifle with rebellious practices, or associate in any way with traitors, without the highest danger to themselves.

It is easy to see how the "colonels" worked upon the minds not only of inexperienced soldiers, but even of some veterans. They had plenty of money, and spent it freely in supplying the military with the maddening whiskey of the country shebeen. To persons kept in a half-drunken state the strangers seemed the luckiest and the cleverest of men. Their origin was no better than that of the Queen's men who were serving for a shilling a day, and yet they wore fine clothes, carried weapons silver mounted and of the most beautiful workmanship, had gold in their purse, and commissions to show, forged or real, which they had won during the civil war. They boasted of knowing how to lead men, and promised their dupes the same dignity and fortune, as the result of joining an enterprise which would require fighting not unlike that which had taken place in America, and would present similar opportunities to those that had arisen there of profitable loot. The military recruits of Fenianism were named by them, under authority from James Stephens, to various ranks giving a title to corresponding proportions of the spoil. The wonder is not that some of the Irish soldiery were caught by baits like these, but that so few fell a prey to specious deceptions presented by agents so astute. It must be borne in mind that the materials of Irish recruiting are found in the small farmer's humble steading and in the peasant's cabin, and that the young men reared in those places, who twenty years ago were unable to read when they entered the army, have in the existing generation had the advantage of the teaching of the National school. They have mastered the rudiments

of knowledge, but only to become enabled to drink in more greedily the poisonous instruction supplied by persons who have debauched their minds from their earliest youth with calculating unscrupulousness.

The disclosures at recent courts martial in Dublin seemed less serious in popular estimation than those which caused such excessive apprehension some time before at Cork; and yet, although from the present weakness of Fenianism there was a disposition to treat the Dublin inquiries lightly, the mutiny planned for Clonmel was the really serious part of the military plot, and it would not be for the nation's advantage to pass by the lesson which it teaches or the warning which it supplies.

From the evidence of the approver-soldiers and the testimony of a detective, it is deducible that Clonmel was the focus of the Fenian military arrangements. The facts deposed to on the trials before the civil tribunal showed that it had an important place as a general centre of Fenianism, but it was also *the* garrison town of the Brotherhood. It is impossible to doubt the truth of the account given by the constable who played the part of sham-Fenian, according to his orders. The Fenians among the military discussed their preparations for a mutiny coolly and repeatedly, and entertained the ultimate design of marching to the Curragh, where, as their extraordinary idea was, they should get powerful help. It was with Clonmel James Stephens most frequently communicated; he was known to the initiated soldiers there as Colonel Nugent; he paid the town secret visits; he spent money in it freely for many months through the hands of his agents; he got false keys made of the magazine and armory; he was of opinion that the battery of Armstrong guns was in his power; he could count on forty-four Artillery-men in Clonmel as sworn members of the conspiracy. To a man like Stephens—a strange mixture of fanaticism, folly, astuteness, and perseverance—these seemed amazing achievements. The soldiery he fancied at his back, and ready to do for him at the appointed signal much what the Indian troops did for Nana Sahib. If the evidence given at the Dublin trial is to be

credited, the Oriental barbarian perpetrated no more savage atrocities than the Fenians were prepared to commit. The Fenian soldiers, when the "rising" occurred, were to shoot without mercy any officer who should exert himself to frustrate their purpose; those who while refusing to join did not impede their movements were to be locked up; traitors to their cause, especially if Irish-born, were to be treated in the most summary manner, for example's sake; and for "informers" a death was devised which the diabolical ingenuity of the islander of the South Seas could hardly match. The condemned were to be tied to large branches of trees, and drawn at the rear of the rebel host, and occasionally stabbed that their torture might be as long as possible prolonged. Documents were in circulation among the Fenians describing how informers were "punished" in 1798, that the men of 1866 might have precedents to follow sufficiently horrible. Particular individuals, magistrates and others, were named for slaughter.

In dealing with the military, as with the civilian, treason-plotters of the Brotherhood, the Irish Government has acted with great discretion and firmness. It was necessary to get at the root of the plot among the soldiery, and to bring those implicated to speedy and condign punishment, yet so as not to feed the impression that the army was dangerously tainted. Sir Hugh Rose addressed himself to the task with earnestness and judgment, and rapidly succeeded in repressing the evil, generously pardoning, or but slightly punishing, the offence of young soldiers, betrayed, in moments of inebriation, into singing the seditious songs they were too familiar with before they entered the army, and only putting on trial those who had deliberately embarked in the undertaking, and set themselves, for a money consideration, or from uncontrollable rebellious instincts, to corrupt the men under their charge. This was a wise policy, and the Earl of Kimberley, and his Excellency's legal advisers, deserve the same praise for supporting and influencing such a line of conduct as for their management of the trials at the Special Commission. For the blundering form of any of the courts martial, or their tedious character, neither

they nor the Executive authorities were responsible. The irregular character of the investigations, and especially of that on Sergeant McCarthy, almost renewed the damaging belief that the cancer of sedition had eaten into the vitals of the army; but all courts martial are alike unsatisfactory. There could not possibly be conceived a ruder way of arriving at the truth of a criminal charge than that taken in the case of this inquiry. We are bound to say, however, that the President and officers of the court conducted themselves with temper and patience, and that the officer who filled the part of prosecutor, Colonel Fielding, in particular performed his arduous task with remarkable coolness, propriety, and effect.

The design which seems to justify a present reference to the whole matter, however, has connection less with the punishment of the offenders than with the practical question whether there was anything in the condition or government of the army in Ireland to favor the efforts of rebel emissaries. If there had not been an opportunity open for them the American recruiting agents would have had no success. It is quite a new thing for Irish soldiers to display sympathy with any political movement. They did not concern themselves with the Young Ireland rising of 1848, and were not even suspected then. They had nothing to do with Phoenixism. Was there anything in the distribution or management of the troops during the still later crisis to contribute to the demoralization which set in with the tour of Stephens through the provinces? It is certain that when Sir Hugh Rose came to Ireland he saw much to amend. The system had been loose, and it was necessary that a firm hand should be applied to restore it, in almost every department, to a state of efficiency. The method, in particular, of concentrating the great mass of the army in Ireland at the Curragh, and of only placing small and incompletely officered detachments in such principal places as Cork, Limerick, and Clonmel, was as bad a method as could be devised. The men were literally left a prey to the designing knave with loose silver in one pocket, and a green flag, a volume of rebel songs, and a Fenian prayer book, in the

other. It was to these small stations that "Colonel Nugent" directed his attention, in the effort to provide himself with a military nucleus for his plunder-host. Sir Hugh Rose appears to have early seen the evil of the former plan. When he raised the numbers of the troops in the principal stations of the south and west, and sent redcoats to occupy barracks which had long lain idle, and in fact were a couple of years ago about to be disposed of, as useless to the Government, he did not intend, it is no mere venture to say, to make this redistribution in order simply to guard against tumults then thought imminent. His orders were taken by the public to indicate a change of military policy which approved itself to the judgments of men in general. There is no wish to magnify Fenianism, or to minister, in the smallest degree, to the notion that Ireland is covered with rebels; but it must be stated plainly, as truth requires it should, that for some considerable time to come the Government must maintain a force in Ireland, keeping it well dispersed over the country, at places where it will inspire the people with confidence. When the word people is used it must be remembered, too, that it is the small farmer who really fears Fenianism, and desires outward and visible signs of the power of the authorities to deal with it. Farmers' sons and the laboring class at first joined its ranks freely, but the conviction is becoming universal, among all who have any sort of stake in the country, that the Fenian is more of a rapparee than a patriot, and that other classes besides the landed proprietary would suffer if the Brotherhood had their will in any district for the shortest period. The mansion of the baron might be burned, but the cattle of the tenant farmer would be driven off his farm to feed haggard American deliverers. If the owner said nay, the revolver would make effective reply.

Of the fact that the farmers saw no longer a garrison in the county town representing the Queen and her authority, the Fenians made the most adroit use. Their explanation of the absence of the soldiery was that England no longer had an army such as served her in former years. She had forced the Irish to emi-

grate, and the raw material of fighting men did not exist. She had sunk in the scale of nations, and was despised in Europe. She had ceased to be a military power of magnitude. To defend her distant possessions, and make as much show as possible of remaining prowess, she had been obliged to send the *Irish* regiments to India, New Zealand, and all far distant places. Such was the homily preached, and the "leading article" promulgated, and the Fenian harangue delivered with far greater unction in the village public house. The population came to believe the story, for their credulity is unbounded, some accepting it with hope, others with fear. Now, however, the false notion is corrected, and to keep up the force of that correction nothing short of ocular demonstration will suffice.

It will be wise, then, not only in the Irish capital, and in the principal cities of the northern and southern provinces, but in other remoter parts of the island, to let the population see the visible representation of her Majesty's power and authority in the shape of regiments of troops, occasionally stationed, and under efficient and unrelaxing supervision. After all, it is a matter of grave doubt whether the Great Camps idea has much to recommend it. To train men to move and act in masses may be more necessary in consequence of the character of modern fighting, but other considerations must be borne in mind. We do not expect to fight great pitched battles every year, but we do require that the army shall be so used in time of peace as to become of the utmost possible value to the community that pays for its support. To one of these uses reference has been made. It is a great moral engine. It may be humiliating to state it, but the fact is so, that an exhibition of force is still necessary in Ireland. For many years to come, notwithstanding all that has been loyally and generously done for his country, the Celt will not be induced to love England. Another generation at least must pass away before that becomes possible. But he can be inspired with the sort of respect which the manifestation of superiority awakens, and to this influence much must be trusted henceforward. The disaffected must be able to see with their own

eyes that they would be crushed in an instant if they attempted insurrection. This will be the most effective preaching of loyalty and protection of the peaceable. Let there be any sign of military weakness, and the Fenians will believe that the old prophecies they superstitiously cherish are about to be fulfilled; that England is to pass out of the catalogue of great nations; that they have nothing to do but assist her dissolution. The Irish Nationalists—of whom the Fenian is only the extreme type—believe as firmly in the speedy arrival of the time when the absurd New Zealander of the late Lord Macaulay will sketch the ruins of St. Paul's from London bridge, as he does in any article of his religious faith. That very fancy is a favorite one with him, and turns up frequently in his conversation, and in the newspapers he reads, to signify the decadence of England, and the certain resurrection of Erin. Whatever colors such a delusion favorably for those who harbor it is mischievous to them and to the nation; and they are ready to find corroboration of their foolish speculations in the smallest matters. The notion that England could not obtain recruits in consequence of Irish emigration, and that she must therefore be prepared to see her army decline in numbers and in bravery, got fast hold of the Fenians, and the non-appearance of the military parade, once familiar in the provinces, strengthened the idea. A recent Parliamentary debate, in which the paucity of recruits was complained of, and the probable necessity to raise the soldier's pay if the numbers of the Queen's forces were to be kept up, was the subject of comment in every Fenian-Irish and Fenian-American journal, and wonderfully cheered the simple Brotherhood. Their ranks were swelling, and those of "England" declining. James Stephens showed in his speech, on his return to New-York, after his escape, that this was the prevailing notion even in his more practical mind. He computed that it would take England three or four months to gather from all parts of her colonial dominions, troops sufficient to cope with his *braves*, who were, in Ireland, he declared two hundred thousand strong. The Fenians immensely underrate the strength of the army in Great Britain,

even numerically. Every regiment of it could be thrown into Ireland, and placed in any part of it, in forty-eight hours, and there would be no risk whatever in removing the entire body from England and Scotland. But these are facts the Irish peasant is not permitted by his political instructors to understand, and he must, accordingly, be taught by the eye.

It is but fairness to the class from whom Irish recruits come to add that treachery to their colors is not a vice of theirs: it was unknown in Ireland before the American seditious element was introduced. On how many fields have the Irishmen of road-side cabins fought loyally and bravely for their Queen! In how many climes have they toiled, suffered, and died for Britain's glory or defence! Have they been ever wanting in emergencies demanding the higher qualities of the soldier? Has it been found more difficult to hold them under discipline than others? Has it not been the pride of the historian to praise their fidelity and valor? Have the Irish rank and file not received the acknowledgments of Parliament for eminent service? In our latest great campaign in the Crimea they were as patient as the English and Scotch troops under privation, as steady in the trenches, as bold in the assault. The Irish are as excellent material of soldiers as ever. They must be preserved, however, from evil influences. The Fenian agents carried about an infection of the deadliest sort, and there was a predisposition which assisted the spreading of the taint. The renewal of the wicked attempt to propagate the malignant influence must be guarded against by a vigilance akin to that shown by the Irish Government so commendably in contending with rinderpest. With ordinary care in guarding the Irish military from the seductions of rebel emissaries, there need be no apprehension about the continuance of Irish recruiting. Reduced as the population is, Ireland will still supply a considerable portion of the bone and sinew of the British armies. Should an opportunity arise in any new war, the Irish soldiers who are inspired by loyal feelings, and indignant beyond description with the Fenians, will wipe out the reproach cast upon them by the conduct of a few. The



authorities, however, must be more careful. Officers must attend better to their duties. It is impossible that what was going on at Cork, Clonmel, and other places, could have remained concealed so long if the officers most in communication with the men had been alive to their responsibilities. There is something else to be done than training men to manœuvre and use weapons. There is a moral influence to be exerted, which, among the gayeties of society, young men are ready to neglect. The soldier is something more than so much human material, to be used as a machine. He has a heart that may be depraved or inspired with loyal and honest impulses. He may be trained to the highest point of efficiency, and yet demoralized, and all the more dangerous from his skill and power over his fellows.

To the civilian mind the impression comes with the force of a conviction on perusing the reports of the recent courts martial, that men have been promoted in various regiments to the responsible position of sergeants without the most ordinary exercise of caution. It may be incident to the shortened period of service that these promotions should be made more rapidly. The reduction of the term of enlistment was a grave and costly mistake. It has had many bad effects, but this one has not before been brought under notice. Those trials have remarkably shown how much depends on the loyalty and efficiency of the non-commissioned officer—how great is his power over his men; how little he is himself under the eye of his superiors; how hopeless it is to expect that information will be tendered against him by soldiers who are absolutely under his control. And yet several of the men arraigned were raised to the position of sergeants before their characters could have been fully tested. There was culpable carelessness in such a practice. The management of regiments must have been defective when men could enlist as privates, who have been since found to have been Fenians at the time, with the sole object of corrupting the men; could immediately set about their task by spending sums of money no soldier could be expected to possess; could, during the time when this game was being played,

obtain promotion above soldiers longer in the service, and finally secure the position of authority which they desired for the furtherance of their evil purpose. In certain cases this ascent of Fenians was extremely rapid, a couple of years sufficing to accomplish their full design.

It cannot be considered otherwise than a most fortunate circumstance that the services of a soldier so experienced, and an organizer so able, as Sir Hugh Rose, were available when the necessity sprang up in Ireland for a change of military administration. His name inspired confidence. The officers of the army immediately under his control, knowing the man they had to deal with, shook off all tendency to a perfunctory discharge of duties, and applied themselves to their work with zeal and freshness. By frequent reviews and inspections, which have been much more than merely formal ceremonies, the Commander-in-Chief has inaugurated a new system under which the old condition of indiscipline has vanished. The army in Ireland will soon be in the highest state of efficiency. There can be no doubt that this was the object Sir Hugh Rose set before him, and the success he has attained already establishes a strong claim on the gratitude of the nation.

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## THE STUDY OF CELTIC LITERATURE.

### PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

IF I were asked where English poetry got these three things—its turn for style, its turn for melancholy, and its turn for natural magic, for catching and rendering the charm of nature in a wonderfully near and vivid way, I should answer, with some doubt, that it got much of its turn for style from a Celtic source; with less doubt, that it got much of its melancholy from a Celtic source; with no doubt at all, that from a Celtic source it got all its natural magic.

Any German with penetration and tact in matters of literary criticism will own that the principal deficiency of German poetry is in its style; that for style, in the highest sense, it shows but little feeling. Take the eminent masters of

style, the poets who best give the idea of what the peculiar power which lies in style is—Pindar, Virgil, Dante, Milton. An example of the peculiar effect which these poets produce, you can hardly give from German poetry. Examples enough you can give from German poetry of the effect produced by genius, thought, and feeling expressing themselves in clear language, simple language, passionate language, eloquent language, with harmony and melody; but not of the peculiar effect exercised by eminent power of style. Every reader of Dante can at once call to mind what the peculiar effect I mean is; I spoke of it in my lectures on translating Homer, and there I took an example of it from Dante, who perhaps manifests it more eminently than any other poet. But from Milton, too, one may take examples of it abundantly; compare this from Milton—

..... "nor sometimes forget  
Those other two equal with me in fate,  
So were I equal'd with them in renown,  
Blind Thamyras and blind Mæonides,"

with this from Goethe—

"Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,  
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt."

Nothing can be better in its way than the style in which Goethe there presents his thought; but it is the style of prose as much as of poetry; it is lucid, harmonious, earnest, eloquent, but it has not received that peculiar kneading, heightening, and recasting, which is observable in the style of the passage from Milton—a style which seems to have for its cause a certain pressure of emotion, and an ever-surging, yet bridled, excitement in the poet, giving a special intensity to his way of delivering himself. In poetical races and epochs this turn for style is peculiarly observable; and perhaps it is only on condition of having this somewhat heightened and difficult manner, so different from the plain manner of prose, that poetry gets the privilege of being loosed, at its best moments, into that perfectly simple, limpid style, which is the supreme style of all, but the simplicity of which is still not the simplicity of prose. The simplicity of Menander's style is the simplicity of prose, and is the same kind of simplicity as that which

Goethe's style, in the passage I have quoted, exhibits; but Menander does not belong—to a great poetical moment, he comes too late for it; it is the simple passages in poets like Pindar or Dante which are perfect, being masterpieces of *poetical* simplicity. One may say the same of the simple passages in Shakespeare; they are perfect, their simplicity being a *poetical* simplicity. They are the golden, easeful, crowning moments of a manner which is always pitched in another key from that of prose, a manner changed and heightened; the Elizabethan style, regnant in most of our dramatic poetry to this day, is mainly the continuation of this manner of Shakespeare's. It was a manner much more turbid and strown with blemishes than the manner of Pindar, Dante, or Milton; often it was detestable; but it owed its existence to Shakespeare's instinctive impulse towards *style* in poetry, to his native sense of the necessity for it; and without the basis of style everywhere, faulty though it may in some places be, we should not have had the beauty of expression, unsurpassable for effectiveness and charm, which is reached in Shakespeare's best passages. The turn for style is perceptible all through English poetry, proving, to my mind, the genuine poetical gift of the race; this turn imparts to our poetry a stamp of high distinction, and sometimes it doubles the force of a poet not by nature of the very highest order, such as Gray, and raises him to a rank beyond what his natural richness and power seem to promise. Goethe, with his fine critical perception, saw clearly enough both the power of style in itself, and the lack of style in the literature of his own country; and perhaps if we regard him solely as a German, not as a European, his great work was that he labored all his life to impart style to German literature, and firmly to establish it there. Hence the immense importance to him of the world of classical art, and of the productions of Greek or Latin genius, where style so eminently manifests its power. Had he found in the German genius and literature an element of style existing by nature and ready to his hand, half his work, one may say, would have been saved him, and he might have done much more in poe-

try. But as it was, he had to try and create out of his own powers a style for German poetry, as well as to provide contents for this style to carry; and thus his labor as a poet was doubled.

It is to be observed that the power of style, in the sense in which I am here speaking of style, is something quite different from the power of idiomatic, simple, nervous, racy expression, such as the expression of healthy, robust natures so often is, such as Luther's was in a striking degree. Style, in my sense of the word, is a peculiar recasting and heightening, under a certain condition of spiritual excitement, of what a man has to say, in such a manner as to add dignity and distinction to it; and dignity and distinction are not terms which suit many acts or words of Luther. Deeply touched with the *Gemeinheit* which is the bane of his nation, as he is at the same time a grand example of the honesty which is his nation's excellence, he can not even show himself brave, resolute and truthful, without showing a strong dash of coarseness and commonness all the while; the right definition of Luther, as of our own Bunyan, is that he is a Philistine of genius. So Luther's sincere idiomatic German—such language as this: "Hilf liber Gott, wie manchen Jammer habe ich gesehen, dass der gemeine Mann doch so gar nichts weiss von der christlichen Lehre!"—no more proves a power of style in German literature, than Cobbett's sinewy idiomatic English proves it in English literature. Power of style, properly so-called, as manifested in masters of style like Dante or Milton in poetry, Cicero, Bossuet or Bolingbroke in prose, is something quite different, and has, as I have said, for its characteristic effect, this—to add dignity and distinction.

Style, then, the Germans are singularly without; and it is strange that the power of style should show itself so strongly as it does in the Icelandic poetry, if the Scandinavians are such genuine Teutons as is commonly supposed. Fauriel used to talk of the Scandinavian Teutons and the German Teutons, as if they were two divisions of the same people, and the common notion about them, no doubt, is very much this. Since the war in Schleswig-Holstein, however, all one's Ger-

man friends are exceedingly anxious to insist on the difference of nature between themselves and the Scandinavians; when one expresses surprise that the German sense of nationality should be so deeply affronted by the rule over Germans, not of Latins or Celts, but of brother Teutons or next door to it, a German will give you I know not how long a catalogue of the radical points of unlikeness, in genius and disposition, between himself and a Dane. This emboldens me to remark that there is a fire, a sense of style, a distinction, in Icelandic poetry, which German poetry has not. Icelandic poetry, too, shows a powerful and developed technic; and I wish to throw out, for examination by those who are competent to sift the matter, the suggestion that this power of style and development of technic in the Norse poetry seems to point towards an early Celtic influence or intermixture. It is curious that Zeuss, in his grammar, quotes a text which gives countenance to this notion; as late as the ninth century, he says, there were Irish Celts in Iceland; and the text he quotes to show this is as follows: "In 870 A.D., when the Norwegians came to Iceland, there were Christians there, who departed, and left behind them Irish books, bells, and other things; from whence it may be inferred that these Christians were Irish." I speak, and ought to speak, with the utmost diffidence on all these questions of ethnology; but I must say that when I read this text in Zeuss, I caught eagerly at the clew it seemed to offer; for I had been hearing the *Nibelungen* read and commented on in German schools (German schools have the good habit of reading and commenting on German poetry, as we read and comment on Homer and Virgil, but do not read and comment on Chaucer and Shakespeare), and it struck me how the fatal humdrum and want of style of the Germans had marred their way of telling this magnificent tradition of the *Nibelungen*, and taken half its grandeur and power out of it; while in the Icelandic poems which deal with this tradition, its grandeur and power are much more fully visible, and everywhere in the poetry of the Edda there is a force of style and a distinction as unlike as possible to the want of both in the German *Nibelungen*. At

the same time the Scandinavians have a realism, as it is called, in their genius, which abundantly proves their relationship with the Germans; any one whom Mr. Dasent's delightful books have made acquainted with the prose tales of the Norsemen, will be struck with the stamp of a Teutonic nature in them; but the Norse poetry seems to have something which from Teutonic sources alone it could not have derived; which the Germans have not, and which the Celts have.

This something is *style*, and the Celts certainly have it in a wonderful measure. Style is the most striking quality of their poetry; Celtic poetry seems to make up to itself for being unable to master the world and give an adequate interpretation of it, by throwing all its force into style, by bending language at any rate to its will, and expressing the ideas it has with unsurpassable intensity, elevation, and effect. It has all through it a sort of intoxication of style—a *Pindarism*, to use a word formed from the name of the poet, on whom, above all other poets, the power of style seems to have exercised an inspiring and intoxicating effect; and not in its great poets only, in Taliesin, or Llywarch Hen, or Ossian, does the Celtic genius show this Pindarism, but in all its productions:

"The grave of March is this, and this the  
grave of Gwythyr;  
Here is the grave of Gwgawn Gled-  
freidd;  
But unknown is the grave of Arthur."

That comes from the Welsh *Memorials of the Graves of the Warriors*, and if we compare it with the familiar memorial inscriptions of an English churchyard (for we English have so much Germanism in us that our productions offer abundant examples of German want of style as well as of its opposite)—

"Afflictions sore long time I bore,  
Physicians were in vain,  
Till God did please Death should me seize  
And ease me of my pain:"

if, I say, we compare the Welsh memorial lines with the English, which in their *Gemeinheit* of style are truly Germanic, we shall get a clear sense of what that Celtic talent for style I have been speaking of is.

Or take this epitaph of an Irish Celt, Angus the Culdee, whose *Féilire*, or festology, I have already mentioned; a festology in which, at the end of the eighth or beginning of the ninth century, he collected from "the countless hosts of the illuminated books of Erin" (to use his own words) the festivals of the Irish saints, his poem having a stanza for every day in the year. The epitaph on Angus, who died at Cluain Eidhnech, in Queen's County, runs thus:

"Angus in the assembly of Heaven,  
Here are his tomb and his bed;  
It is from hence he went to death,  
In the Friday, to holy Heaven.

"It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was reared;  
It was in Cluain Eidhnech he was buried;  
In Cluain Eidhnech, of many crosses,  
He first read his psalms."

That is by no eminent hand; and yet a Greek epitaph could not show a finer perception of what constitutes propriety and felicity of style in compositions of this nature. Take the well-known Welsh prophecy about the fate of the Britons:

"Their Lord they will praise,  
Their speech they will keep,  
Their land they will lose,  
Except wild Wales."

To however late an epoch that prophecy belongs, what a feeling for style, at any rate, it manifests! And the same thing may be said of the famous Welsh triads. We may put aside all the vexed questions as to their greater or less antiquity, and still what important witness they bear to the genius for literary style of the people who produced them!

Now we English undoubtedly exhibit very often the want of sense for style of our German kinsmen. The churchyard lines I just now quoted afford an instance of it; but the whole branch of our literature—and a very popular branch it is, our hymnology—to which those lines are to be referred, is one continued instance of it. Our German kinsmen and we are the great people for hymns. The Germans are very proud of their hymns, and we are very proud of ours; but it is hard to say which of the two, the German hymn book or ours, has least poetical worth in itself, or does least to prove genuine poetical power in the people pro-



ducing it. I have not a word to say against Sir Roundell Palmer's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Book of Praise*; I am content to put them on a level (and that is giving them the highest possible rank) with Mr. Palgrave's choice and arrangement of materials for his *Golden Treasury*; but yet no sound critic can doubt that, so far as poetry is concerned, while the *Golden Treasury* is a monument of a nation's strength, the *Book of Praise* is a monument of a nation's weakness. Only the German race, with its want of quick instinctive tact, of delicate, sure perception, could have invented the hymn as the Germans and we have it; and our non-German turn for style, of which the very essence is a certain happy fineness and truth of poetical perception, could not but desert us when our German nature carried us into a kind of composition which can please only when the perception is somewhat blunt. Scarcely any one of us ever judges our hymns fairly, because works of this kind have two sides—their side for religion and their side for poetry. Everything which has helped a man in his religious life, everything which associates itself in his mind with the growth of that life, is beautiful and venerable to him; in this way, productions of little or no poetical value, like the German hymns and ours, may come to be regarded as very precious. Their worth in this sense, as means by which we have been edified, I do not for a moment hold cheap; but there is an edification proper to all our stages of development, the highest as well as the lowest, and it is for man to press on towards the highest stages of his development, with the certainty that for those stages, too, means of edification will not be found wanting. Now certainly it is a higher state of development when our fineness of perception is keen than when it is blunt. And if—whereas the Semitic genius placed its highest spiritual life in the religious sentiment, and made that the basis of its poetry—the Indo-European genius places its highest spiritual life in the imaginative reason, and makes that the basis of its poetry, we are none the better for wanting the perception to discern a natural law, which is, after all, like every natural law, irresistible; we are none the

better for trying to make ourselves Semitic, when Nature has made us Indo-European, and to shift the basis of our poetry. We may mean well; all manner of good may happen to us on the road we go; but we are not on our own real right road, the road we must in the end follow. That is why, when our hymns betray a false tendency by losing a power which accompanies the poetical work of our race on our other more suitable lines, the indication thus given is of great value and instructiveness for us. One of our main gifts for poetry deserts us in our hymns, and so gives us a hint as to the one true basis for the spiritual work of an Indo-European people, which the Germans, who have not this particular gift of ours, do not and cannot get in this way, though they may get it in others. It is worth noticing that the masterpieces of the spiritual work of Indo-Europeans taking the pure religious sentiment, and not the imaginative reason, for their basis, are works like the *Imitation*, the *Dies Ira*, the *Stabat Mater*—works clothing themselves in the middle-age Latin, the genuine native voice of no Indo-European nation. The perfection of their kind, but that kind not perfectly legitimate, they take a language not perfectly legitimate; as if to show that when mankind's Semitic age is once passed, the age which produced the great incomparable monuments of the pure religious sentiment, the books of Job and Isaiah, the Psalms—works truly to be called inspired, because the same divine power which worked in those who produced them works no longer—as if to show us, that, after this primitive age, we Indo-Europeans must feel these works without attempting to remake them; and that our poetry, if it tries to make itself simply the organ of the religious sentiment, leaves the true course, and must conceal this by not speaking a living language. The moment it speaks a living language, and still makes itself the organ of the religious sentiment only, as in the German and English hymns, it betrays weakness; the weakness of all false tendency.

But if, by attending to the Germanism in us English and to its works, one has come to doubt whether we, too, are not thorough Germans by genius and with the German deadness to style, one has

only to repeat to one's self a line of Milton—a poet intoxicated with the passion for style as much as Taliesin or Pindar—to see that we have another side to our genius besides the German one. Whence do we get it? The Normans may have brought in the Latin sense for rhetoric and style—for, indeed, this sense goes naturally with a high spirit and a strenuousness like theirs—but the sense for style which English poetry shows is something finer than we could well have got from a people so positive and so little poetical as the Normans; and it seems to me we may much more plausibly derive it from a root of the poetical Celtic nature in us.

Its chord of penetrating passion and melancholy, again, its *Titanism* as we see it in Byron—what other European poetry possesses that like the English, and where do we get it from? The Celts, with their vehement reaction against the despotism of fact, with their sensuous nature, their manifold striving, their adverse destiny, their immense calamities, the Celts are the prime authors of this vein of piercing regret and passion, of this *Titanism* in poetry. A famous book, Macpherson's *Ossian*, carried in the last century this vein like a flood of lava through Europe. I am not going to criticise Macpherson's *Ossian* here; make the part of what is forged, modern, tawdry, spurious in the book as large as you please; strip Scotland, if you like, of every feather of borrowed plumes which on the strength of Macpherson's *Ossian* she may have stolen from that *vetus et major Scotia*, the true home of the *Ossianic* poetry, Ireland; I make no objection. But there will still be left in the book a residue with the very soul of the Celtic genius in it, and which has the proud distinction of having brought this soul of the Celtic genius into contact with the genius of the nations of modern Europe, and enriched all our poetry by it. Woody Morven, and echoing Sora, and Selma with its silent halls—we all owe them a debt of gratitude, and when we are unjust enough to forget it, may the Muse forget us! Choose any one of the better passages in Macpherson's *Ossian*, and you can see what an apparition of newness and power such a strain must have been to the eighteenth century:

"I have seen the walls of Balclutha, but they were desolate. The fox looked out from the windows, the rank grass of the wall waved round her head. Raise the song of mourning, O bards, over the land of strangers. They have but fallen before us, for one day we must fall. Why dost thou build the hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to day; yet a few years, and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court, and whistles round thy half-worn shield. Let the blast of the desert come! we shall be renowned in our day."

All Europe felt the power of that melancholy; but what I wish to point out is, that no nation in Europe so caught in its poetry the passionate penetrating accent of the Celtic genius, its strain of *Titanism*, as the English. Goethe, like Napoleon, felt the spell of *Ossian* very powerfully, and he quotes a long passage from him in his *Werther*. But what is there Celtic, turbulent, and *Titanic* about the German *Werther*, that amiable, cultivated, and melancholy young man, having for his sorrow and suicide the perfectly definite motive that Lotte cannot be his? Faust, again, has nothing unaccountable, defiant, and *Titanic* in him; his knowledge does not bring him the satisfaction he expected from it, and meanwhile he finds himself poor and growing old, and balked of the palpable enjoyment of life; and here is the motive for Faust's discontent. In the most energetic and impetuous of Goethe's creations—his *Prometheus*—it is not Celtic self-will and passion, it is rather the Germanic sense of justice and reason, which revolts against the despotism of Zeus. The German *Schmacht* itself is a wistful, soft, tearful longing, rather than a struggling, fierce, passionate one. But the Celtic melancholy is struggling, fierce, passionate; to catch its note listen to Llywarch Hen in old age, addressing his crutch:

"O my crutch! is it not autumn, when the fern is red, the water-flag yellow? Have I not hated that which I love?"

"O my crutch! is it not winter time now, when men talk together after that they have drunken? Is not the side of my bed left desolate?"

"O my crutch! is it not spring, when the cuckoo passes through the air, when the foam

sparkles on the sea? The young maidens no longer love me.

"O my crutch! is it not the first day of May? The furrows, are they not shining; the young corn, is it not springing? Ah, the sight of my handle makes me wroth:

"O my crutch! stand straight, thou wilt support me the better; it is very long since I was Llywarch.

"Behold old age, which makes sport of me, from the hair of my head to my teeth, to my eyes, which women loved.

"The four things I have all my life most hated fall upon me together—coughing and old age, sickness and sorrow.

"I am old, I am alone, shapeliness and warmth are gone from me; the couch of honour shall be no more mine; I am miserable; I am bent on my crutch.

"How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night when he was brought forth! sorrows without end, and no deliverance from his burden."

There is the Titanism of the Celt, his passionate, turbulent, indomitable reaction against the despotism of fact; and of whom does it remind us so much as of Byron?

"The fire which on my bosom preys  
Is lone as some volcanic isle;  
No torch is kindled at its blaze;  
A funeral pile!"

Or, again:

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,  
Count o'er thy days from anguish free,  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be."

One has only to let one's memory begin to fetch passages from Byron striking the same note as that passage from Llywarch Hen, and she will not soon stop. And all Byron's heroes, not so much in collision with outward things, as breaking on some rock of revolt and misery in the depths of their own nature; Manfred self-consumed, fighting blindly and passionately with I know not what, having nothing of the consistent development and intelligible motive of Faust—Manfred, Lara, Cain, what are they but Titanic? Where in European poetry are we to find this Celtic passion of revolt so warm-breathing, puissant, and sincere; except, perhaps, in the creation of a yet greater poet than Byron, but an English poet, too, like Byron—in the Satan of Milton?

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... "what though the field be lost?  
All is not lost; the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield,  
And what is else not to be overcome."

There, surely, speaks a genius to whose composition the Celtic fibre was not wholly a stranger!

And as, after noting the Celtic Pindarism or power of style present in our poetry, we noted the German flatness coming into our hymns, and found here a proof of our compositeness of nature; so, after noting the Celtic Titanism or power of rebellious passion in our poetry, we may also note the Germanic patience and reasonableness in it, and get in this way a second proof how mixed a spirit we have. After Llywarch Hen's—

"How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch, the night when he was brought forth:"

after Byron's—

"Count o'er the joys thine hours have seen,"

take this of Southey's, in answer to the question whether he would like to have his youth over again:

"Do I regret the past?  
Would I live o'er again  
The morning hours of life?  
Nay, William, nay, not so!  
Praise be to God who made me what I am,  
Other I would not be."

There we have the other side of our being; the Germanic goodness, docility, and fidelity to nature, in place of the Celtic Titanism.

The Celt's quick feeling for what is noble and distinguished gave his poetry style; his indomitable personality gave it pride and passion; his sensibility and nervous exaltation gave it a better gift still, the gift of rendering with wonderful felicity the magical charm of nature. The forest solitude, the bubbling spring, the wild flowers, are everywhere in romance. They have a mysterious life and grace there; they are nature's own children, and utter her secrets in a way which makes them something quite different from the woods, waters, and plants of Greek and Latin poetry. Now, of this delicate magic Celtic romance is so pre-eminent a mistress, that it seems impos-

sible to believe the power did not come into romance from the Celts. Magic is just the word for it—the magic of nature; not merely the beauty of nature—that the Greeks and Latins had; not merely an honest smack of the soil, a faithful realism—that the Germans had; but the intimate life of nature, her weird power, and her fairy charm. As the Saxon names of places, with the pleasant wholesome smack of the soil in them—Weathersfield, Thaxted, Shalford—are to the Celtic names of places, with their penetrating, lofty beauty—Velindra, Tyntagel, Caernarvon—so is the homely realism of German and Norse nature to the fairy-like loveliness of Celtic nature. Gwydion wants a wife for his pupil: “Well,” says Math, “we will seek, I and thou, by charms and illusions, to form a wife for him out of flowers. So they took the blossoms of the oak, and the blossoms of the broom, and the blossoms of the meadow-sweet, and produced from them a maiden, the fairest and most graceful that man ever saw. And they baptized her, and gave her the name of Flower-Aspect.” Celtic romance is full of exquisite touches like that, showing the delicacy of the Celt’s feeling in these matters, and how deep nature lets him come into her secrets. The quick dropping of blood is called “faster than the fall of the dewdrop from the blade of reed-grass upon the earth, when the dew of June is at the heaviest.” And thus is Olwen described: “More yellow was her hair than the flower of the broom, and her skin was whiter than the foam of the wave, and fairer were her hands and her fingers than the blossoms of the wood anemone, amid the spray of the meadow fountains.” For loveliness it would be hard to beat that; and for magical clearness and nearness take the following:

“And in the evening Peredur entered a valley, and at the head of the valley he came to a hermit’s cell, and the hermit welcomed him gladly, and there he spent the night. And in the morning he arose and when he went forth, behold, a shower of snow had fallen the night before, and a hawk had killed a wild fowl in front of the cell. And the noise of the horse scared the hawk away, and a raven alighted upon the bird. And Peredur

stood and compared the blackness of the raven, and the whiteness of the snow, and the redness of the blood, to the hair of the lady whom best he loved, which was blacker than the raven, and to her skin, which was whiter than the snow, and to her two cheeks, which were redder than the blood upon the snow appeared to be.”

And this, which is perhaps less striking, is not less beautiful:

“And early in the day Geraint and Enid left the wood, and they came to an open country, with meadows on one hand and mowers mowing the meadows. And there was a river before them, and the horses bent down and drank the water. And they went up out of the river by a steep bank, and there they met a slender stripling with a satchel about his neck; and he had a small blue pitcher in his hand, and a bowl on the mouth of the pitcher.”

And here the landscape, up to this point so Greek in its clear beauty, is suddenly magicalized by the romance touch: “And they saw a tall tree by the side of the river, one half of which was in flames from the root to the top, and the other half was green and in full leaf.”

Magic is the word to insist upon—a magically vivid and near interpretation of nature; since it is this which constitutes the special charm and power of the effect I am calling attention to, and it is for this that the Celt’s sensibility gives him a peculiar aptitude. But the matter needs rather fine handling, and it is easy to make mistakes here in our criticism. In the first place, Europe tends constantly to become more and more one community, and we tend to become Europeans instead of merely Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, Italians; so whatever aptitude or felicity one people imparts into spiritual work, gets imitated by the others, and thus tends to become the common property of all. Therefore anything so beautiful and attractive as the natural magic I am speaking of, is sure nowadays, if it appears in the productions of the Celts, or of the English, or of the French, to appear in the productions of the Germans also, or in the productions of the Italians; but there will be a stamp of perfectness and inimitableness about it in the literatures where it is



native, which it will not have in the literatures where it is not native. Novalis or Rückert, for instance, have their eye fixed on nature, and have undoubtedly a feeling for natural magic; a rough-and-ready critic easily credits them and the Germans with the Celtic fineness of tact, the Celtic nearness to nature and her secret; but the question is whether the strokes in the German's picture of nature have ever the indefinable delicacy, charm, and perfection of the Celt's touch in the pieces I just now quoted, or of Shakespeare's touch in his daffodil, Wordsworth's in his cuckoo, Keats's in his Autumn, Obermann's in his mountain birch tree, or his Easter daisy among the Swiss farms. To decide where the gift for natural magic originally lies, whether it is properly Celtic or Germanic, we must decide this question.

In the second place, there are many ways of handling nature, and we are here only concerned with one of them; but a rough-and-ready critic imagines that it is all the same so long as nature is handled at all, and fails to draw the needful distinction between modes of handling her. But these modes are many; I will mention four of them now: there is the conventional way of handling nature, there is the faithful way of handling nature, there is the Greek way of handling nature, there is the magical way of handling nature. In all these last three the eye is on the object, but with a difference; in the faithful way of handling nature, the eye is on the object, and that is all you can say; in the Greek, the eye is on the object, but lightness and brightness are added; in the magical, the eye is on the object, but a charm and magic are added. In the conventional way of handling nature, the eye is not on the object; what that means we all know, we have only to think of our eighteenth century poetry—

"As when the moon, refulgent lamp of light,"  
to call up any number of instances. Latin poetry supplies plenty of instances too; if we put this from Propertius's *Hylas*—

... "manus heroum . . . . .  
Mollia composita litora fronde tegit,"

side by side with the line of Theocritus by which it was suggested—

λειμών γάρ σφιν ἔκειτο μέγας, στιβάδεσσιν ὄνειαρ,

we get at the same moment a good specimen both of the conventional and of the Greek way of handling nature. But from our own poetry we may get specimens of the Greek way of handling nature, as well as of the conventional: for instance, Keats's—

"What little town by river or seashore,  
Or mountain-built with quiet citadel,  
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?"

is Greek, as Greek as a thing from Homer or Theocritus; it is composed with the eye on the object, a radiance and light clearness being added. German poetry abounds in specimens of the faithful way of handling nature; an excellent example is to be found in the stanzas called *Zueignung*, prefixed to Goethe's poems: the morning walk, the mist, the dew, the sun, are as faithful as they can be—they are given with the eye on the object; but there the merit of the work, as a handling of nature, stops; neither Greek radiance nor Celtic magic is added; the power of these is not what gives the poem in question its merit, but a power of quite another kind, a power of moral and spiritual emotion. But the power of Greek radiance Goethe could give to his handling of nature, and nobly too, as any one who will read his *Wanderer*—the poem in which a wanderer falls in with a peasant woman and her child by their hut, built out of the ruins of a temple near Cuma—may see. Only the power of natural magic Goethe does not, I think, give: whereas Keats passes at will from the Greek power to that power which is, as I say, Celtic; from his—

"What little town, by river or seashore,"  
to his—

"White hawthorn and the pastoral eglantine,  
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,"

or his—

... "magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn:"

in which the very same note is struck as in those extracts which I quoted from Celtic romance, and struck with authentic and unmistakable power.

Shakespeare, in handling nature, touches

this Celtic note so exquisitely, that perhaps one is inclined to be always looking for the Celtic note in him, and not to recognize his Greek note when it comes. But if one attends well to the difference between the two notes, and bears in mind, to guide one, such things as Virgil's "moss-grown springs and grass softer than sleep"—

"Muscosi fontes et somno mollior herba : "

as his charming flower-gatherer, who—

"Pallentes violas et summa papavera carpens  
Narcissum et florem jungit bene olentis anethi:"

as his quinces and chestnuts—

... "cana legam tenera lanugine mala  
Castaneasque nucas" . . . . .

then, I think, we shall be disposed to say that in Shakespeare's—

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme  
blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine,"

it is mainly a Greek note which is struck. Then, again, in his—

... "look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold,"

we are at the very point of transition from the Greek note to the Celtic; there is the Greek clearness and brightness, with the Celtic aerialness and magic coming in. Then we have the sheer, inimitable Celtic note in passages like this—

"Met we on hill, in dale, forest or mead,  
By paved fountain or by rushy brook,  
Or in the beached margin of the sea : "

or this, the last I will quote—

"The moon shines bright. In such a night as  
this,  
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the  
trees,  
And they did make no noise, in such a night  
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls :

... . . . . In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew :

... . . . . in such a night  
*Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand,  
Upon the wild sea-banks, and wailed her love  
To come again to Carthage."*

And those last lines of all are so drenched and intoxicated with the fairy-dew of that natural magic which is our theme, that I cannot do better than end with them.

And now, with the pieces of evidence in our hand, let us go to those who say it is vain to look for Celtic elements in any Englishman, and let us ask them, first, if they seize what we mean by the power of natural magic in Celtic poetry; secondly, if English poetry does not eminently exhibit this power; and, thirdly, where they suppose English poetry got it from?

I perceive that I shall be accused of having rather the air, in what I have said, of denying this and that gift to the Germans, and of establishing our difference from them a little ungraciously and at their expense. The truth is, few people have any real care to analyze closely in their criticism; they merely employ criticism as a means for heaping all praise on what they like, and all blame on what they dislike. Those of us (and they are many) who owe a great debt of gratitude to the German spirit and to German literature, do not like to be told of any powers being lacking there; we are like the young ladies who think the hero of their novel is only half a hero unless he has all perfections united in him. But nature does not work, either in heroes or races, according to the young ladies' notion. We all are what we are, the hero and the great nation are what they are, by our limitations as well as by our powers, by lacking something as well as by possessing something. It is not always gain to possess this or that gift, or loss to lack this or that gift. Our great, our only first-rate body of contemporary poetry is the German; the grand business of modern poetry, a moral interpretation, from an independent point of view, of man and the world, it is only German poetry, Goethe's poetry, that has, since the Greeks, made much way with. Campbell's power of style, and the natural magic of Keats and Wordsworth, and Byron's Titanic personality, may be wanting to this poetry; but see what it has accomplished without them! How much more than Campbell with his power of style, and Keats and Wordsworth with their natural magic, and Byron with his Titanic personality! Why, for the im-

mense serious task it had to perform, the steadiness of German poetry, its going near the ground, its patient fidelity to nature, its using great plainness of speech, poetical drawbacks in one point of view, were safeguards and helps in another. The plainness and earnestness of the two lines I have already quoted from Goethe—

“Es bildet ein Talent sich in der Stille,  
Ein Charakter sich in dem Strom der Welt,”

compared with the play and power of Shakespeare's style or Dante's, suggest at once the difference between Goethe's task and theirs, and the fitness of the faithful laborious German spirit for its own task. Dante's task was to set forth the lesson of the world from the point of view of mediæval Catholicism; the basis of spiritual life was given, Dante had not to make this anew. Shakespeare's task was to set forth the spectacle of the world when man's spirit re-awoke to the possession of the world at the Renaissance. The spectacle of human life, left to bear its own significance and tell its own story, but shown in all its fulness, variety, and power, is at that moment the great matter; but, if we are to press deeper, the basis of spiritual life is still at that time the traditional religion, reformed or unreformed, of Christendom, and Shakespeare has not to supply a new basis. But when Goethe came, Europe had lost her basis of spiritual life; she had to find it again; Goethe's task was—the inevitable task for the modern poet henceforth is—as it was for the Greek poet in the days of Pericles, not to preach a sublime sermon on a given text like Dante, not to exhibit all the kingdoms of human life and the glory of them like Shakespeare, but to interpret human life afresh, and to supply a new spiritual basis to it. This is not only a work for style, eloquence, charm, poetry; it is a work for science; and the scientific serious German spirit, not carried away by this and that intoxication of ear, and eye, and self-will, has peculiar aptitudes for it.

We, on the other hand, do not necessarily gain by the commixture of elements in us; we have seen how the clashing of natures in us hampers and embarrasses our behavior; we might very likely be more attractive, we might very likely be more successful, if we were

all of a piece. Our want of sureness of taste, our eccentricity, come in great measure, no doubt, from our not being all of a piece, from our having no fixed, fatal, spiritual centre of gravity. The Rue de Rivoli is one thing, and Nuremberg is another, and Stonehenge is another; but we have a turn for all three, and lump them all up together. Mr. Tom Taylor's translations from Breton poetry offer a good example of this mixing; he has a genuine feeling for these Celtic matters, and often, as in the *Evil Tribute of Nomenoë*, or in *Lord Nann and the Fairy*, he is, both in movement and expression, true and appropriate; but he has a sort of Teutonism and Latinism in him too, and so he cannot forbear mixing with his Celtic strain such disparates as—

“Twas mirk, mirk night, and the water bright  
Troubled and drumlie flowed:”

which is evidently Lowland-Scotch; or as—

“Foregad, but thou'rt an artful hand!”

which is English-stagey; or as—

“To Gradlon's daughter, bright of blee,  
Her lover he whispered tenderly—  
*Bethink thee, sweet Dahut! the key!*”

which is Anacreontic in the manner of Tom Moore. Yes, it is not a sheer advantage to have several strings to one's bow; if we had been all German we might have had the science of Germany; if we had been all Celtic, we might have been popular and agreeable; if we had been all Latinized, we might have governed Ireland as the French govern Alsace, without getting ourselves detested. But now we have Germanism enough to make us Philistines, and Normanism enough to make us imperious, and Celtism enough to make us self-conscious and awkward; but German fidelity to Nature, and Latin precision and clear reason, and Celtic quick-wittedness and spirituality, we fall short of. Nay, perhaps, if we are doomed to perish (Heaven avert the omen!), we shall perish by our Celtism, by our self-will and want of patience with ideas, our inability to see the way the world is going; and yet those very Celts, by our affinity with whom we are perishing, will be hating and upbraiding us all the time.

This is a somewhat unpleasant view of the matter, but if it is true, its being unpleasant does not make it any less true, and we are always the better for seeing the truth. What we here see is not the whole truth, however. So long as this mixed constitution of our nature possesses us, we pay it tribute and serve it; so soon as we possess it, it pays us tribute and serves us. So long as we are blindly and ignorantly rolled about by the forces of our nature, their contradiction baffles us and lames us; so soon as we have clearly discerned what they are, and begun to apply to them a law of measure, control, and guidance, they may be made to work for our good and to carry us forward. Then we may have the good of our German part, the good of our Latin part, the good of our Celtic part; and instead of one part clashing with the other, we may bring it in to continue and perfect the other, when the other has given us all the good it can yield, and by being pressed further, could only give us its faulty excess. Then we may use the German faithfulness to Nature to give us science, and to free us from insolence and self-will; we may use the Celtic quickness of perception to give us delicacy, and to free us from hardness and Philistinism; we may use the Latin decisiveness to give us strenuous clear method, and to free us from fumbling and idling. Already, in their untrained state, these elements give signs, in our life and literature, of their being present in us, and a kind of prophecy of what they could do for us if they were properly observed, trained, and applied. But this they have not yet been; we ride one force of our nature to death; we will be nothing but Anglo-Saxons in the Old World or in the New; and when our race has built Boldstreet, Liverpool, and pronounced it very good, it hurries across the Atlantic, and builds Nashville, and Jacksonville, and Milledgeville, and thinks it is fulfilling the designs of Providence in an incomparable manner. But true Anglo-Saxons, simply and sincerely rooted in the German nature, we are not and cannot be; all we have accomplished by our oneness is to blur and confuse the natural basis in ourselves altogether, and to become something eccentric, unattractive, and inharmonious.

A man of exquisite intelligence and charming character, the late Mr. Cobden, used to fancy that a better acquaintance with the United States was the grand panacea for us; and once in a speech he bewailed the inattention of our seats of learning to them, and seemed to think that if our ingenious youth at Oxford were taught a little less about the Ilissus, and a little more about Chicago, we should all be the better for it. Chicago has its claims upon us, no doubt; but it is evident that from the point of view to which I have been leading, a stimulation of our Anglo-Saxonism, such as is intended by Cobden's proposal, does not appear the thing most needful for us; seeing our American brothers themselves have rather, like us, to try and moderate the flame of Anglo-Saxonism in their own breasts, than to ask us to clap the bellows to it in ours. So I am inclined to beseech Oxford, instead of expiating her over-addiction to the Ilissus by lectures on Chicago, to give us an expounder for a still more remote-looking object than the Ilissus—the Celtic languages and literature. And yet why should I call it remote? if, as I have been laboring to show, in the spiritual frame of us English ourselves, a Celtic fibre, little as we may have ever thought of tracing it, lives and works. *Aliens in speech, in religion, in blood*, said Lord Lyndhurst; the philologists have set him right about the speech, the physiologists about the blood; and perhaps, taking religion in the wide but true sense of our whole spiritual activity, those who have followed what I have been saying to-day will think that the Celt is not so wholly alien to us in religion. But, at any rate, let us consider that of the shrunken and diminished remains of this great primitive race, all, with one insignificant exception, belongs to the English empire; only Brittany is not ours: we have Ireland, the Scotch Highlands, Wales, the Isle of Man, Cornwall. They are part of ourselves, we are deeply interested in knowing them, they are deeply interested in being known by us; and yet in the great and rich universities of this great and rich country there is no chair of Celtic, there is no study or teaching of Celtic matters; those who want them must go abroad for them. It is neither right nor reasonable that this



should be so. Ireland has had in the last half century a band of Celtic students—a band with which death, alas! has of late been busy—from whence Oxford or Cambridge might have taken an admirable professor of Celtic; and with the authority of a university chair a great Celtic scholar, on a subject little known, and where all would have readily deferred to him, might have by this time doubled our facilities for knowing the Celt, by procuring for this country Celtic documents which were inaccessible here, and preventing the dispersion of others which were accessible. It is not much that the English Government does for science or literature; but if Eugene O'Curry, from a chair of Celtic at Oxford, had appealed to the Government to get him copies or the originals of the Celtic treasures in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, or in the library of St. Isidore's College at Rome, even the English Government could not well have refused him. The invaluable Irish manuscripts in the Stowe Library the late Sir Robert Peel wished to buy for the British Museum, in 1849; Lord Macaulay, one of the trustees of the Museum, declared, with the confident shallowness which makes him so admired by public speakers and leading-article writers, and so intolerable to all searchers for truth, that he saw nothing in the whole collection worth purchasing for the Museum, except the correspondence of Lord Melville on the American war. That is to say, this correspondence of Lord Melville's was the only thing in the collection about which Lord Macaulay himself knew or cared. Perhaps an Oxford or Cambridge professor of Celtic might have been allowed to make his voice heard, on a matter of Celtic manuscripts, even against Lord Macaulay. The manuscripts were bought by Lord Ashburnham, who keeps them shut up, and will let no one consult them (at least up to the date when O'Curry published his *Lectures* he did so), "for fear an actual acquaintance with their contents should decrease their value as matter of curiosity at some future transfer or sale." Who knows? Perhaps an Oxford professor of Celtic might have touched the flinty heart of Lord Ashburnham.

It is clear that the system of professorship in our universities is at the present

moment based on no intelligent principle, and does not by any means correspond with the requirements of knowledge. I do not say any one is to blame for this. Sometimes the actual state of things is due to the wants of another age—as, for instance, in the overwhelming preponderance of theological chairs; all the arts and sciences, it is well known, were formerly made to centre in theology. Sometimes it is due to mere haphazard, to the accident of a founder having appeared for one study, and no founder having appeared for another. Clearly it was not deliberate design which provided Anglo-Saxon with a chair at Oxford, while the Teutonic languages, as a group, have none, and the Celtic languages have none. It is as if we had a chair of Oscan, or of Æolic Greek, before we had a chair of Greek or Latin. The whole system of our university chairs evidently wants recasting, and adapting to the needs of modern science.

I say, of *modern science*; and it is important to insist on these words. Circumstances at Oxford and Cambridge give special prominence to their function as finishing schools to carry young men of the upper classes of society through a certain limited course of study. But a university is something more and higher than a great finishing school for young gentlemen, however distinguished. A university is a member of a European confraternity for continually enlarging the domain of human knowledge and pushing back in all directions its boundaries. The statutes of the College of France, drawn up at the best moment of the Renaissance and informed with the true spirit of that generous time, admirably fix, for a university professor or representative of the higher studies of Europe, his aim and duty. The *Lecteur Royal* is left with the amplest possible liberty; only one obligation is imposed on him—to promote and develop, to the highest possible pitch, the branch of knowledge with which he is charged. In this spirit a university should organize its professorships; in this spirit a professor should use his chair. So that if the Celtic languages are an important object of science, it is no objection to giving them a chair at Oxford or Cambridge, that young men preparing for their

degree have no call to study them. The relation of a university chair is with the higher studies of Europe, and not with the young men preparing for their degree. If its occupant has had but five young men at his lectures, or but one young man, or no young man at all, he has done his duty if he has served the higher studies of Europe; or, not to leave out America, let us say, the higher studies of the world. If he has not served these, he has not done his duty, though he had at his lectures five hundred young men. But undoubtedly the most fruitful action of a university chair, even upon the young college student, is produced not by bringing down the university chair to his level, but by beckoning him up to its level. Only in this way can that love for the things of the mind, which is the soul of true culture, be generated—by showing the things of the mind in their reality and power. Where there is fire, people will come to be warmed at it; and every notable spread of mental activity has been due, not to the arrangement of an elaborate machinery for schooling, but to the electric wind of a glowing, disinterested play of mind. "Evidences of Christianity," Coleridge used to say, "I am weary of the word! make a man feel the want of Christianity." "The young men's education," one may in like manner cry, "I am sick of seeing it organized! make the young men feel the want, the worth, the power of education."

At this moment, when the narrow Philistinism which has long had things its own way in England, is showing its natural fruits, and we are beginning to feel ashamed, and uneasy, and alarmed at it; now, when we are becoming aware that we have sacrificed to Philistinism culture, and insight, and dignity, and acceptance, and weight among the nations, and hold on events that deeply concern us, and control of the future, and yet that it cannot even give us the fool's paradise it promised us, but is apt to break down, and to leave us with Mr. Roebuck's and Mr. Lowe's laudations of our matchless happiness, and the bank rate of discount at ten per cent., and the largest circulation in the world assured to the *Daily Telegraph*, for our only comfort; at such a moment it

needs some moderation not to be attacking Philistinism by storm, but to mine it through such gradual means as the slow approaches of culture, and the introduction of chairs of Celtic. But the hard unintelligence, which is just now our bane, cannot be conquered by storm; it must be supplanted and reduced by culture, by a growth in the variety, fulness, and sweetness of our spiritual life; and this end can only be reached by studying things that are outside of ourselves, and by studying them disinterestedly. Let us reunite ourselves with our better mind and with the world through science; and let it be one of our angelic revenges on the Philistines, who among other sins are the guilty authors of Fenianism, to found at Oxford a chair of Celtic, and to send, through the gentle ministrations of science, a message of peace to Ireland.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

The Art Journal.

#### MEMORIES OF THE AUTHORS OF THE AGE.

BY S. C. HALL, F.R.S., AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

At Cockermouth, in Cumberland, on the 7th of April, 1770, the great poet, William Wordsworth, was born. The house in which he first saw the light that cheered and gladdened him for more than eighty years, and from which came the light that will cheer and gladden hundreds of millions, as long as man endures—the house is still standing. It is a gentleman's residence now, as it was then; for he was of a good family; was educated at Hawkshead school, and graduated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1787.

His is not a "full" life in the ordinary sense of the term; and it may be told in a few sentences. He has said that "a poet's life is written in his works;" of himself it is especially true.\*

\* He did, however, write—or rather he dictated—a brief biography, which his nephew, Dr. Christopher Wordsworth, Archdeacon of Westminster, has published in his comprehensive, yet succinct, reverential, affectionate, and by no means over-enlarged, *Memoirs of the Poet*. "The Prelude" also—a poem published after his death,

He was never "at home" at the University; and he has left few records of his residence there.

"He was not for that hour nor for that place." Feeling

"How gracious, how benign is solitude,"

he ever yearned for his native vales. Visiting them in 1788, his heart was won to his first love, and with few brief intervals they became his "home" till death:

"When to the attractions of this busy world,  
Preferring studious lessons, I had chosen  
A habitation in this peaceful vale."

"The child is father of the man;" from the "dawn of childhood," he had been sanctified by "sweet discipline"—

"Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,  
But with high objects, and enduring things  
With life and nature."

Before he had found his "loophole of retreat," he had other "discipline," painful and humiliating—but which, happily, left no evil influence on his heart and mind. While little more than a youth, he was tainted by that which tainted also Southey and Coleridge; he avowed himself a republican, an enemy to hereditary monarchy and hereditary peerage. On his return from a residence in France, he writes—

"I brought with me the faith  
That if France prospered, good men would  
not long  
Pay fruitless worship to Humanity."

He was soon taught, however, by a merciful Providence, that a house "mortared with blood" must inevitably fall; he had seen the wicked Republic only begin her "maniac dance;" while the "sleeping snakes were covered with flowers;" when "the atheist crew" were preparing their foul orgies, with smiles and greetings in the holy name of Liberty;

"When blasts  
From hell came sanctified like airs from  
heaven!"

but commenced at a very early period—"is designed to exhibit the growth of his mind, from infancy to the year 1799, when he, so to speak, entered upon his mission and ministry, and deliberately resolved to devote his time and faculties to the art and office of a Poet." But in fact, there is hardly one of his poems that does not give us some insight into his thoughts, feelings, hopes, and aspirations—"the inner man."

and he mournfully, and in a deeply repentant spirit, writes that, when thanksgivings for victories gained by the armies of England were offered up in her churches,

"I only, like an uninvited guest  
Whom no one owned, sate silent."

Yet it was he, who, in after life, so heroically addressed the

"Vanguard of Liberty—ye men of Kent!"

when threats of invasion came across the narrow strait that divides England from France; and who, in 1803, exclaimed with all his heart and soul—

"Shout! for a mighty victory is won."

He was not, indeed, as Southey was—branded as "renegade;" for the even tenor of his way was such as to create no personal or political enemies; but, happily for himself and for mankind, the Laureate Wordsworth was as thorough an "apostate" from the devilish faith of his youthhood as was the Laureate Southey.

There is not much to tell of the earlier years of the poet; he was drinking his fill from the pure fountain of nature; grounding himself to become her great High Priest; learning from the Book that cannot be closed to the student; preparing to spread for Humanity a feast that never satiates, and to make millions after millions his debtors for delights enjoyed, instruction received, and benefits, incalculable, conferred on the whole human family.

Just at the most critical period of his life, when his prospects were so little cheering that, it is said, he was seeking employment in connection with the London press—a friend died, and left him a considerable sum of money. That "event," for such it was, no doubt determined the after career of the poet; it gave him vigor for the race that was set before him, armed him for the fight of life, enabled him to array

"His temples with the Muse's diadem."

"That friend bore the name of Calvert"—Raisley Calvert—and no memory of the poet can be without an expression of gratitude to him:

"He cleared a passage for me, and the stream  
Flowed in the bent of Nature."

Other aids came from other friends; good Sir George Beaumont, who some years before had warned the painter Haydon against "the terrific democratic notions of William Wordsworth," bequeathed to him an annuity; he was appointed to the office of "stamp-distributor" for his native county, was placed on a list called a "Pension list"—the record of England's meagre boons to her worthies; ultimately he became Poet Laureate, and throughout his long life was, in a word, independent.

"Blessed be the God  
Of Nature and of Man that this was so!"

He never felt, as so many poets have felt,

"The influence of malignant star,"

never toiled for the bread that is often bitter to the high of soul; it was not his destiny to

"Learn in suffering what he taught in song."

In 1799, Wordsworth first found a home at Town-end, Grasmere—a comparatively humble cottage. In 1802, he was married to Mary Hutchinson; they had known each other from childhood, and had been playfellows in youth. In 1808, they removed to Allan Bank, near at hand, and in 1813, to Rydal Mount, a house that any pilgrim to English shrines may yet visit; a house that if it perish can never be forgotten. There, for thirty-seven years, they lived, and there, on the 23d of April, 1850, his spirit was called from earth.

There was another light in his home, beside that which was sent to be the darling of his heart; a "phantom of delight," his "second self"—

"A creature, not too bright or good,  
For human nature's daily food,"

his companion, his friend, his adviser, his encourager, his comforter, his trust, his hope, and his wife.\* They had five chil-

dren, two of whom, Thomas and Catharine, died young; "sweet Dora" became the wife of Mr. Quillinan; and of his surviving sons, William, the eldest, is now distributor of stamps residing at Carlisle; the second, John, is the Rector of Plumbland and Vicar of Brigham, Cumberland.

That other light was his sister Dorothy—"Dorothea, given of God." Matronly duties never called her from his side; from his earliest boyhood, from the time when his mother's prophecy was uttered, "William will be remarkable, either for good or for evil," she had been ever near him:

"The blessing of my later years  
Was with me when I was a boy."

To the poet, who loved her with devout affection, she was a perpetual blessing; it was she who, in his early days of peril—

"Maintained for me a saving intercourse  
With my true self."

To her he owed much, and to her, therefore, mankind owes much. "She gave me," writes the poet—

"She gave me eyes, she gave me ears,  
And humble cares, and delicate fears,  
A heart, the fountain of sweet tears,  
And love, and thought, and joy."

She did more than that; she dispelled foreboding shadows; "softened down an over sternness;" planted the rock with flowers; and the heart that might have been biassed to evil—indeed, at one time, the peril was great—she led—God guided—into the pleasant paths of Peace, and Love, and Hope, and Joy. We have not the poet's tribute only to this guardian and ministering angel. De Quincey, who knew her well, and it is said worshipped her as "a star apart," testifies to her quick and ready sympathy with every living thing. And when Wordsworth brought his wife to be the house-mate of his sister, she became the true friend of the one as she was the true friend of the other.

There are few of what are termed

\* Of the wife of Wordsworth, De Quincey thus writes: "She furnished a remarkable proof how possible it is for a woman, neither handsome nor even comely, according to the rigor of criticism, to exercise all the practical fascination of beauty, through the mere compensating charm of sweet-

ness, all but 'angelic,' of simplicity the most entire, womanly self-respect and purity of heart, speaking through all her looks, words, and movements."



"leading incidents" in the poet's after life. In 1842, he resigned his office of stamp-distributor in favor of his son William, who still holds it, and received from Sir Robert Peel one of the crown pensions, £300 a year—"part of the limited fund which Parliament has placed at the disposal of the Crown, on the condition that it shall be applied to the reward and encouragement of public service, or of eminent literary and scientific merit."

On the death of Southey, in 1843, he was appointed Poet Laureate; the office was at first declined, but Sir Robert Peel pressed its acceptance, writing him that "the offer was made, not as imposing any onerous or disagreeable duty, but as a tribute of respect which is justly due to the first of living poets." And Wordsworth's reply was—"The being deemed worthy to succeed my lamented and valued friend, Southey, enhances the pleasure I receive." In 1845, he visited London to "kiss hands," and it must have been a touching sight when the venerable white-haired man bent his knee to the young Queen, then barely commencing a reign which has been so fruitful of blessings over a realm on which "the sun never sets."

Soon after his eightieth birthday, his warning came.

When his mind was losing consciousness, his venerable wife said to him, "William, you are going to Dora"—his beloved daughter. The words were at the time unheeded, but next day, when some one drew aside the curtain, he murmured, "Is that Dora?" And who will venture to say it was not Dora, "sent of God" to companion him from earth to Heaven, who stood, in the spirit, at that moment, by the side of him to whom Death was giving Freedom and Life?

"Hast thou been told that from the viewless bourne,

The dark way never bath allowed return?

That all, which tears can move, with life is fled

That earthly love is powerless on the dead—

Believe it not!"

He died on the 23d of April, 1850, passing away almost insensibly, while the cuckoo clock was striking the hour of twelve at noon.

Thirty years before, the poet had received high promptings from that familiar sound—the cuckoo clock; and such thoughts as he breathed then—so long ago—may have solaced the last moments of his earthly life:

"Well may our hearts have faith that blessings come

Streaming from founts above the starry sky,  
With angels when their own untroubled home

They leave, and speed on nightly embassy  
To visit earthly chambers—and for whom?  
Yea, both for souls who God's forbearance try,

And those who seek his help and for his mercy sigh."

"So lived he till his eightieth year was past." In venerable age, as in energetic youth, laboring to give "delights" that will be healthy stimulants\* for ever.

Such is an outline—and it may suffice—of the long, yet comparatively undisturbed, even, and uneventful life of the poet, William Wordsworth.

His person and his character have both been abundantly portrayed by his contemporaries. In middle life, Hazlitt thus pictured him: "He reminds one of some of Holbein's heads, grave, saturnine, with a slight indication of sly humor." At a period somewhat later, Wilson, in the *Noctes*, says: "The eyes were dim and thoughtful, and a certain sweetness of smile occasionally lighted up the strong lines of his countenance with an expression of courteousness and philanthropy." Lockhart, in *Peter's Letters*, notes "his large, dim, pensive eye," his "smile of placid abstraction," and "his long, tremulous, melancholy lips." And thus De Quincey writes: "Many such heads, and finer, have I seen among the portraits of Titian, and in a later period among those of Vandyke, but none that has more impressed me in my time." "It was a face of the long order." "His eyes small, rather than large; not under any circumstances bright, lustrous, or piercing," yet often "solemn and spiritual;" sending forth "a light that

\* Wordsworth, writing of himself in 1845, when his poems were to him as so many "memories," speaks of "the spirituality with which I have endeavored to invest the material universe, and the moral relations under which I have wished to exhibit its most ordinary appearances."

seemed to come from unfathomed depths;" "the nose a little large and arched." He was tall—five feet, eleven inches; but seemed taller when he stood or sate; although "in walking he had a slouched or sidling gait that took from his height." Thus Leigh Hunt pictures him: "I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smouldering, with a sort of acrid fixture of regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes." He adds: "He had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish, but not unpleasing voice, and an exalted mode of speaking." In later life, one of his acquaintances writes of "his venerable head; his simple, natural, and graceful attitude in his own chair; his respectful attention to the slightest remarks or suggestions of others in relation to what was spoken of; his kindly benevolence of expression as he looked round now and then upon the circle." His nephew, Archdeacon Wordsworth, writes of "the broad, full forehead, the silver hair, the deep and varied intonations of the voice." An American writer describes his eyes in his eightieth year as giving to his countenance its high intellectual expression.\*

Such, according to these authorities, was the "outer man," Wordsworth. Having quoted them, I scruple to give my own portrait, yet I must do so, as I drew it in 1832, during one of his brief visits to London.

His features were large, and not suddenly expressive; they conveyed little idea of the "poetic fire" usually associated with brilliant imagination. His eyes were mild and up-looking, his mouth coarse rather than refined, his forehead high rather than broad; but every action seemed considerate, and every look self-possessed, while his voice, low in tone,

had that persuasive eloquence which invariably "moves men."

Perhaps, it was impossible to find two men whose "faces" more thoroughly differed than did those of Southey and Wordsworth.

Wanderers in Westmoreland will see the same type in every third peasant they meet; a face long and narrow, a forehead high, a long and rather aquiline nose, with eyes meek and gentle, expressing little strength, and nothing of strong passion. There are many portraits of him. He "believed he had sate twenty times." That which I prefer, excepting perhaps the bust by Thrudd, which brings him more thoroughly before me, is by Pickersgill, painted for St. John's College, Cambridge, and which Wordsworth himself greets in some lines:

"Go, faithful portrait," etc.

It is the portrait given in the *Book of Gems*; it was painted sitting under a rock at the side of a mountain. That by the American artist, Inman, seemed to have been the one he and his family liked best. It was the one, or rather a copy of it, that hung in his own dining room. Wordsworth writes about "an engraving from a picture by Mr. Haydon, of me in the act of climbing Helvellyn." I have never seen it. Southey says that Hazlitt painted a portrait of Wordsworth so "dismally," that on seeing it one of his friends exclaimed: "At the gallows deeply affected by his deserved fate, but determined to die like a man."

To "the inner man," Wordsworth, there are abundant testimonies. Coleridge, when he first knew Wordsworth in early youth at Allfoxden, says: "Whose society I found an invaluable blessing, and to whom I looked up with equal reverence as a poet, a philosopher, and a man;" and he writes to Cottle about the same period: "He is one whom, God knows, I love and honor as far beyond myself, as both morally and intellectually he is above me." Thus Lockhart—*Peter's Letters*: "His poetry is the poetry of external nature and profound feeling, and such is the hold which these high themes have taken of his intellect, that he seldom dreams of descending to the tone in which the ordinary conversation of men is pitched." Hay-

\* Another American, Emerson, in 1833, styles him "a plain, elderly, white-haired man, not prepossessing, and disfigured by green goggles." Emerson saw him again in 1846, and says: "He had a healthy look, with a weather-beaten face, his face corrugated, especially the large nose." But it is clear that Wordsworth excited no reverence in the mind of Emerson; if that clear-sighted and cold reasoning man had hero-worship, it was not for the poet.

don thus speaks of Wordsworth : " With his usual cheerfulness, he delighted us by his bursts of inspiration ;" and adds : " His purity of heart, his kindness, his soundness of principle, his information, his knowledge, and the intense and eager feeling with which he pours forth all he knows, interests and enchants me ;" and again : " He follows Nature like an apostle, sharing her solemn moods and impressions." This is the testimony of his old and familiar friend, Southey : " The strength and character of his mind you see in 'The Excursion' "—"The Prelude" then existed only in *ms.*—"and his life does not belie his writings, for in every relation of it, and in every point of view, he is a truly exemplary and admirable man."

Dr. Wordsworth wrote these lines in a volume of his brother's poems :

"In diction, in nature, in grace, in variety, in purity, in philosophy, in morals, in piety, does he not surpass all our writers ?"

This is Mrs. Hemans's compliment to Wordsworth :

"True bard, and holy! thou art even as one  
Who by some secret gift of soul or eye,  
In every spot beneath the smiling sun,  
Sees where the springs of living waters lie."

She also describes him in prose. "There is an almost patriarchal simplicity about him, an absence of all pretension—all is free, unstudied :

'The river winding at its own sweet will,'

in his manner and conversation. There is more of impulse about him than I had expected ; but in other respects, I see much that I should have looked for in the poet of meditative life ; frequently his head droops, his eyes half close, and he seems buried in quiet depths of thought. . . . His reading is very peculiar ; but to my ear delightful, slow, solemn, *earnest* in expression more than any I have ever heard ; when he reads, or recites in the open air, his deep, rich tones seem to proceed from a spirit voice, and belong to the religion of the place ; they harmonize so fitly with the thrilling tones of woods and waterfalls." And again she says : "His voice has something quite *breeze-like* in the soft gradation of its swells and falls." "His man-

ners are distinguished by that frank simplicity which I believe to be ever the characteristic of *real* genius ; his conversation is perfectly free and unaffected, yet remarkable for power of expression and vivid imagery." She speaks also of his gentle and affectionate playfulness in his intercourse with all the members of his family. "There is a daily beauty in his life which is in such lovely harmony with his poetry, that I am thankful to have witnessed and felt it."

"True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home."

Sir John McNeill, proposing the health of Wordsworth at the Burns Festival, thus spoke of him : "Dwelling in his high and lofty philosophy, he finds nothing that God has made common or unclean ; he finds nothing in human society too humble, nothing in external nature too lowly, to be made the fit exponent of the bounty and goodness of the Most High." I copy these lines from a poem by Laman Blanchard :

"Who looked on common life, with all its  
care,  
And found a beauty and a blessing there,  
Who steered his course by Nature's sacred  
chart,  
And shed a halo round the human heart."

And Talfourd, in the course of a speech in the House of Commons in 1837, thus spoke of him : "He has supplied the noblest antidote to the freezing effects of the scientific spirit of the age, and while he has done justice to the poetry of greatness, has cast a glory round the lowest conditions of humanity, and traced out the subtle links by which they are connected with the highest." His habits were almost those of an anchorite ; he had no artificial wants ; his luxuries were those which abundant nature supplied :

"Rich in the wealth  
Which is collected among woods and fields."

It may be that his intense love of nature induced forgetfulness of that eternal truth :

"The proper study of mankind is man!"\*

\* Yet Mrs. Hemans tells us that "when pestered with albums" he found it convenient to administer the same line to all patients :

"The proper study of mankind is man."

for he mixed but little with society, and his happiest hours were those he passed "at home" in the bosom of a family by whom he was revered as well as loved; and among a few chosen friends by whom he was almost adored.

I may, perhaps, venture to give my own appreciation of his character as I wrote it (*Book of Gems*) in 1837:

"The style of Wordsworth is essentially vernacular, at once vigorous and simple. He is ever true to nature, and, therefore, if we except Shakespeare, no writer is so often quoted; passages from his poems having become familiar as household words, and are perpetually called into use to give strong and apt expression to the thoughts and feelings of others. This is, perhaps, the highest compliment a poet can receive; it has been liberally paid to him even by those who knew little of the rich mine of which they are but specimens. With him the commonest objects:

'Bare trees, and mountains bare,  
The grass, and the green fields,'

are things sacred; he has an alchemy of his own, by which he draws from them 'a kind of quintessence,' and rejecting the 'gross matter' presents to us the present ore. He sees nothing loftier than human hopes—nothing deeper than the human heart; and while he worships nature, he so paints her aspect to others that he may succeed in 'linking to her fair works the human soul.' His poems are full of beauties peculiarly their own, of original thoughts, of fine sympathies, and of grave, yet cheerful wisdom."

My readers will not consider out of place some touching and eloquent lines, written on visiting the scenes of the poet's triumphs, by John Dillon, Esq., a gentleman who, in the active discharge of duties connected with commercial life, has had leisure to cultivate and cherish the arts that refine and elevate, and did not find the labors incident to trade antagonistic to enjoyments derivable from intercourse with the Muses:

He did not so summarily dismiss Mrs. Hall's album, writing there the lines beginning:

"She dwelt among the untrodden ways,  
Beside the springs of Dove,"

writing them, I am proud to say, when seated at her own library table.

\* In a letter to me (dated December 23d, 1837), he writes in reference to my memoir of him: "Absurdly unreasonable would it be in me if I were not satisfied with your notice of my writings and character. All I can further say is, that I have *wished* both to be what you indulgently say they are."

"I understand him better, that I've seen  
His mountains and his valleys, and those  
lakes,  
The near lake and the distant; sate me  
down  
In his own garden, where he thought and  
felt;  
For thought to him was feeling; seen his  
house,  
Tasted the freshness of the air he breathed,  
And know the world he lived in, sung, and  
loved;  
Beheld that purple mountain, those green  
hills.

Nature to him was faith, and earth a heaven.  
Man was to him a shepherd on the fells,  
And human life the gray and winding path  
That wanders up the mountains, and then  
fades

In mist and distance. . . .  
His mind was as that flying cloud of light  
Which rushes o'er the mountains and the  
plains,

Then mingles in the waters like a dream.  
The earth and skies, the sunshine and the  
storm,

The mighty mountain and the gurgling  
stream,

Fell on his vision, till his sense became  
All eye-sight. . . .

A mind like his  
Sees in the merest nook where verdure  
dwells

The smallest flower that springs there, and  
the dew,

The single dewdrop that weighs down its  
lids,

Rich specimen of nature, to be kept  
And hoarded 'mid the treasures of his  
thoughts

Even as a wonder, and a proof of God."

The poet's "ways" were, of course, familiar in the neighborhood where he had lived so long. A good walker, he was acquainted with every spot within twenty miles of him,\* and he was often found a stroller at night; the people used to hear him "maundering" about the roads, talking to himself—composing of course; but much of his poetry was produced while moving up and down "the poet's walk"—the walk that led from his hall-door to the end of the plantation.

Neighbors, when they saw him pacing

\* "I calculate," writes De Quincey, "that Wordsworth must have travelled one hundred and eighty thousand miles on his legs; a mode of exertion which, to him, stood in the stead of alcohol, and all other stimulants whatsoever to the animal spirits."



the floor of his "study," that was ever out of doors, used to say, as they listened to his solemn voice: "Ah! there he is—maundering about again!" Ay, he was drinking deep draughts from that eternal fountain which furnished living water to mankind. His mind was ranging over the whole domain of nature, while on-lookers thought him an idler in the waste of life; intensely enjoying all that met his eye or ear, and revelling in sights and sounds to which those about him were blind and deaf.\*

It is notorious that the poet lived to be an old man before the world had learned to appreciate his genius. Yet so early as 1804 this is the opinion of Southey, the soundest and safest, while the most generous, of critics: "He will rank among the very best poets, and probably possesses a mass of merits superior to all, except only Shakespeare." Again he writes in reference to Wordsworth's *Lyrical Ballads*: "I do not hesitate to say that in the whole compass of poetry, ancient or modern, there is no collection of miscellaneous poems comparable to them, nor any work whatever which discovers greater strength of mind, or higher poetical genius." And again: "It is by the side of Milton that Wordsworth will have his station awarded by posterity."†

\* Yet in Wordsworth nature was, at one opening, quite shut out. Southey tells us that "Wordsworth had no sense of smell. Once, and once only, in his life, the dormant power awakened. It was by a bed of stocks in full bloom; and he says it was like a vision of Paradise to him; but it lasted only a few minutes, and the faculty has since continued torpid." Mr. Charles Kent, one of the later friends of Leigh Hunt, tells us he had a similar defect—the joy that is given by sweet scents having been denied to him.

† Southey was, however, as fully aware as any critic that the friend he loved was not without "fault." In a letter from Southey to Miss Seward (dated September 10th, 1807), lent to me by Mr. Dillon, from his rare and extensive collection of autographs, I find the following remarks on Wordsworth: "You speak of his poems as I should expect, fairly appreciating their defects and excellencies. William Wordsworth is a most extraordinary man, one whose powers as a poet it is not possible to overrate, and who will stand in the first rank of poets. It is the vice of his intellect to be always on the stretch and strain—to look at pileworts and daffodowndillies through the same telescope which he applies to the moon and stars, and to find subjects for philosophizing and fine feeling, just as Don Quixote did for chivalry, in every peasant and vagabond he meets. Had I been his adviser, part of his last volume

But Southey was alone, or nearly so. Charles Lamb did, indeed, greet him with the

"All hail hereafter!"

and De Quincey, when a youth, worshipped at his shrine. Yet, although from the beginning he "fit audience found, though few,"\* and was ever, emphatically, "a poet for poets," Fame was slow with acknowledgment, and tardy with reward; and he was aged before his recognition as a poet for universal man. For many years, with a consciousness of power not to be suppressed, he lived with a knowledge that he was "scorned." The word is not too strong to express the general sentiment with which he was regarded. All the critics were "down upon him." The "oracles" were not merely dumb: they jeered, they pitied, and thought they paid him but fairly and dealt with him only leniently, when they gave him contempt for the "puerilities" and "absurdities" that most of them lived to see immortalities.†

No wonder that intercourse with humanity became distasteful to him; that he sought, instead, converse with nature—the vales, and skies, and "common things."

Not only were the critics his foes; even loving friends often shook their heads, and smiled at the poet's simplicity in fancying the world could ever accept verses such as his. One of them ventured to intimate that among the lyrics there

would have been suppressed. The storm of ridicule which they would draw down might have been foreseen; and he is foolishly, and even disaffectedly, sensible to the censure he despises, like one who is flea-bitten into a fever. But what must that blindness of the heart be, which is dead to the noble poetry contained in these volumes?

\* In a letter to Moxon, in 1833, he states that not a single copy of his poems had been sold by one of the leading booksellers in Cumberland, "though Cumberland is my native county."

† Among the "few" was Professor Wilson, a mere youth and "stranger" to the poet. In a letter, warm to enthusiasm, he lauds the *Lyrical Ballads*. "He valued them next to his Bible," and felt for the author "an attachment made up of love and admiration." The letter was not signed by the writer's name, but Wordsworth answered it. It cheered the great poet by its evidence that there were some to appreciate his genius. He had given to the writer "no cheap nor vulgar pleasure," for it was plain that his poems had been thought over and studied, and that his correspondent was no common youth.

was a piece that at all events ought to be cancelled, as the printing of it would make the writer "everlastingly ridiculous." It was the poem "We are Seven," which is now placed among the most touching and delicious poems in the language of our land.

The *Lyrical Ballads*, published originally in 1798, was an edition of five hundred copies. "The sale was so slow," arising from "the severity of reviewers," that its progress to oblivion seemed certain. When the publisher, Cottle, sold his copyrights to Longman, that copyright was valued at *nil*, and was given back to Cottle for nothing, as of no worth, who gave it to the author on the same terms. "This will never do," wrote Jeffrey, with admirable prescience, when reviewing *The Excursion*; and in reference to the critic's opinion of the poet, Lamb writes to Southey, "Jeffrey is resolved to crush it." "He crush *The Excursion*!" exclaimed the Laureate; "tell him he can as easily crush Skiddaw!" That most wonderfully sweet and powerful poem (there are tens of thousands who consider it fulfils the prophecy of Southey, and gives him rank with Milton), the result of many years of labor, thought, reflection, knowledge, observation, study, not from books, for like his own "Wanderer,"

"He had small need of books,"

was pooh-poohed away as "rubbish." Even Gifford, although he yielded to Southey's wish, and let Lamb review it in the *Quarterly*, clipped the friendly critic's wings, erasing so many laudatory passages, that the very soul of "gentle-hearted Charles" was wrung with anguish.

He was in the estimation, or, at least, according to the description, of those whose business was to lead and guide public opinion, neither more nor less than "one of the school of whining and hypochondriacal poets that haunt the Lakes."

Such were his reviewers—as Coleridge writes—

"Disinterested thieves of our good name,  
Cool, sober murderers of their neighbor's fame."

It would have been opposed to nature

had the self-conscious poet in no way murmured against this dispensation of the critics—representing the public. He did murmur, no doubt, and very frequently complained—even so late as 1831, when I knew him—at the miserable recompense that rewarded his many years of labor; but at the period to which I refer, indifference was gradually giving way, the fruit was ripening to reward toil, and the "hereafter" that was to bring the "All hail!" was gradually looming into sight.

When *The Excursion* was "crushed," Wordsworth wrote to Southey—"Let the age continue to love its own darkness; I shall continue to write, with I trust, the light of Heaven upon me."

Critics will do well to bear perpetually in mind that a not far-off *thereafter* may reverse a sentence that will, at the moment, be accepted as just. A hundred modern instances may be quoted: that so generally pronounced against Wordsworth will, perhaps, suffice. I cannot say if Jeffrey repented him of the evil; probably at the last, as at the first, he was unable to comprehend the great High Priest of Nature—the poet who, next to that of Shakespeare, has his name written in the book of British Worthies. He did not "crush *The Excursion*," neither did he extinguish the poet; but no doubt he so thoroughly "stifled" his aspirations, as to extort a brief resolve to write on, but to print no more—to leave the benefits of publication to his heirs and assigns. Is it

"No public harm that Genius from her course  
Be turned, and dreams of truth dried up,  
even at their source?"

Yes, the history of authors is full of "calamities" of that kind; unhappily, there is ever a strong temptation to unsympathizing and ungenerous and harsh criticism. Though it may be rare—perhaps it has never been—that an author has died of a review, at least it is certain that the "this will never do" of the critic has depressed and saddened, nay, blighted a whole life, and deprived generations of the fruits of labor that might have been productive of much good. I speak from my own knowledge when I say this; and I could, if I pleased, describe a score of such cases that are within my

own experience. If critics could witness the agonies that harsh judgment has brought to a working home, when hands have been shackled and brain has been paralyzed by heedless injustice, or even by justice ministered not with reluctance but with relish, there would be less of misery among those whose "sensitivity" is proverbial—authors and artists.

In estimating the full effect of unjust or severe personal criticism, we must not confine our thoughts to the author attacked. Often it affects literature. Some scholars in easy circumstances have ceased to write rather than be the butt of ignorant critics. Such was the case with Francis Douce, whose illustrations of Shakespeare are a text-book for students. He was so bitterly assailed, that he determined never again to publish. He gave his manuscripts to the British Museum, locked in iron-bound boxes, with a legal proviso that they should not be opened until a century after his death. His valuable and curious library he left to the Bodleian at Oxford.

No book is better known and appreciated than Percy's *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. It had, too, a salutary effect on popular literature, by substituting simple nature in ballad poetry for foolish conventionalism. Yet the Bishop was so bitterly attacked, particularly by Ritson, that it embittered his life. He never ceased lamenting that he had ever published the book, and in his later days could not bear to hear it named.

It would be easy to multiply examples.

Even so it was with great Wordsworth; very nearly he had resolved to write, or at all events, to print no more. But, as I have said, he lived to see his faith in himself gradually but surely becoming the faith of all mankind.

One morning, in 1830, when Mr. Wordsworth honored me with his company at breakfast, our talk fell on his lack of popularity. I, who was among the most devout of his worshippers, sought to argue him out of so depressing a belief, and I showed how I had become so familiar with his writings by placing before him a copy of Galignani's edition of his works, collected in a form, and at a price, that brought the whole of them within my reach. I expressed a belief

that of that book many hundreds, probably thousands, were annually sold in England. That led to an appointment with a view to inquiry, and next day I accompanied him to a bookseller's in Piccadilly—a firm with the encouraging and ominous name of "Sustenance and Stretch." The sale of the work, as of all English reprints, was strictly "prohibited." I asked for a copy of Galignani's edition: it was produced. I asked if I could have six copies, and was told I could; fifty copies? yes, at a month's notice; and further questions induced the conviction that by that one house alone between two hundred and three hundred copies had been sold during the year. I believe Wordsworth was far more pleased than vexed to know that although he derived no profit from them, at least his poems were read.\*

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Fraser's Magazine.

#### THE FINANCIAL PRESSURE AND THE TEN PER CENT.

DURING a considerable part of the last three months the rate of discount at the Bank of England has been Ten per cent. There has been a continued financial pressure in the City, and in the great mercantile towns more severe even than in the memorable season of 1847; trade has been brought to a standstill; banks have failed one after another; and a de-

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\* In a letter addressed to me, by Leigh Hunt, in 1831, he writes—"Wordsworth's lack of popularity was owing partly to that taste for the French school of poetry which was still lingering among us from the times of Dryden and Pope, and partly to the excess to which he pushed his simplicity, as if in scorn of it; which naturally enough irritated the wits and others, who had been bred up in its conventional elegancies. He has since given indications of a consciousness of having gone a little too far; and they, on the other hand, are very sorry and complimentary, and so all is well at last. Meanwhile, he waited patiently for the turn of the tide, that was to bring to him a crowd of devoted admirers." They who knew Wordsworth may conceive the delight he would have felt at examining the edition of *all* his poems (seven hundred pages), published by Moxon, not long after the poet's death: It is a beautifully printed volume, in sufficiently large and clear type, infinitely preferable to that of Galignani, so long the only "collected" edition of his poems, but most unsatisfactory and incomplete.

preciation has taken place in the prices of Stock Exchange securities, amounting to something like sixty or seventy millions sterling. This is the immediate picture. But it is no more than the foreground. There has been a financial pressure in operation more or less since September in last year. The difficulties of the closing months of 1865 were sharp enough. But the disasters of the opening months of 1866 were still more signal. The failure, with every circumstance which deserves censure, of the notorious Joint-Stock Discount Company—of the Contract Corporation, its congenial ally and abettor—of several prominent contractors for lines in Wales and other remote regions—the discredit of the finance companies—a discredit so complete that not a single case among them was left in which the shares did not fall to a large discount; all these adverse circumstances rendered the early months of the present year a season of perplexity and distress not to be forgotten.

At length, on Thursday, the 10th of May, came the stoppage of Overend, Gurney & Co., limited—the new joint-stock company formed in July, 1865, to take over what was then called the lucrative business of the famous bill-broking firm of the same name. This calamity led immediately to the climax of the pressure. The credit system of the country came to a standstill. In the course of three or four hours on Friday, the 11th of May, the available resources of the Banking Department of the Bank of England were exhausted, and a sort of general movement among the mercantile classes led the Government to understand that unless the act of 1844 was suspended before business commenced on Saturday, the 12th May, the Banking Department would be compelled to close its doors for a time, in a sense quite as literal as Overend, Gurney & Co., themselves. Late, therefore, on Friday night the act was suspended by the publication, for the third time in its history, of a Treasury Letter to the directors authorizing them, if needful, to overstep the limits of the law; and requiring them, in the event of such an infraction occurring, to charge ten per cent. per annum for the advances accorded.

As on the two former occasions of 1847

and 1857, this expedient at once removed the worst symptoms of panic. Bank of England notes—the form of paper credit, and almost the only form of paper credit, in which the public in its paroxysm of fear was still willing to believe—could now be had in exchange for good securities, and hence there was no longer the contagion of blind and unreasoning fear. But there was much mischief still to be wrought. The four or five weeks following the 12th May were a gloomy and calamitous time, the evil memory of which will long remain. The great contracting firm of Peto & Betts failed on the day preceding the issue of the Treasury letter. Two or three of the minor new joint-stock banks in London followed in a few days. At Liverpool the list of the suspensions of mercantile houses increased daily. Then came the failure of the large and respectable concern known as the Bank of London, an institution of some years' standing, and formerly of great success. This was followed in a day or two by the suicide rather than the failure of the Consolidated Bank, an establishment really substantial and prosperous. And then after a short interval came the stoppage of the Agra and Masterman's Bank, the oldest and until quite lately the most successful and secure of the Indian banks.

But if this be an outline of the course of events in this country, it is natural to ask, How comes it in France there has been not only no series of calamities at all corresponding to those which have overwhelmed ourselves, but, on the contrary, a state of the money market eminently free from anxiety or pressure? The bullion in the Bank of France has gone on increasing for several months, until it has reached the enormous amount of twenty-eight millions sterling; and the official rate of discount at that establishment has been maintained at four per cent. per annum.

This contrast raises, in a specific form, the whole of the questions which lie at the root of the strange financial phenomena of the last nine or ten months; and we will endeavor to give some account of them.

Beginning with the facts which are nearest to us, it is perfectly clear that the Panic of May last was a Credit Panic—



that is to say, there was a sudden and almost general loss of confidence on the part of the public in a considerable number of the banks and discount and finance institutions of the country. And this loss of confidence was in most of the instances quite justifiable; and it was justifiable because it was found that, to take the most conspicuous cases—the Joint - Stock Discount Company, Overend's Company, the Bank of London, the Agra Bank, Barned's Banking Company at Liverpool, the London Financial Association, Imperial Mercantile Credit Company, and some others, received from the shareholders—the money for paid-up capital, and from the public on deposit, had been employed, not in prudent and ordinary kinds of business, but in what is called "financing" contractors and other persons who, in reality, were large speculators in public works, not only in this country, but in almost every region of the earth. ●

The appearance of this new word "financing," will mark an epoch in our commercial history. It is at once both a convenient and expressive term for a species of manipulation requiring the highest efforts of inventive and audacious genius. We will explain this more fully. For several years past Parliament has granted about three hundred railway acts per session, authorizing the expenditure of about sixty millions of capital, in that single kind of fixed investment. But for this annual drain of sixty millions no previous provision has been made, by finding, as in former times, a body of persons who had come under legal obligation, before the acts were obtained, to take the shares required and provide the calls as the works proceeded. This was the old and apparently the common-sense mode. But for a long time past it has been given up. A railway act is now a private speculation of a contractor, a solicitor, a parliamentary agent, and a financier. They first get the act and then they "finance" the railway; and they do it in this manner: They discover by bold, ingenious, and lavish expedients the establishments connected with the money market where the acceptances of the contractor, fortified by debentures, preference shares and the like, issued under the act, on the security of the *future* line which it au-

thorizes, will be discounted; and this discovery once made, the finance operation commences with vigor. The first batch of acceptances are for say six months, and they are turned into money at rates about which the less said the better. When they fall due they are perhaps partly paid, or more usually not paid at all; but, on the contrary, further acceptances are given, and a process of the same kind goes on with increased energy from period to period. Now mark the result. The discount company or bank once fairly involved in such an adventure as this, has really become the mortgagee of an unfinished public work, and the holder of securities which can only be realized in the event of the work being speedily finished, opened, and found to command a traffic sufficient to pay current expenses and provide a reasonable dividend on the cost. In other words, the bank or discount company has ceased to be a dealer in money as between depositors on the one hand, and merchants and traders requiring short loans on the other; and has turned itself into a Public Works Speculation Company—into a holder of securities the value of which is uncertain, the maturity of which is unfixed, the transferability of which is impossible, and the danger of which is unmistakable and imminent.

For the last two years, but especially for the last twelve months preceding the panic, the money market had been overrun with this "finance paper." It was put into circulation in all sorts of ingenious forms. People of straw were set up in Germany, the Levant, in Spain, the United States, and a dozen other places to draw apparently wholesome foreign bills on persons and institutions in this country; and these bills, by a system of extravagant agency and commission, were pushed off with more or less success in various avenues of the money market. In the early part of the year it is probable that the quantity of this finance paper afloat was quite eight or ten millions sterling, or more; and it was the constant pressure created by it upon every resource which in a great measure kept the rate of interest in this country at a point so much higher than prevailed in France and elsewhere. *In other words, we were meeting a vast expendi-*

*ture on public works, not out of savings, but out of the floating margin of ready money which constitutes the fund available for short loans and mercantile advances.*

By far the greatest offenders against sound principles in the encouragement of this spurious finance business were Overend & Co., for a long time before they conceived the notion of converting themselves into a joint-stock concern. The finance companies set up in 1863-4 fell headlong into the same error. They borrowed at short notice, and lent for periods practically indefinite, and so contrived by excess of blundering and miscalculation to ruin themselves in a year or two. The Bank of London and the Agra Bank perished from the same cause, aided by a reckless use of their credit in other ways.

Our first answer therefore to the inquiry which asks how it happens that the financial ease in France has been for a year almost as remarkable as the financial pressure with ourselves, is, shortly, that in France there has been little if any "financing;" while with ourselves that particular pursuit has been the predominant occupation of a large class of institutions which ought to have known better than to engage in it.

At Liverpool the special source of difficulty has been the depreciation since January last in the price of cotton, in consequence of the American supplies so greatly exceeding the estimates then formed of the quantities remaining after the war. To this difficulty, in itself grave and diffused enough, was added in April the apprehensions of the German and Italian war.

The panic, therefore, of May, 1866, like the similar visitations of April and October, 1847, and November, 1857, had its origin in causes of disturbance, and in vicious departures from the rules of prudent business, covering a wide surface and extending over a considerable period of time; and under no system of regulation whatever of the functions of the Bank of England could the danger have been surmounted without very severe strain and suffering. We regard it as certain, however, that on each of these three occasions, and on many other occasions of less note, the present Charter of the Bank of England has

operated not to prevent or allay, but to aggravate and embitter the apprehension and loss arising out of the previous circumstances; and this we will endeavor to make more clear presently after referring to a few intermediate topics.

In many quarters all or most of the recent mischief is laid to the change of the Limited Liability law, which after being granted in principle in 1856 was made really effective in 1862. We do not agree in this opinion. It may be well conceded that the relaxation of 1862, like the first relaxation of the old partnership laws forty years ago in favor of joint-stock banks and joint-stock enterprise generally, was followed by an extravagance and excess of activity frequently dishonest, and very often foolish in the highest degree. But the same evils have always followed the first removal of bad repressive laws, against which public opinion has long protested. Whether it be the opening of the South American trade, of the trade with China and India, the passing of a Reform bill, or the granting of Catholic relief, the expectation always overruns the fact, to be followed by disappointment and collapse. The one governing principle of all mercantile legislation is that people should be at perfect liberty to make with each other any contracts they please not inimical to a few general rules of obvious morality. As before the law all sorts of liability, limited or unlimited, must alike be subject to the simple provision that the parties to the several contracts shall have ample means of understanding each other. If they are wise, they will not enter into any engagements which they can not keep, and which will not leave a profit. If they are rash and foolish they will do exactly the reverse. But it is no part of the province of the law to prevent the prudent from profiting by their sagacious plans, or to save the foolish from the effect of their want of ability and knowledge.

The four years' vigorous application of the limited liability law has already rendered tolerably plain the practical boundaries within which it can be successfully employed. Without any further interference of the Legislature, it is pretty certain, in future, the public will not readily support any limited company

—(1) in which any considerable amount per share is not paid up, either at the outset or within a short time—(2) in which the articles of association are not either distributed with the prospectus or very fully expressed in it—(3) in which the real status and remuneration of the promoters is not made clear—(4) in which in the case of a company formed to purchase an existing business, the vendors are not required to guarantee an ample dividend on the purchase money for a term of years and to make any payment for "goodwill" contingent upon the actual realization of a certain annual profit, not out of the guarantee, but out of the business itself after it is handed over to a company.

Further than this, the public will be exceedingly suspicious of any companies proposing to carry on mercantile business abroad, or to engage, by means of a board of directors, necessarily more or less numerous, and necessarily having interests more or less conflicting in foreign or other financial operations, where success, if it be obtained at all, must be commanded by the secrecy, energy, decision, and resources of one or two men working with a perfect and difused machinery.

Holding these views, we entirely disapprove of the opposition raised in the House of Lords to a proposal made this session for permitting limited companies to reduce, if they think fit, the nominal amount of their shares. The objections were pedantic in the extreme. By an accidental oversight in the bill of 1862, the facility now sought was omitted. It involves no legislative principle whatever. It is a facility which the public require, and which they ought to have for whatever it is worth; and the refusal of it is one of those ridiculous manifestations of timidity and obstructiveness from which, in this country, we have suffered so much on almost every subject of legal reform.

But if the Limited Liability law may well be let alone, it is abundantly clear that the present plan of dealing with failed companies should not be let alone. For all practical purposes, a set of directors, after dissipating millions of other people's money in the most reckless fashion—in ways so stupid and negligent

that it is hard to believe in the recital of them as representing real occurrences—escape not only punishment but serious censure. In the early part of the year, an effort was made to stigmatize the directors of the Joint-Stock Discount Company by singling out the other companies to which they respectively belonged, and insisting upon the expulsion of the obnoxious individuals. This was a right and wholesome course; but it has not been followed up. A company fails, arrangements are pressed upon the shareholders, or some section of them, for the appointment of a voluntary liquidator, who is represented as certain to extract out of the ruin and confusion a considerable part of the paid-up capital, provided all hostile proceedings be avoided. Months roll away, and nothing more is heard of the affair. The ready answer to all inquirers is, that the transactions are very complicated; more time elapses, and then, instead of a large proportion of the capital being recovered, it generally turns out that costs and charges have eaten up any margin of surplus there might really be; and that the shareholders either get nothing, or have to pay more money to attain final release. The directors, of course, have long since thrown aside the tone of penitents, and each of them has assumed the air of a person who has had most unjustly to bear meekly slander and misrepresentation.

These occurrences are among the worst symptoms of the time. They indicate not only a grave defect in the law, but, what is more, they indicate a false and sordid state of public sentiment; and no real remedy will be possible until the public feeling shall very distinctly declare that it will no longer tolerate scandals so grievous and flagrant. When that time comes, it will not be difficult to devise means of punishment entirely consistent with the supreme control of shareholders over their own affairs. And until it does come there is at least one ready and sufficing answer to all public complaints of loss and suffering from the failure of joint-stock companies—namely, that so long as the public themselves will do nothing to attach disagreeable consequences, social or legal, to the misconduct and

incapacity of directors, so long it is perfectly certain the public will go on paying a greater and greater penalty.

In some of the larger instances of failure within the last few months the departures from all sound rules of business have been so gross and notorious that it is difficult to understand the silence or patience of the hundreds of people who have been ruined and impoverished by them. For example, one of the principal causes, and at last almost the specific cause of failure of the Joint-Stock Company, of the Bank of London, of the Agra and Masterman's Bank, of Barnard's Banking Company at Liverpool, of Overend, Gurney & Co. (both as a firm and a company), was the extravagant and reckless manner in which each of these concerns had traded on its credit. Trading on the real capital represented by the paid-up shares and their deposits seems to have been early laid aside as an old-world maxim far too slow and unprofitable for modern days. Accordingly we read of millions upon millions of acceptances given to all sorts of people and for all sorts of purposes, and for rates of commission often so small as to sound like jokes and pleasantries. Three, or perhaps two years ago, the Agra and Masterman's Bank was a solid and prosperous institution, and the thousand or more Indian families who trusted to it the larger part of their little fortunes were justified in believing in its financial strength. But then came a new order of management. The old rules which for thirty years had brought growth of fortune were cast aside, and the bank started off in full career upon a race of financing and credit paper which has brought it to ruin. And the same story is to be told of other similar calamities, and will continue to be told so long as shareholders are foolish enough to permit any joint-stock bank to leave out of its published accounts a precise statement of the extent of its liabilities for acceptances and credits; and so long as they permit any statement of profit and loss to be received without some inquiry being raised regarding the amount of commission on these acceptances and credits which has gone to swell the profit side of the account. For it may be laid

down as a rule from which there is, in the long run, no exception, that precisely in the degree in which such commissions enter into the profit of the year, in that degree is the business of the institution hazardous and unsound.

We attach very little importance to the outcry which has been raised in all sorts of quarters against the what is called the iniquity and cruelty of the "bear" operations in bank shares. It is alleged with more confidence than truth that it was these bear operations—that is to say, to a combination of persons in and out of the Stock Exchange, who arranged to sell persistently the shares of some particular bank with the view of driving them to a large discount, and so injuring its credit—which led, for example, to the failure of Overend's Company, of the Agra Bank, and the Bank of London. We doubt greatly the extent or importance of these combinations. But whether they existed or not, it is perfectly clear that in all the cases we have named, the institutions were bad and rotten and ought to fail. If the bears interfered at all, they interfered in these instances on good grounds, and the subsequent revelations entirely justified the previous distrust. It has been proposed, even in the House of Commons, to attempt some legislative prohibition of time bargains in bank shares—for a bear operation is simply a time bargain by a seller who expects a fall, as a bull operation is simply a time bargain by a buyer who expects a rise. And if indignation is to be invoked at all, let it be invoked impartially, as well against the man who buys property he never means to pay for, as against the man who sells shares he never intends to deliver. But the legislature repealed only a year or two ago, and very wisely, the famous but foolish Sir John Barnard's act which forbade all time bargains; and it is not difficult to foresee the reception which will be given to any piecemeal attempt to reinvoke the exploded terrors of the law on such a subject. The remedy lies with the directors of any bank or institution unfairly singled out for hostile attack. If the directors know that the state of the concern is really sound, let them take public and spirited means for protecting



their own property, and the public will back them. If the facts are really against them, they must and ought to take the consequences.

We have now indicated in tolerably plain terms the views we entertain of the manifold causes which, for a long time past, have contributed to bring about the financial crisis of May and June last.

We desire to state as strongly as possible that the crisis may be traced, perhaps, in the chief degree to the "financing operations" arising out of the enormous expenditures on railways and other public works in this country, the United States, and elsewhere: and to this leading cause must be added the errors and extravagances of the banks and finance and other companies, set up in shoals under the limited liability law of 1862; the fluctuations in the price of cotton, and the vast disturbance inseparable from a large transference of the supply of that raw material from America to India, Brazil, and Egypt, and other countries; to the disturbed state of European politics; to the civil war in America, and the sudden peace by which it was terminated; to the cattle plague; and to other causes of a general nature.

We have now to state in what way we consider the Bank act of 1844 to have aggravated the difficulty in its closing stages.

When the Bank of England commenced business on the morning of Friday, the 11th May, the directors had in the banking department (in London and the branches) a reserve of £5,727,000; and there was in the issue department a further reserve of bullion of £7,000,000. Before the end of the business hours of the Friday, the banking reserve had been run down to £3,000,000, that is to say, it had been reduced nearly one half, and the amount of this reserve available in London was not, probably, more than a million. There still remained intact and undrawn upon the entire £7,000,000 of treasure in the issue department. The intense apprehension and alarm which prevailed in the City on the Friday was, lest the Bank of England should commence business on the Saturday without any permission from the Government to use some of the £7,000,000 in the issue

department to replenish the exhausted resources of the banking division of the institution. Late on the Friday night the Government did grant such a permission, and the worst symptoms of the panic were at once at an end. If the Government Letter had not been issued when it was, the first proceeding of the Saturday would have been the presentation by some of the London bankers of checks drawn against the balances standing at their credit with the banking department, and for sums so large that only a small portion of them could be met, and consequently the banking department must have succumbed to the absurd dilemma of stopping payment, notwithstanding that in another part of the Bank's premises there was a hoard of seven millions of treasure. The climax of the crisis, therefore, was brought on by the division of the two departments at the Bank of England; and relief was found in the Government permission to the directors to reunite the departments for the time being, and regard and use the bullion of the two as if it was one fund.

In point of fact, the reunion did not take place. The public apprehension was allayed by the mere announcement that it would take place if necessary; or, to express the same conclusion in a different manner: the act of 1844 had provided the largest reserve against that portion of the liabilities of the Bank—the circulation of notes—which, under the circumstances of an internal panic, did not require any special reserve at all; and, in consequence of the separation of departments, had left the banking half of the business with a reserve wholly inadequate. The difficulty which had to be met in May last, as on the two former occasions of October, 1847, and November, 1857, was a banking and not a currency difficulty. It was a difficulty of discounts and advances, not a difficulty of notes presented for payment; and for the third time in the history of the act it taught the lesson that, since 1844, all these subjects of banking legislation have passed, in this country, almost entirely out of the domain of currency into that of discounts and advances. Formerly, when not one person in fifty thousand kept a banking account, but managed all his receipts and payments out of a small hoard of coin

and notes, the currency, metropolitan and provincial, was the instrument to be controlled and guarded. But now, when banking accounts are happily familiar to traders and families, if not of the smallest, yet of a comparatively small class, the most important considerations have been transferred to the business of discounts, loans, and the rate of interest. Credit has, in a large degree, passed beyond the functions of the bank note into the more subtle and diffused form of checks and bills of exchange. And in London and the great mercantile centres, the change has become manifest in the strongest manner. In London, for example, during the last twenty years, notwithstanding that the magnitude of the transactions carried on has increased six or seven fold, the quantity of bank notes in actual circulation at one time is probably not a third of the amount so employed in 1846.

The events of May last therefore showed very clearly three things, namely: 1. That the intense public alarm was occasioned by the smallness of the reserve in the banking department, and by the apprehension that in consequence of the near exhaustion of that reserve, discounts and advances even on the very best securities would be absolutely unprocurable. 2. That the smallness of the banking reserve arose entirely from the operation of those portions of the scheme of 1844 which set aside the largest share of the total bullion to meet the least variable class of the liabilities, namely, the bank notes. 3. That the real difficulty had nothing whatever to do with distrust of the notes of the Bank of England, but the exact contrary, for the public were appeased when the Government Letter gave permission to the directors to increase the quantity of bank notes if necessary. That the emergency was one of banking, and not of currency—another and very aggravated form of those cases which have occurred so frequently since 1844, in which the weight of the whole banking system of the country has been thrown on its inevitable and natural centre—the banking department—and has found that department crippled and exhausted, by having the command not of the whole, but of only a third of the total reserve.

These are the *facts* of the crisis of May last, whatever may be the merits of the theory out of which they arise. It may be right or wrong that the departments of banking and issue should be separated. We will consider that presently. But the practical consequences of that separation are now pretty well understood, after an experience of twenty-two years. These consequences are in the main: 1. Frequent and sudden variations of the rate of discount. For example, in the eight years 1858–65, there were eighty-five alterations of the rate of discount at the Bank of England against thirty-four at the Bank of France. 2. Frequent and sudden changes produced in the state of confidence and credit by variations in the banking reserve so comparatively small as in many cases to be represented by sums far less than a million. 3. The almost periodical occurrence of severe crises, when apprehension is only allayed by a temporary reünion of the banking and issue department. 4. The growth year by year of changes which render the banking department of the Bank of England more completely the centre of credit of this country and the world: and hence the establishment of a state of things under which continuously increasing responsibilities have to be sustained by a reserve which does not augment in any corresponding proportion—by a reserve, indeed, which in many ways has a tendency to become less in magnitude, and less stable in character.

The theory out of which this system grew had, thirty years ago, many apparent arguments in its favor, the insufficiency of which has become more manifest with the lapse of time.

It was believed by the authors of the Bank Charter act that a separation of the function of issue from that of banking would of itself go very far to prevent the occurrence of crises and panics—that the amount of bank notes, the ruling and predominant form of credit as was then thought, being mechanically regulated would safely permit the very subordinate business of the banking department to be conducted precisely like any private concern. The authors of the scheme regarded the Bank of England not as the chief centre of the credit system of the country, but principally as the agent

for conducting the issue and retirement of bank notes. Hence it was that the total bullion was cut in two, and the circulation protected by a reserve of treasure for every note beyond (at first) fourteen millions sterling. That is to say, supposing the circulation to be twenty-one millions, and the total bullion twelve millions, there would be seven millions in the issue, and five millions in the banking departments.

It was not believed by the authors of the act that strict convertibility into coin at the will of the holder is a constant and sufficient check on excessive issues of notes: and hence they guarded against an evil which is now admitted to have been and to be imaginary by removing, as they said with great emphasis, all discretion of issue from the Bank Court. In like manner it was not perceived that the subjection of the business of circulation to a purely mechanical regimen carries with it the serious disadvantage and danger of applying exactly the same treatment to two sets of circumstances wholly different, namely, an *internal* demand for bank notes for wholesome and natural purposes of a provisional and temporary nature, as, for instance, the payment of salaries and dividends at the quarter days of the year: and an *external* demand for capital required to discharge a balance due to the foreigner. The internal demand neither involves nor supposes more than a temporary demand for currency, and ought not to occasion any marked influence of any kind upon the state of credit and the rate of interest. The external demand for bullion for foreign remittance ought, if carried to any length, to influence both.

The greatest error of all, however, was the failure to perceive the vast and growing importance of the banking functions of the Bank of England. The banking department is, and must be, the real head and centre of the credit system of the country. It is a circumstance of immense benefit to the country to possess an institution rendered useful and powerful by the combination of so many causes; and it is the real interest of the public not to impair that power and usefulness in the smallest degree, but on the contrary to extend and fortify it. The Bank of England is the natural and

most convenient depository of the hoard of treasure required to be kept as the provision for foreign and domestic demands. With a trade so extended as ours it must and ought to be an incident of constant occurrence that, in order to adjust the balance of payments with some part of the world or another, a few millions of treasure, more or less, are required: and the treasure so required is procured in the easiest and cheapest way though the medium of the banking department. The Bank is moreover the greatest discount and lending institution in the country, and by virtue of its long and illustrious history, its example exercises a moral influence to which no parallel is to be found elsewhere.

When, therefore, the authors of the act of 1844 permitted themselves to boast that they had relieved the Bank Court of nearly all the responsibility of discretion in the management of their business, inasmuch as the issue of notes was subjected to mechanical rules, they wholly mistook the case with which they had to deal. The directors were still (and necessarily) left in supreme control of the banking department, that is, in the management of the discounts, advances, and rate of interest; and it is upon this management, and not upon the bank notes, that the public are now pretty generally convinced, after long and sharp experience, that the real interest of the question rests. In other words, the country has discovered that the *reserve of the banking department* is the controlling element—that a small banking reserve means anxiety and pressure—that a large banking reserve means the reverse—and that the reserve in the issue department for all practical purposes might as well be in Louisiana as in London.\*

We entirely dissent, therefore, from the scheme of the present Bank Charter act. We do not say that any system whatever of banking legislation could have prevented the crisis of May last.

\* It is becoming evident that at some early date the Government must repay to the Bank the permanent advance of £11,015,000, held from it at a low rate of interest. The business of the Bank has increased, and must increase, with a rapidity which no longer renders it expedient to employ so large a part of its resources in so unavailable a form.

We have shown very plainly how deep and wide the causes of that crisis were. But we are most intimately persuaded that the act of 1844 aggravated the pressure in its final stages, and protracted needlessly the period of recovery.

The Government Letter of the 11th May last was never actually put in force, that is to say, the existing limit of fifteen millions of securities as the basis of a Note issue of like amount was not exceeded. At the bottom of the page\* we give an outline of the weekly returns showing the *banking reserve* was never less than £850,000. But it must be remembered that the letter of the law was only saved by the London bankers responding to an appeal from the Bank Court to pay every night to the banking department *all* the notes which, under ordinary circumstances, would have remained in the tills of the bankers themselves. Besides a reserve of £850,000, these returns also show two other remarkable facts. The first of them is an absorption of about four millions of extra Circulation, and the second an increase of three millions in the Total Bullion. The hoarding of bank notes was the offspring of the panic. It was a credit panic, that is, a panic falling with greatest severity upon banks and other credit institutions. The increase of the Total Bullion was due chiefly to the remittances from the United States. The bank directors maintained the ten per cent. rate for more than two months, and apparently on

grounds which must be deemed inadequate. The panic, as we have said, was one of credit. It was not a panic created by a protracted foreign drain to pay for a vast foreign expenditure or for large imports of foreign goods. On the contrary, the extensive arrivals of specie from the United States in May and June last are conclusive proof that with our largest customers there was a balance due to this country. The essence of the panic was a signal failure of confidence, for a time so indiscriminate as to include institutions and firms of the most solid character. The maintenance of ten per cent. week after week after the paroxysm was surmounted acted like the danger lamp at a railway station or the storm signal in a port. It destroyed confidence and stopped dealings in every direction. The four millions of extra notes absorbed by the public between the 9th and 16th May, or rather put away as extra hoards and reserves by bankers and others† all over the country, persistently remained beyond the reach of the bank, and produced, therefore, a dearth of so much available capital, not because they were really wanted, but because a moral collapse had taken place for a time among the mercantile classes.

It is said, and with perfect fairness on the part of the Bank directors, that they were bound to maintain the ten per cent. for two decisive reasons, namely, first, because the increase of the Banking Reserve was too slow to permit any reduc-

\* The following figures present in abstract the Bank returns of the panic weeks. The figure 22·81 means, of course, £22,810,000.

Date.	Circulation and B. P. Bills.	Issue Reserve.	Banking Reserve.	Total Bullion.	Private Securities.	Deposits, Private.	Deposits, Public.
1866.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
May 9	22·81	7·34	5·81	13·16	21·29	13·51	5·78
May 16	26·65	11·12	1·20	12·32	31·40	18·62	5·94
May 23	26·02	10·48	1·38	11·86	31·50	18·79	5·99
May 30	26·56	11·03	0·85	11·88	33·90	20·47	6·19
June 6	26·02	10·47	2·81	13·28	32·22	20·20	6·65
June 13	26·57	10·97	3·46	14·43	31·71	20·13	7·12
June 20	25·69	10·11	4·74	14·85	31·65	21·17	7·29
June 27	25·38	9·83	5·21	15·04	31·34	20·84	7·96
July 4	26·50	10·81	4·06	14·87	31·19	19·94	6·80
July 11	25·90	10·20	3·80	14·00	29·48	21·47	2·72
July 18	26·17	10·62	3·22	13·64	28·21	19·82	2·16

† In illustration of this hoarding, we may mention one or two cases in our own knowledge where bankers kept for many weeks five or six times their ordinary reserve of bank notes.



tion; and secondly, because throughout May and June and into July there was a steady withdrawal of gold to the Continent. It is said, moreover, that the terms of the Government Letter did not leave the Bank Court any discretion as regards the rate to be charged. The terms of the letter were that "in order to meet the wants of legitimate commerce" the Bank was authorized "to extend its discounts and advances upon approved securities beyond the limit fixed by law. No such discount or advance, however, should be granted at a rate of interest less than ten per cent., and her Majesty's Government reserve to themselves to recommend, if they should see fit, the imposition of a higher rate." As we have already pointed out, the Bank directors never availed themselves of the full license accorded by the letter. They never did exceed the limits of issue "fixed by law." But they came very near to it, when, on the 30th of May, the banking reserve was reduced to £850,000; and practically the law was broken, because, as we have shown, the whole of the reduced banking reserve was in truth lent to the directors by the London bankers. But on the 30th June the banking reserve had risen to four and three-fourths millions, and the total bullion to very nearly fifteen millions. The following week these figures were still more favorable. We have a strong opinion that on either of the dates given the directors should have reduced the rate. Suppose that, contrary to all probability, the effect of such reduction had been to run the reserve to a low point—

say to one or one and a half million—it would have been quite easy to obtain the permission of the Government to revive or prolong the suspension of the act authorized by them on the 11th May. The truth is that the Government Letter was not well framed in the first instance. It might not be easy under the excited circumstances of the fatal Friday night to settle with nicety the clauses of what really was a delicate financial statute; and the necessity of having to encounter such difficulties, and bear all the evils of failure, is one more cogent reason for getting rid of a system which imposes periodically such gratuitous inflictions.

Both the Government and the directors would have done far better if they had followed entirely the precedent of 1857. On that occasion the directors at once acted on the Government Letter (of the 12th November, 1857), by transferring two millions from the issue to the banking department. The effect of that step was to simplify the action of the banking department in many ways. At the end of six weeks, or on 23d December (1857), the banking reserve stood in the returns at £7,970,000, or deducting the £2,000,000 borrowed from the issue department, at £5,970,000—and upon that figure the rate was reduced from ten to eight per cent.—the total bullion being less than eleven millions. The £2,000,000 were then repaid. But notwithstanding the repayment, the banking reserve increased to more than seven and a half millions during the following fortnight. We give below the weekly returns of the crisis of that year.\*

\* The following figures refer to the crisis of November, 1857:

Date.	Circulation and B. P. Bills.	Issue Reserve.	Banking Reserve.	Total Bullion.	Private Securities.	Deposits, Private.	Deposits, Public.
1857-8.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.	Millions.
Nov. 4	21-08	5-80	2-70	8-50	22-55	11-91	4-57
Nov. 11	21-04	5-71	1-46	7-17	26-04	12-93	5-31
Nov. 18	22-23	4-93	1-55	6-48	32-22	13-96	5-48
Nov. 25	22-16	4-86	2-40	7-26	33-27	14-95	5-79
Dec. 2	21-94	4-63	2-73	7-36	33-11	14-44	6-07
Dec. 9	20-95	3-67	4-40	8-07	32-04	14-48	6-65
Dec. 16	20-54	3-17	6-28	9-45	31-18	15-05	6-94
Dec. 23	20-13	2-78	7-97	10-75	30-01	15-15	7-43
Dec. 30	20-14	4-84	6-61	11-45	27-22	15-07	7-43
Jan. 6	20-35	5-02	7-62	12-64	25-59	14-84	7-19

The Government Letter to the Bank authorizing the directors to disregard, if needful, the act of

In the present instance the Bank directors seem to have been haunted with a superstitious dread of breaking the mere letter of the law, notwithstanding the very plain fact that in spirit and substance it had been wholly set aside. In many ways the course pursued was very unfortunate. It enabled a large class of persons to urge, with some apparent reason, that the Bank was mainly anxious to have all the benefit of the ten per cent. and none of the risk of violating the mere phrases of the statute. With a great deal more reason it was urged that the public had been really kept out of the relief which the Government Letter was intended to give. The intention of the letter was to allay the panic and distrust by suspending the act. The panic was allayed, certainly, but the distrust was kept alive by the maintenance, in comparatively quiet times, of a regimen applicable only to a condition of blind alarm.

The other ground of defence of the course actually pursued is founded on the drain of gold to the Continent in May and June. This is a more specific and tangible defence, but when examined scarcely more tenable than the other.

The high rates of interest prevailing in this country since September, 1865, had attracted here a large amount of foreign capital. It is impossible to say how large a sum, but estimates as high as twenty or thirty millions sterling have been mentioned. The events of May spread distrust of nearly all English mercantile bills and securities all over the Continent. Lord Clarendon resorted to the novel and curious expedient of issuing in the middle of May an explanatory circular to our diplomatic agents abroad; but foreigners naturally could not distinguish between a suspension of the Bank Charter act of 1844, and the Cash Payment act of 1819, and hence as the bills and securities fell due they were sent

here for collection, with orders to remit the proceeds, not in other bills but in gold. The continental drain therefore was really and truly a drain excited and kept alive by discredit; and no method was so well calculated to keep it in pernicious activity as the maintenance by the Bank of England, in the face of increasing bullion reserves, of a ten per cent rate of discount—a rate never enforced except in the presence of the darkest commercial calamities.

It will be evident from what has been written that our own views point to a total repeal of the act of 1844, as the best remedy that can be applied. But the repeal of that act is quite consistent with a rigid maintenance of the principle of cash payments, restored by the act of 1819; and of that principle in all its force we are uncompromising adherents. We should desire to see the Bank of England again placed in command of *all* its resources as a provision for *all* its liabilities, bank notes included, coupled with arrangements not difficult or costly, under which it would be the interest of the Bank to maintain a Total Bullion Reserve so ample that whenever it fell to twelve millions the rate of discount should be five per cent., and should rise say half per cent. for the loss of every half million of treasure, so that if, for example, the reserve fell to say ten millions, the rate of interest would be seven per cent. All modern experience and evidence go to show that in this country, with its extended and diversified trade, we can only avoid perpetual irritation, danger, and loss, by possessing a *large central reserve*—a reserve ample enough to bear the depletion of a few millions without exciting uneasiness or alarm; and it is because the division of departments separates and weakens even the inadequate reserve we habitually possess, that in actual application it becomes a source of constant and menacing danger.

1844, was issued on 12th November, 1857. Ten per cent. per annum was to be charged by the Bank. The Bank at that time was authorized to issue £14,460,000 on securities. All notes beyond that amount to be represented by bullion. On the 18th November, 1857, the returns showed that the Bank had raised the issue on securities to £16,460,000—that is, £2,000,000 beyond the legal amount. But out of that sum there was £1,550,000 in the banking department, so that the real excess was only £450,000. The £2,000,000 was not withdrawn from the banking department until the 30th December. That is to say, the *banking* reserve of 23d December was in reality £5,970,000 (instead of £7,970,000), inasmuch as two millions were owing to the issue department. On the 26th December the Bank reduced the rate from ten to eight per cent., and on the 7th January, 1858, from eight to six per cent.

The practical step, however, to be now taken, is to have the recent facts investigated while they are recent. Parliamentary committees on the currency are a tedious and obsolete machinery; besides, no Parliamentary committee could commence its sittings till next March. Let the Government follow the excellent example of the French Executive and appoint an impartial Commission to investigate the whole subject of the recent crisis and of the Bank acts in their relation to the provincial issues of the three kingdoms, and let it be a distinct instruction to the Commissioners to present their report and the evidence collected, on or before the end of February next. If this course be taken, we may, with some confidence, expect that the protracted and recurring suffering of the last few months will not have been entirely in vain.

Leisure Hour.

#### A STAR ON FIRE.

BY EDWIN DUNKIN, OF THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY.

ABOUT the middle of May, 1866, astronomers were startled by the announcement that a new star of considerable brightness had suddenly burst forth in the constellation Corona Borealis (the Northern Crown). Its increase of magnitude must have been extremely rapid, for on the 9th of May an observer, who was occupied on that day in scrutinizing that portion of the heavens, felt certain that no object comparable to it was visible. On the 12th, three days afterwards, the star shone with the brilliancy of one of the second magnitude, or equal to the three well-known stars in the belt of Orion. The important results obtained from the observation of this truly extraordinary astronomical object are sufficient reasons for our giving a brief and popular account of its short history, which we are sure will be duly appreciated by the scientific readers of the *Leisure Hour*.

The first person who appears to have noticed this new variable star was Mr. J. Birmingham, of Tuam, Ireland, who observed it on May 12th. Subsequently it was seen, on the 13th, at Rochefort, by M. Courbebaisse, and on the same day at

Athens, by M. Schmidt; on the 14th it was noticed at London, Canada West, by Mr. Barker, and on the 15th at Manchester, by Mr. Baxendell. These observers saw it independently, without any previous notification. Attention being now drawn to the star, it has since been regularly observed, either for position, or for the inquiry into its physical constitution, at most of the public and private observatories in Europe and America. Its brightness rapidly diminished after discovery, but probably not in the same ratio as it had increased before. The relative magnitudes, determined by comparison with neighboring known stars, are as follows:

May 12.....	2	magnitude.
15.....	3.5	"
18.....	4.8	"
21.....	6.7	"
24.....	7.8	"
30.....	8.8	"

Very little change had taken place from May 30th to June 22d. On the evening of the latter day the magnitude was reckoned as the ninth.

M. E. Quetelet, of Brussels, has remarked that the star, when viewed by the naked eye, decidedly twinkled much more than the other stars near, so much so at times that its variations rendered the observations of its relative brightness extremely difficult.

So far, this discovery would not probably have attracted any greater attention than that of any ordinary variable. The new star would most likely have been followed very closely only till the extent and period of its variability were satisfactorily established. Of such objects, the firmament contains many extraordinary examples; stars which appear for a season, and then disappear, again reappearing, performing in the mean time all their changes of brightness with perfect regularity. While there are some which complete their period in days, there are others occupying months, or perhaps years, between the intervals of maximum magnitudes. If our new star had been, therefore, simply one of this class, interesting though it might have been from the abruptness of its first appearance, it would merely have added one to the list of those known variables which are to be found scattered here and there among the fixed stars.

But astronomical observations have unfolded other properties peculiar to this star, giving us an insight into a physical composition sensibly different from that of others around it. This has been attained from the observation of its spectrum, as viewed through a spectroscopic telescope attached to an astronomical telescope. In a paper inserted in the *Leisure Hour*, No. 532, a brief account is given of the experiments of MM. Kirchhoff and Bunsen on the dark lines in the solar spectrum, in connection with those contained in the spectra of certain vapors produced by the burning of different kinds of metals or gases. What these celebrated chemists did towards our present knowledge of the composition of the solar photosphere, several astronomers and chemists are now doing a similar work towards increasing our knowledge of the composition of stellar and nebulous light. Our new star was, therefore, soon seized upon as a proper object for inquiry; with what result we shall speedily see.

On looking at an ordinary star through a spectroscopic telescope, its spectrum is seen with transverse dark lines across it, similar to Fraunhofer's lines in the solar spectrum. Some of these lines are common, or nearly so, in most stellar spectra; while each star has generally, in addition, its own peculiar dark lines. This would seem to show that, whereas certain metals or gases are indicated as being present in the majority of stars, each one contains materials peculiar to itself.\* Now this marvellous star in Corona Borealis, which has so astonished us all, has not only the ordinary stellar spectrum with the dark lines across it, but there is also a second spectrum, apparently superposed upon the other, in which four or five *bright* lines have been observed. Mr. Huggins, who has devoted his whole astronomical attention to this class of observation, has, in conjunction with Dr. W. A. Miller, concluded that the light of the star is compound in its nature, and that it has really emanated from two different sources. Mr. Huggins remarks that "each light forms its own spectrum.

The principal spectrum is analogous to that of the sun. The portion of the star's light represented by this spectrum was emitted by an incandescent solid or liquid photosphere, and suffered partial absorption by passing through an atmosphere of vapors existing at a temperature lower than that of the photosphere. . . . The second spectrum, which in the instrument appears on the one already described, consists of five *bright lines*. This order of spectrum shows that the light by which it was formed was emitted by matter in the state of gas rendered luminous by heat." Independent observations made at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, principally by Mr. Stone and Mr. Carpenter, and at the Imperial Observatory, Paris, by MM. Wolf and Rayet, gave results confirmatory of those made by Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller.

Such, then, is a brief account of the analysis of the light emitted from this temporary but brilliant visitor to our sky; showing, with little doubt, that, from some unknown cause to us, it must have been the subject of a terrible catastrophe at a period perhaps distant; for it must be borne in mind that, owing to its immense distance from us, we may be only witnessing the calamity of a past age. From the sudden blazing forth of this star, and then its rapid fading away, Mr. Huggins and Dr. Miller have suggested that, in consequence of a great internal convulsion, probably a large quantity of hydrogen and other gases were emitted from it; "the hydrogen, by its combination with some other element, giving out the light represented by the bright lines, and at the same time heating to the point of vivid incandescence the solid matter of the photosphere. As the hydrogen becomes exhausted, all the phenomena diminish in intensity, and the star rapidly wanes." That hydrogen gas in a state of combustion was present is very probable; for, by comparing simultaneously the bright lines of the stellar spectrum with those of hydrogen produced by the induction spark, taken through the vapor of water, it was found that two of the lines sensibly coincided. During a discussion on this star, at a meeting of the Royal Astronomical Society, on June 8th, the Astronomer Royal expressed his firm belief

\* As an illustration of their composition, we may state that the spectrum of Aldebaran contains lines which indicate the presence of hydrogen, sodium, magnesium, calcium, mercury, tellurium, bismuth, antimony, and iron.



that this wonderful object was actually in flames.

The previous history of this burning star is very slight. Sir John Herschel, in mapping the stars in this region, some years since, appears to have inserted one which cannot be found at present. It does not, however, agree precisely in position with the present object. But, after all, though it has been only lately shining equal to a star of second magnitude, it is really not a new one, but is identified as the same as a very minute object of the ninth or tenth magnitude, observed by M. Argelander, of Bonn, on the 18th of May, 1855, and on the 31st of March, 1856—its exact position, which accords with that determined from recent observations, being inserted in one of his published catalogues.

If we were inclined to speculate on this unique astronomical phenomenon, or on the probable consequences arising from such a sudden outburst of fiery gas, what an extensive subject for contemplation is opened to us. Astronomically we have known this minute star for years without suspicion; it has been classified with others of similar magnitude; it has only been one of many millions of such: while now it will be remembered by all future generations as one of the most extraordinary among the most celebrated stars of the universe. Or let our speculations be carried a little further, and let us reasonably suppose this small and hitherto nearly invisible object to be an immense globe like our own sun, surrounded probably with planets and satellites depending upon their centre for light and heat. What would be the effect of this sudden conflagration on them? It makes one almost shudder at the idea of a system of worlds being annihilated at once without warning. But such must doubtless be the fact. We, however, in this quiet world of ours, can scarcely, perhaps, realize such a catastrophe; but were our sun, which is only a star analogous to those in the heavens around us, to be suddenly ignited in a similar manner to this distant and unknown sun, all its attendant planets and satellites, the earth included, would be destroyed.

Temple-Bar.

#### ALURED: AN ALLEGORY.

BY FRANCES POWER COBBE.

UNDER the shadows of grand old trees, in the varying light and shade of an English summer's day, a young man paced moodily.

"I will break this avenue," he thought. "I abhor this monotony of height and size and foliage. Uniformity is unnatural, and therefore forever hideous. Nature never makes trees grow in lines in the virgin forest, or mountain chains straight-topped like walls. It is our tyrant taste that plays with the woods as despots do with their soldiers; and our miserable artificial civilization which brings about the still worse monotony of human society. Oh, these men and women who surround me! Shall I ever reconcile myself to their dull conventional talk, their colorless characters, the endless sameness of their pursuits and ideas? The men are bad enough; but their monotony is now and then disturbed by some passion—good or evil, ambition or hatred, wine or women, the race course or the gaming table. But the women, these high-born and well-trained dames my mother brings round me, hoping to find me willing to chain myself to one of their dead souls for life. What empty shows and mere spectres of real women they are!—of women such as Shakespeare drew, or Titian and Praxiteles saw in their dreams! These women with their paltry forms, their flimsy minds, their shallow hearts—who can talk of love to such beings? And they are all alike, as if cast in one common mould. What one of them thinks, another thinks; what one says, another says; what one feels, another feels. If they ever had a spark of fire in their earthly natures it was extinguished in their childhood. Only one woman did I ever know—my poor, lost Angela—who had will, and power, and thought, worthy to be loved and honored. Would that she had lived! Would that I loved her better while yet she might have been my wife! Oh would that I could find a being whom I could wholly, perfectly love!

—one whose thoughts should lift me up to nobler life—whose beauty should, like those of the old Greek statues, fill my heart with the rapture of their deep repose—one whose love should be my glory and my joy, and for whose dear sake I might yet become a man among men, and strike a blow in the great battle of the Right and the True. Could I find such a woman as *this*, methinks the rust of life would be brushed off, and my soul would leap forth as a sword from its sheath. I could love such a woman—surely I could love her—as man never loved before. Let me but find my ideal and my mother shall weep no more over my lonely, embittered, and inglorious life. A new existence should begin for me then.”

Alured had wandered on deep into the forest, and stood still at last in an open space where a small conical hill seemed to testify to Druid handiwork. The thick trees shut it in round its base, and for miles away there was the silence of the woodland solitude, broken only by the cawing of the rooks, and the hum of summer insects, and the rustle of the hare in the fern. Looking upward at the mound as he stood at its foot, Alured was startled to behold a figure standing on the small green space on the summit, and looking down on him earnestly. The more he gazed the greater grew his astonishment and wonder. It was a grand, majestic form which he beheld:

“A daughter of the gods divinely tall  
And most divinely fair”—

the limbs and bust, noble as those of the Venus of Milo; but the face, rather wearing the soft beauty, the ineffable calm, sad smile of the Psyche of Praxiteles. Was it a lady of mortal mould before him? Alured could not tell; hitherto he had seen such a form only in his dreams, or in the marble of the mighty sculptors of old. Over her limbs, and broad, high bosom flowed the folds of a white robe, so pure that it glistened in the sun, and her hair hung in rich masses like the ripples of a golden river, from her shoulders almost to the ground. But there was yet more—somewhat which made Alured's heart stand still with the awful sense of beholding the superhuman and

divine. Over the high brow, and seeming to rest on the rolling locks of gold, there was a gleam—a shimmer as of a light—a star which needed but the coming of twilight to shine out in fuller radiance. Alured could not speak. He stood still with his hands clasped, then slowly, reverently, ascended the mound towards her. At last, when he had approached her nearly, and her godlike beauty broke in full upon his heart, he sank upon his knees and lifted to her his face, pale with wonder and adoration.

Hours passed away, and the sun went down over the forest, and the twilight came, and the nightingale sang, and still the lady sat on the Druids' Mound, and Alured lay at her feet. The lady smiled on him, yet with somewhat solemn in her smile, and spoke to him in a low, soft voice, which seemed, in some unknown way, to thrill him like a voice recalled in the memory of childhood. Alured spoke to her of all he had longed for and dreamed, and the lady answered him with words of sympathy, and noble counsels of faith and virtue. And she spoke to him of other worlds higher and holier than this, and of the light of unknown suns, and the radiance of moons unseen by human eyes; and of flowers, whose beauty and fragrance gave even the immortals joy. And Alured's heart beat fast, for he felt she spoke of such things as one who had known them. Then she spoke again and told him of the mighty dead; of Plato, beside whom she had wandered in odoriferous groves, where the olives of the Academe were remembered; of Antoninus, whose kingly soul had been her guide; of “starry Galileo,” whose solemn face she had seen lighten with a smile, telling how he had striven to behold through his glass the world where now he dwelt. Then she spoke of duty, and of the eternal right; of things which hold through in every world for ever; and of that great LOVE in which all creatures live and move throughout a boundless universe.

And Alured bent lower and lower, and bowed his head and said:

“O, lady! I am not worthy to be near thee, or to speak to thee. Bid me depart, and die.”

And the lady answered, and said :

"Not so, O my friend! I have sought thee, and come to thee from afar."

And Alured took the hem of her garment and kissed it, and buried his face in the grass. And the lady remained silent; and the nightingale sang in the wood. Then the young man lifted up his eyes and looked at the lady. And behold the star on her head shone out now in the evening gloom with the mild radiance of Hesperus, and she sat still with the star gleaming over her like a statue of a holy saint.

And Alured was afraid of the star, and yet he loved it as a crown on the head of his beloved, and he said :

"Lady, tell me thy name, and how shall I call thee?"

And the lady answered and said :

"Call me Stella, for thou fearest my star; and thou shalt not fear, but only love."

And the lady lifted her hand, and drew a tress of her hair over the star, and the star was veiled in a golden mist.

"But thou sayest thou wilt leave me, Stella," said Alured. "Thou wilt return to thy home, far off, and forget me;" and Alured wept like a boy.

And the lady answered, and said :

"I go, dear Alured, but also I return, if so thou wilt it should be. See how the moon rises full-orbed, to-night, behind the trees. When she rises again in her full glory, I shall be here; on this old mound amid the woods again. Wilt thou meet me, Alured, my friend?"

And Alured swore he would meet her were rivers of fire in his path; and the lady smiled softly, and slowly and gently arose, and passed away into the dark green depths of the forest.

Then Alured awoke as from a dream, and sped him homeward to his castle; but his heart and thoughts were with the lady of the forest, and he answered his aged mother as if he heard not her voice, and refused to see his companions and friends, and spent his days in roaming alone through the great lonely woods.

And when the time of the full moon was come, he hastened to the Druids' Mound, while his heart beat wildly with fear and hope.

And the moon rose at midnight, and there was a tempest in the woods, and

the trees rocked and crashed in the autumn gale, and the sere leaves fled before the storm, and the birds shrieked with terror. At last the moon shone out between the black rolling clouds, and tipped their borders with silver, and, through the rift, from the depth of the dark blue of heaven the stars shone down like the eyes of God unveiled.

And Stella and Alured walked together in the forest. And the soul of the young man swelled within him as the storm beat on his brow, and the freshness of the autumn night quickened his blood. And he wooed Stella with all the passion of his soul, and told her how he had longed for one who should be above and beyond the women of earth, who should not think their thoughts, nor speak their words, nor wear their false looks. And he told her how her stately grace and matchless beauty entranced him, but how her mind and soul called forth still deeper homage from his heart, and how to call her his own, his wife, was the highest ambition he should ever know.

Stella looked at him as he spoke, and smiled lovingly on him and said :

"Alured, in thy dreams thou didst long for a woman not of earth—a woman of larger, nobler soul than thy kindred, of higher gifts and of mightier love; but, Alured, deceive not thyself, deceive not me. Dost thou indeed desire me—such as I am—to be the wife of thy bosom, the companion of thy brightest as well as of thy gravest hours?"

Then Alured arose, and the moon shone on his brow, and his eye flashed brightly, and he said :

"Ay, Stella! I desire to have thee to be the friend of my life, the wife of my heart, the companion, witness, guide, of every step of my earthly way."

"Be it so then, Alured," said Stella; "I will be thy wife."

And Alured took the star-crowned form in his arms, and kissed the lips which had tasted of the wine of heaven; and Alured fell senseless on the Druids' Mound, and lay without thought or motion.

In a fair chamber of a stately house Alured sat alone by the autumn fire, and looked around him thoughtfully. On the walls hung beautiful pictures, and, shaded

by crimson draperies, gleamed marble statues; and there were flowers in precious vases, and books of many themes, and instruments of music. It was the chamber Alured had prepared for his bride—the bride whom he should see on the morrow. With a young man's love, he had lavished wealth and care in preparing this home for her who was to be the lady of his paradise, and in making it worthy of Stella. Yet Alured sat silent and downcast, and it seemed as if he were not the same as he who on the Druids' Mound had sank overpowered with the rapture of the promise of Stella's love. As he looked around him, he strove to picture Stella dwelling there, and the more he strove the more faint grew the vision of his fancy; the more unreal it seemed that she—that stately being—great and wise above all he had ever dreamed—should come to him and be his wife, and dwell in an earthly home. Nay, as he strove to conjure up the reality of his hopes, it seemed as if a dread cold doubt came over him. "Would it be *well* she should thus come?" Her goodness, her wisdom, her graces, and gentleness, were perfect, and beyond all words of praise; but would not that very beauty make all things beside it seem bare and dull—would not that wisdom and goodness prove too high and majestic and solemn for all Alured's moods of pleasure, ambition, weariness? Alured's soul darkened as he thought. He felt himself, and hated to feel, poor and mean of nature, and that he could not endure the effulgence he had called down into his common earthly life. How should he bear to gaze always on that perfect beauty?—how should he hold always that high converse?—how should he live that noble, holy, devoted life which Stella should not scorn?—how (and as he thought it the shameful flush dyed his temples)—how should he bear to hear the idle wonder or empty jests of his friends at the beauty and the wisdom alike above their standard and their comprehension? Then, again, his mood changed, and his thoughts went back to Stella's gentleness and love, to her face of ineffable loveliness, to the power and truth of all her words; and a gush of his old love came over him, and he cried: "What can there be in earth or

hell not worth striving or bearing if only I may call that seraph of heaven my own, and welcome her here—my wife—the angel of my home?" Suddenly Alured grew pale, and paused. "Home!" he murmured. "Will it be home-like with Stella? Can I breathe in the air she breathes; strain my languid thoughts up to her height of genius; gaze on that sun-like beauty and never grow bewildered with its brightness; be great and good as she is high and holy; and love her—love her with that supreme and perfect love she asks?" Alured sat silent. That high-strung life, that passionate emotion to which Stella had awakened him, exhausted him to contemplate as the duty and the sentiment of all his future years. He sank into anxious, miserable thought, and step by step his memory went back over his past youth—over the burning hours he had spent with Stella—over the dreary void of the time ere he beheld her, when he had longed to find such ideal women, and despised all others: and then at last back to the love of his boyhood—to Angela, whom his wayward fancy had first offered love, and then neglect, and who had died—he knew not how, but knew himself guilty. "Ah, Angela!" he murmured. "Angela—thou hadst not Stella's unearthly beauty, nor Stella's eloquent lips, and knowledge of things above a mortal's ken. But, Angela, would not thy humbler love have been dearer? would not my life have been happier beside thee, than lifted up by Stella into that air, too clear and pure and bright for mortal breath?" Thus Alured pondered doubtfully.

The day appointed came, and at sunrise Alured stood on the Druids' Mound. Already the wintry frost had come, and the sun rose redly over the woods, and the dead fern under the trees looked like the feathers of slaughtered birds, and the grass upon the mound was drenched with dew and scattered over with decaying leaves. Alured was calm and frigid in the morning light, and almost asked himself whether all he had seen on that mound had not been a vision of the moonshine hours. By and by, out of the thicket, Stella stepped forth. Alured could not see that divine form, that face of speechless love and gentleness, with-



out feeling his heartstrings stirred with warm emotion. He came forward and clasped her hand, and drew her towards him. Stella yielded to his caress, but looked at him searchingly, and then, as he could almost fancy, brushed a tear away from her eyes.

"Stella, my beloved," he said. "Dear Stella, I have been laboring to make my home worthy of thee. How soon wilt thou come and dwell there with me for ever?"

"Alured!"

"What is it that disturbs thee, my beloved?" said Alured.

"Alured, how wouldst thou that I should come to thy home? Shall I come as thou hast seen me, with the star on my brow? Shall I come thus to thee, dear Alured, as the bride of thy heart?"

Then Alured grew pale and his voice faltered, and he spoke doubtfully. "As thou wilt so let it be, Stella, my beloved."

"But wilt this be as thou wouldst have me, Alured?"

And Alured took courage and looked around. The sun was shining cold and clear; the woods were stripped of their leaves and showed their stems, black and sharp against the sky, and through an opening where the storm had stricken them he could see his own ancestral castle, and the familiar windows of his chamber, glittering in the rising sun. On the one hand was the real, on the other the ideal—the world of every day, and the world of his dreams. Alured thought he might reconcile the two. He answered Stella:

"Dearest and fairest! To me thou art best as I have seen thee first; I love thy soft star. Behold how I kiss the hem of thy radiant robe! But all the men and women of earth are not like me, nor would they understand thy beauty. Since thou wilt have me say all I desire, then, beloved, grant me my prayer. Reserve thy star for my happy eyes alone, and veil it, or lay it by, if so thou mayest, when others behold thee. Deign to come to me as a human bride, and not as a daughter of higher worlds unknown."

For a moment the white robe closed round Stella like a veil, and Alured deemed he heard one long sobbing sigh.

Then she cast back her garment and the waves of her red-gold hair, and smiled and said:

"Be it so, dear Alured. Thy bride shall be as the daughters of earth, and none shalt deem thou hast wedded a being more than mortal."

There was somewhat in the voice of the lady as she spoke these words, which brought a chill to Alured's heart; he knew not why. It seemed as if a treasure, more precious than rubies, had been taken from him. For a moment he hesitated, and something within him prompted him to pray Stella to forget what he had said, and to come to him in all the glory of celestial beauty. But he looked towards his home, and thought of his mother and his friends, and he answered:

"Thanks, dearest Stella; thanks a thousand times. I shall love thee far better since I, and only I, shall know from how great a height thou hast descended to bless me. And now, beloved, bid me wait no more, but tell me when thou wilt be mine own?"

And Stella answered and said:

"Nay, Alured, much more must I learn now of my duties, and of what thou wilt desire of thy future wife, ere I come to thee and take my place at thy side without causing thee any pain. There is much to be changed ere I can become such an one as men may deem thy fitting bride. I may hide this radiant star; but this glittering robe, wouldst thou have me change it, and restrain these flowing locks, and put from my feet these golden sandals? Shall I change this garment of heaven for the dress thou wilt bring me from the great city?"

"Ay, dear Stella," said Alured; "if so far thou mightest condescend, I would greatly rejoice."

"And my words, Alured? Shall I speak no more of nobler worlds and grander feelings than this world and the feelings wherein thou has dwelt? Shall I bring wisdom no more from the lips of the mighty dead, and reason no more of Life and Death and Duty and Immortality?"

"To me, to me, dear Stella, thou shalt speak of these things when we are alone: but before the world thou wilt surely learn to speak as others of the things of

the hour and of the trifles which interest other women?"

"One word more, Alured! I have loved thee with a high and holy love, and while our two souls may dwell in that great joy, even thy poor world would be as heaven in its gladness. Tell me, Alured, canst thou thus love me always? Wouldst thou that I should love thee in such wise—even so that life might be all glorious with truth and faith and noble aims and fervent aspirations? Wilt thou live with me on earth as we might live in heaven?"

And Alured looked upon the ground and muttered:

"I will surely love thee always tenderly, Stella; I would have thee love me the same."

"Nay, Alured, I ask not only for tenderness. Tenderness without honor or holy sympathies, or noble thoughts and deeds, is no tenderness for a daughter of that world whence I have come. Thy not with me more. If it might be that I could love thee with a more earthly love and be content with such love from thee, wouldst thou have it so?"

And Alured was ashamed to answer and his heart smote him with self-contempt; but he bowed his head in token of acquiescence.

When Alured looked up after a moment's pause, he started to find that Stella was no longer beside him. He gazed anxiously around in the cold gray dawn, but saw her not.

"Stella! Stella!" he cried. "Come back, my beloved, come back! I spoke hastily. Never would I have thee change even so much as one hair of thy royal head. Come back, my glory, my queen! Come to my home with the star on thy brow, and thy robe of light around thee! Come to me, light of life!"

Then there came a voice, he knew not whence, but it seemed to be near him, and yet above him in the air.

"Never more, O Alured! never shall I visit thee more. I heard thy sighings and I came to thee, for I loved thee, Alured—I who was once thy cousin, Angela, who roamed these old woods beside thee in our childhood, who listened to the vows of thy boyish love, and then who passed away from this poor home below to the blessed land on high. Thou

didst sigh for thine ideal of beauty and of goodness, and I came to give it to thee—for the Ideal of earth is the Real of heaven, and all the high visions of men of the holy and the beautiful are but the prophecy and the shadow of that which the Blessed are. But, Alured, thine heart failed in thy trial—failed to lift itself up to thine ideal, even when it was given to thy prayers. Thou wouldst not have me as I am; thou wouldst have changed me to the semblance of the very beings thou didst despise. My star of glory, my robe of purity, my words of heaven's wisdom, my very love, so high and holy, thou wouldst have had me change or cast aside. Thou couldst adore thine ideal far away; but, brought near to thee, it only struck fear and awe to thy weak and worldly heart. Fear not, Alured! That ideal shall haunt thee no more. Fear not, thy life shall be too high and noble, thy bride too beautiful and wise. Not I, such as I am, with the form of the immortals: not I, who have breathed the serene air of paradise, and learned the secrets which are beyond the grave: not I with the glistening white robe around me and the star of light on my brow: not I, nor such as I, shall be thy bride. But thy bride shall be of the clay, and her soul shall be like thine own, full of worldly thoughts and pitiful ambitions, and her love shall be cold and shallow like thine. And day by day, as thy youth fadeth, even so shall fade away every aspiration after the holy and the beautiful which once enchanted thee.

"Farewell, Alured; a last farewell! Till the heavens be no more, we meet not again."

Then Alured flung himself on the earth and buried his face in the dust. And he arose and went his way and returned to his home. And Alured wept not again for any joy or any grief to the day of his death.

#### Saturday Review.

#### CHATTERTON'S POEMS.\*

It has been very justly said of Chatterton that "in his modern effusions he is

\* *Poems by Thomas Chatterton. With a Memoir by FREDERICK MARTIN. Illustrated. London: Charles Griffin & Co.*

but a clever boy beginning to handle with some effect the language of Pope and Dryden." They are wanting in depth, vigor, and in anything approaching the finer poetic enthusiasm. Yet, oddly enough, these are the very poems which it has been thought fit to republish in the present volume. With perhaps three exceptions, the selection is entirely made from those modern compositions in which the poet lacked the enthusiasm and force that scarcely ever failed to inspire him when working in the antique. The compiler, as is too much the wont with all compilers, seems to forget that in a small selection it is not his business to provide material for the biographer, but to choose those pieces which illustrate the best powers of the writer and give most of the highest kind of pleasure to the reader. To the biographer not even the merest trifle is uninteresting or unimportant, but, to the rest of the world, the fact that Chatterton wrote some bad verses at the age of eleven is no reason why a man should waste his time in reading the bad verses, or pay money for the privilege of possessing them. No poet who has ever lived has missed writing things that are not worth reading, but it is particularly hard that these should be the things chosen by an editor in preference to his really good work. Chatterton, for example, like everybody else who ever wrote a verse, has translated the fifth ode of the First Book of Horace, and we venture to say has done that feat about as poorly as any undergraduate that ever rhymed:

"What gentle youth, my-lovely fair one, say,  
With sweets perfum'd now courts thee to the bower,  
Where glows with lustre red the rose of May,  
To form thy couch in love's enchanting hour ?

"Though soft the beams of thy delusive eyes  
As the smooth surface of the untroubled stream ;  
Yet, ah ! too soon the ecstatic vision flies—  
Flies like the fairy paintings of a dream.

"Unhappy youth ! oh, shun the warm embrace,  
Nor trust too much affection's flattering smile !

Dark poison lurks beneath that charming face,  
Those melting eyes but languish to beguile.

"Thank heaven, I've broke the sweet but galling chain,  
Worse than the horrors of the stormy main."

This is just the style in which it was natural that anybody living about the time of the accession of George III. should translate, and it is just the style which is least fit for rendering so exquisite a lyric. In his modern verses, again, Chatterton was not only weak and diffuse, but malicious and ill-conditioned. Yet the present compiler has not even spared us these unworthy pieces. There is "February; an Elegy," for instance, abounding in weak malevolence, as nearly every stanza shows :

"Begin, my muse, the imitative lay,  
Aonian doxies sound the thrumming string ;  
Attempt no number of the plaintive Gay,  
Let me like midnight cats or Collins sing.

"Now the rough goat withdraws his curling horns,  
And the cold waterer twirls his circling mop ;—  
Swift, sudden anguish darts through altering corns,  
And the spruce mercer trembles in his shop.

"Now Foote, a looking-glass for all mankind,  
Applies his wax to personal defects,  
But leaves untouched the image of the mind,  
His art no mental quality reflects.

"The pension'd muse of Johnson is no more !  
Drown'd in a butt of wine his genius lies,  
Earth, Ocean, Heav'n, the wondrous loss deplore,  
The dregs of nature with her glory dies."

A man should be able to write better verses of his own before affecting to bewail the fall of another muse. One cannot, however, blame Chatterton for writing them. Considering his years, they are more than precocious enough, but they are certainly not worth reading now. And the worst of it is that, while stuff like this is offered to the modern buyer of books of verse, the editor can find no room for the famous Ode to Liberty,

the most powerful of Chatterton's compositions, and that which gives the best idea of the strength and grasp of his genius :

"When Freedom, drest in blood-stained vest,  
To every knight her war song sung,  
Upon her head wild weeds were spread,  
A gory anlace by her hung.

She danced on the heath,  
She heard the voice of Death ;  
Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,  
In vain assailed her bosom to acale,  
She heard unflemed the shrieking voice of  
woe,

And sadness in the owlet shake the dale.

She shook the burl'd spear ;  
Oh high she jeest her shield ;  
Her foemen all appear,  
And flizz along the field.

Power with his heafod straught into the  
skies,

His spear a sun-beam and his shield a star,  
Alike tway brenning gronfires rolls his eyes,  
Chafes with his iron feet and sounds to war.

She sits upon a rock ;  
She bends before his spear,  
She rises from the shock,  
Wielding her own in air.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on ;  
Wit skilly wimpl'd guides it to his crown ;  
His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is  
gone ;

He falls and falling rolleth thousands down.  
War, gore-faced war, by stands with burl'd  
wrist

His fiery helm nodding to the air,  
Ten bloody arrows in his straining flat."

This grand piece is only a fragment, but there is no excuse for its omission. It may be said that people don't know that "anlace" means a sword, or that "a beaming gronfire" is antique for a burning meteor, or that "jeest" is equivalent to "hurled." This is true, but then it would have been very easy to explain the hard words in foot-notes, and are poets to be expurgated until they contain nothing that the most ignorant and indolent reader can fail to understand ! If this be the compiler's theory, we are glad to notice one very honorable inconsistency, for he has inserted, without glossary, the well-known "Excelente Balade of Charitie ; as Wroten bie the Gode Prieste Thomas Rowleie," containing the celebrated picture of the storm :

"The gather'd storm is rype ; the bigge drops  
falle ;  
The forwat meadows smethe and drenche  
the raine :

The comyng ghasstness do the cattle pall,  
And the full flockes are drivynge ore the  
plaine ;

Dashde from the cloudes the waters flott  
again :

The welkin opes ; the yellow lewynne flies ;  
And the hot fiery smothe in the wide low-  
ings dies.

"Liste ! now the thunder's rattling clym-  
mynge sound

Cheves slowlie on, and then embollen clangs,  
Shakes the hie spyre and losst, dispended,  
drown'd,

Still on the gallard eare of terrour hanges ;  
The winds are up ; the lofty elmen swanges ;  
Again the lewynne and the thunder poures,  
And the full cloudes are braste attenes in  
stonen showers."

If the reader is expected to understand this without any explanation of the archaic phrases, why should he not have had the other fine pieces in the same style ? Who can care for the stilted empty stuff on Lord Mayor Beckford's death, when it keeps out such a thing as the splendid personification of Hope ?—

"Hope, holy sister, sweeping thro' the sky,  
In crown of gold and robe of lily white,  
Which far abroad in gentle air doth fly,  
Meeting from distance the enjoyous sight ;  
Albeit oft thou takest thy high flight  
Hecked [*shrouded*] in mist and with thine  
eyne ybleant."

And the editor has gone on the same fatal principle throughout. We do not get "Rowley's Song to Aella," but we have all the verses that Chatterton wrote to Miss Hoyland in behalf of his friend Baker, and his acrostics on Sally Clarke, and his song to Fanny of the Hill. There are no less than ten sets of verses in the present little volume all devoted to Miss Hoyland, and written when the poet was little more than fifteen years old. One of them, for example, is an acrostic on her name, beginning thus :

"Enchanting is the mighty power of love ;  
Life stript of amorous joys would irksome  
prove ;  
E'en Heaven's great Thunderer wore the  
easy chain,  
And over all the world Love keeps his  
reign."

And so we advance until we have got "Eleanor Hoyland" all complete. Now, it is hard to imagine any ten sets of love-verses, addressed to one flame, being



readable by the public, but there is an extraordinarily good reason why they should be unreadable in this case. Chatterton never saw the lady. Nature "made an Hoyland, and can make no more." "O Hoyland! heavenly goddess! angel! saint!" But the angel was in America, and all that Chatterton knew about her was that his friend Baker, then in South Carolina, was in love with her, and wished to send her some verses, which he unfortunately had not the knack of composing for himself. So he wrote to his old schoolmate at Bristol, and got what he wanted by the next mail. "The poems, etc., on Miss Hoyland," says Chatterton in his letter in reply, "I wish better for her sake and yours." If he could have foreseen the blindness of editors, he might have added, "and for the sake of posterity also." The compiler of a selection ordinarily thinks that anything will pass muster which bears the stamp of a household name like Chatterton's, and which is intelligible to the meanest capacity, and the present edition of his poems is at once an illustration and a warning. It has been observed with truth, that "nothing should be written in verse which is not exquisite; in prose anything may be said which is worth saying at all; in verse only what is worth saying better than prose can say it." Not one compiler in twenty shows the faintest appreciation of this. Anything that is written in verse they take for granted is exquisite from that fact, and is worth reprinting. There is not a poet, except perhaps Gray, who has not written something which the world would willingly let die, and which would die if compilers would only learn discrimination. Chatterton suffers severely from this inability to distinguish between the good and the bad work of men with established reputations, because he died so young, and therefore had not time to destroy those many immature pieces which are surprising for his years, but little short of absolutely worthless in themselves.

Apart from the merit of his antique pieces, both for their own sake and from the astounding youth of their writer, Chatterton's best poems possess a remarkable interest from their position in the history of English poetry. He stands

out as one of the very tiny band who in the eighteenth century preserved the divine fire which, according to Coleridge, burnt so brightly in England up to the time of Dryden, paled with the rise of that majestic writer, and burst forth again with fresh energy and light and warmth at the opening of our own century. Chatterton is a less conspicuous member of this company than Collins and than Thomson, and both the antique garb in which he chose to clothe his verse, and the less superficial nature of his thoughts and images, have combined to make him less popular than Gray. But, along with these, he helped to hand on the torch across the dreariest portion of the last century. He drew his landscapes, for example, straight from nature, as the two stanzas descriptive of the storm, already quoted, are enough to show. He had the gift, rarer then than at any other time since, of true poetic diction, conformable to reason and fact, and yet informed by imagination and inspired with genuine fervor. That exquisite piece, the "Minstrel's Song"—one of the few good things not omitted in the present selection—is as little characteristic of the eighteenth century as anything that could be written. That is to say, it has freshness and simplicity and sincerity, without a single conventional phrase or too stately turn. Like the rest of Chatterton's antiques, it is the sign of that poetic taste for the past which was afterwards developed by Scott, and which was the first symptom of the redemption of English poetry from the narrow, though glittering, bondage into which the imitators of bad French art had brought it. The sense of the dimness and distance of the past kindled an enthusiasm in minds which could see nothing but what was base and sordid in the people and ideas immediately around them. It was, in fact, the only way, to all appearance, in which they could come by that conception and sense of size which, along with sincere observation, is so essential to the finest kind of descriptive poetry. The fire of Chatterton's genius was perhaps powerful enough to burst through the poetic limitations of his time, even if the accidental possession of the old parchments from the muniment room of St. Mary's had not served to

stimulate his mind on this particular side. Burns, who was ten or eleven years old when Chatterton died, produced some of the least artificial poetry in our literature without any accidental diversion of this kind, and Chatterton was not inferior to him in original force, though he was so in every other respect. However, the fact remains that all that is best worth reading in Chatterton's verse is what he wrote under the inspiration of the quaint past. The most important fact of all in connection with his remains is that he was seventeen years and nine months old when he died.

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#### GEORGE ELIOT'S NOVELS.

BY JOHN MORLEY.

It has been very wisely said that the end and aim of all literature is, in truth, nothing but a *criticism of life*. The reason why so few novels have any place at all in literature proper is that so few of them exhibit even the feeblest sense of the need or possibility of such a criticism. Unhappily, it is not given to every writer who can spin a plot and piece together a few traits of character, labelling them with the name of a man or woman, to perceive that life moves from a thousand complicated and changing springs, and works into infinitely diversified results, which it is the highest interest of men to meditate upon. It demands an expansive energy, of which only the mind of rare vigor is capable, to shake one's self free from the shackles of one's own circumstance and condition, and thence to rise to a feeling of the breadth and height and unity of human fortunes. This feeling is the first and most valuable condition of all the higher kinds of literary production. Literature is the expression of this profound sentiment in all the varied forms—religious, poetic, philosophic—which it assumes in minds of various cast; it is at once the noblest result and the finest gratification of man's curiosity about his own nature and his own lot. Men are fascinated by this criticism of life even when they are unconscious of what it is that attracts them. It gives a size and depth to a book by which

the most stupid people cannot choose but be impressed, though their conceptions of what size and depth come to may be of the haziest and dimmest. An author who can suggest this wide outlook over the world has got not only the prime element of success in his art, but the safest guarantee for an unbounded popularity into the bargain.

The writer of *Silas Marner* and of *Romola* is the delight of wise men and of fools for other reasons besides this; but underlying and pervading them all with an impenetrable subtlety is this sense, which even a dull mind cannot miss, of the huge size of circumstance, this consciousness of an attempt to fathom its depths, to measure its forces, to weigh its products in human life. This fathoming and measuring and weighing may be conducted with delicacy or with coarseness—with power or only with the affectation of power—with a truly adjusted balance and nice weights, or with weights that are hollow and a balance that has its tongue pressed into its place by artifice. In George Eliot's books the effect is produced by the most delicate strokes and the nicest proportions. In her pictures men and women fill the foreground, while thin lines and faint color show us the portentous clouds of fortune or circumstance looming in the dim distance behind them and over their heads. She does not paint the world as a huge mountain with pigmies crawling or scrambling up its rugged sides to inaccessible peaks, and only tearing their flesh more or less for their pains. The difficulty of keeping this truthfulness of proportion between effort and accomplishment, between the power of the individual and the might of circumstance, may be measured by the fewness of those who, either in poetry or in prose fiction, have even come near reaching the right pitch. Yet, without such a rightness of pitch, instead of criticism of life, we are only likely to get windy and bombastic bellowing about destiny from strong men, and from weak men only thin-voiced twitterings about drifting rose leaves, the fleeting joys of the sons of earth, and the like unprofitable themes. And how is this pitch reached and maintained? It comes of the reflection being always kept close to the men and women whose conduct sets it in

train. It does not wander wildly or with feeble diffusiveness over the wide fruitless field of things in general. *Silas Marner* is one of the shortest novels that ever were written; yet it contains an amount of deep suggestive reflection for those who have eyes to see and ears to hear which it would be hard to match in half a dozen of the longest that ever were written, so richly has the writer appreciated the great neglected truth that *people want texts and not sermons*. If a novel has any use at all apart from the idlest diversion and time-killing, it must be as a repertory of vivid texts, by which I certainly do not mean merely texts of morals, pointing only to the right and wrong of conduct, though this is the first standard, but those reflections also which lead people to work out for themselves notions of what is graceful and seemly, to teach themselves a more exquisite intellectual sensibility, and to enlarge their own scope of affection and intensity of passion. These are the rightful fruits of that pleasure which is the first aim of the novel reader, and which he too often takes to be the only aim, and to be itself the fruit when in truth it is only the blossom. Each and all of George Eliot's novels abound in reflections that beckon on the alert reader into pleasant paths and fruitful fields of thought. The author gives herself no airs of finality, nor ever assumes that she can tell you all that is to be said, or that when she has spoken the matter is at an end; but writes rather as one beneficently sowing seed, than as an envious hinderer and grudger of all reaping but her own. It is a pity that authors do not more generally borrow this self-denying ordinance. There is no difficulty in finding an illustration from nearly any chapter of any of her books. The first page I come upon in opening a volume of *Romola* contains a passage which will serve for example. The man who gradually became base by persistently trying to slip away from everything that was unpleasant, suddenly sees a path opening for him to unthought-of prizes through a threefold piece of deceit. The writer states the circumstances, and Tito's inability to resist the infamous temptation, and ends the matter with a couple of sentences: "Our lives make a moral tradi-

tion for our individual selves, as the life of mankind at large makes a moral tradition for the race; and to have once acted greatly seems a reason why we should always be noble. But Tito was feeling the effect of an opposite tradition: he had won no memories of self-conquest and perfect faithfulness from which he could have a sense of falling." A stupid or lazy reader passes by a pregnant sentence of this sort with a slight persuasion that it is all right. For him it is only written in water. But then, if the authoress had expanded her remark into a discourse, the stupid reader and the lazy would have been as badly off as they are, because the slovenly impression which comes of reading a great deal about a thing is not worth a pin more than the slovenly impression which comes of reading five lines. Vagueness is vagueness and no more, whether it is big vagueness or little. Nobody who has got into the all-important habit of taking care that his mind works at ideas instead of allowing it to absorb their pale shadows—for absorption only gives you a shadow and not the vigorous reality—can miss the splendid value of this quality of George Eliot's writing. It promotes the active circulation of ideas. It keeps the reader out of those dry ruts which prolonged elaboration of reflection always wears in the path, and which become so monotonous that the traveller ceases to look with any attention at the country through which he is being drawn. To be stopped short by a sentence that requires to be read over more than once is the best thing that can befall the novel reader, or for that matter any other sort of reader either. In *Felix Holt*, again, one has been listening to the electioneering talk between the pushing man of the world in search of a vote, and the earnest old minister with his high-minded politics. After all, the writer concludes, "what we call illusions are often in truth a wider vision of past and present realities—a willing movement of a man's soul with the larger sweep of the world's forces—a movement towards a more assured end than the chances of a single life." There are only half a dozen lines here, but one might work them out with edification for half a dozen hours. There is in such passages as these that quality of condensation which is of the

essence of poetry. We feel that the writer is only removed by a step from the poetic region. And in *Romola*, when the man who slipped into baseness has fallen at the hand of the man whom he had wronged, who has not been startled out of the excitement of the incident by the last three lines of the chapter?—"Who shall put his finger on the work of justice and say, 'It is there?' Justice is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning." Or when Tito, in his panic at seeing the old Baldassare, could bethink himself of nothing but to charge him with being mad, consider the terse profundity of the author's comment—"He hardly knew how the words had come to his lips. There are moments when our passions speak and decide for us, and we seem to stand by and wonder; they carry in them an inspiration of crime, that in one instant does the work of long premeditation." All this is the true criticism of life in its most comprehensive sense, including criticism by the creation of character, by the imaginary play of invented circumstance and assumed motive, by large and widely suggestive comment. The pictures of country life in which all this writer's books are so inimitably rich owe half their charm to this critical or illustrative quality. They are pictures that do much more than tell us a mere story, because the artist has made them to represent so many of the episodes which go to compose the larger story of human existence, and keeps before us—or at least before anybody who has an eye for anything deeper than fun—the poetic truth that life, "like a dome of many-colored glass, stains the white radiance of eternity." Hence the fewness of the characters. If there were more people on the scene, there would be the less space for the ripe and sustained meditation upon each, which gives to these writings a peculiar impressiveness that sometimes falls little short of being absolutely holy. From *Romola* down to *Denner*, the old waiting woman, every figure stands out as if wrought in marble, and where the figure is of sufficiently heroic mould, we feel the same awe as is inspired by fine sculpture or fine architecture. There is the effect as of an almost sacred repose.

George Eliot is one of the few think-

ers who can see the weakness of humanity, and the comparatively disappointing and-mean nature of most objects of pursuits, without being driven by the violence of a common reaction into transcendental artifices. Nobody in her books is made to talk of rapture as a mood of happiness, or as the remedy for failure and the littleness of things. Practical resignation to the harshness and inflexibility of many of those conditions which are the material that a man has to make his life out of, and a sober, not ecstatic, resolution to seize such elements as remain, and force them into the pattern which we have chosen for ourselves; this is a state of feeling and will which seems to count for a great deal more with her than any solace which can come of beatific mystic visions, and discourse of eternal unspeakable aspirations. There is no chance of her ever preaching to men in words which they cannot profess to comprehend and to act upon. "In those times, as now," she says of the fifteenth century, "there were human beings who never saw angels or heard perfectly clear messages." And these human beings are scarcely thought too much in the wrong by a person who goes on to say, "Such truth as came to them was brought confusedly in the voices and deeds of men, not at all like the seraphs of unfailing wing and piercing vision—men who believed falsities as well as truths, and did the wrong as well as the right. The helping hands stretched out to them were the hands of men who stumbled and often saw dimly, so that these beings, unvisited by angels, had no other choice than to grasp that stumbling guidance along the path of reliance and action, which is the path of life, or else to pause in loneliness and disbelief, which is no path, but the arrest of inaction and death." In no page of her books is there any sympathy with that kind of teaching which makes big words the healers and guides of men. Some people complain that there is a lack of grandeur and elevation in this. A placid and even study of men and women as they are, with all their foibles, and stumbling, and shortsightedness, seems to such critics too tame and too little edifying, and needs to be inspired with something more of eager passion and inflam-



ing enthusiasm. That the author can understand this as well as the lower and more commonplace moods of the human mind, her splendid conception of Savonarola sufficiently proves. At a lower height than Savonarola—the highest level on which she commonly works—the single-minded Dinah Morris, the noble Romola, the fine-hearted hero of her last novel, are examples enough of her ability to enter into the best and loftiest parts of human nature. But she does not create beings of superhuman nature. Consequently, those who love to find the characters of a novel hoping and thinking and talking etherially, as seraphs may be supposed to do, or as people do in some German novels, are disappointed. The lovers of *Werterism*—and many of them still survive in one shape or other—find no iota of their favorite creed. The flapping of the wings of the transcendental angel is not heard in George Eliot's compositions. She can produce a truer effect out of sober elevation of thought than the most brilliant writer of the transcendental stamp out of an artificial elevation of language. An author of great and highly polished genius, and whose prolonged enthusiasm for art and letters scarcely meets just now with all the recognition it deserves—Lord Lytton—begins to describe one of his characters by saying, that “there is a certain virtue within us, comprehending our subtlest and noblest emotions, which is poetry while untold, and grows pale and poor in proportion as we strain it into poems.” This is very well, but one is surely only surrounded by haze in what follows. “This mere spiritual sensibility dwelt in Helen, as the latent mesmerism in water, as the invisible fairy in an enchanted ring. It was an essence of divinity shrined or shrouded in herself, which gave her more intimate and vital union with all the influences of the universe; a companion to her loneliness, an angel hymning low to her own listening soul. This made her enjoyment of nature in its merest trifles exquisite and profound; this gave to her tendencies of heart all the delicious and sportive variety love borrows from imagination; this lifted her piety above the mere forms of conventional religion, and breathed into her prayers the ecstasy of the saint.” We

have a vague idea what all this means, but it is vague, and it conveys no sense of reality; we don't have any clearer or fuller notion about Helen after all has been said. Compare with this a sort of corresponding character as drawn by George Eliot. Romola's “enthusiasm was continually stirred to fresh vigor by the influence of Savonarola. In spite of the wearisome visions and allegories, from which she recoiled in disgust when they came as stale repetitions from other lips than his, her strong affinity for his passionate sympathy and the splendor of his aims had lost none of its power . . . His special care for liberty and purity of government in Florence, with his constant reference of this immediate object to the wider end of a universal regeneration, had created in her a new consciousness of the great drama of human existence, in which her life was a part; and, through her daily helpful contact with the less fortunate of her fellow-citizens, this new consciousness became something stronger than a vague sentiment: it grew into a more and more definite motive of self-denying practice. . . . Her trust in Savonarola's nature as greater than her own made a large part of the strength she had found. And the trust was not to be lightly shaken. It is not force of intellect which causes ready repulsion from the aberrations of greatness, any more than it is force of vision that causes the eye to explore the warts on a face bright with human expression; it is simply the negations of high sensibilities. Romola was so deeply moved by the grand energies of Savonarola's nature, that she found herself listening patiently to all dogmas and prophecies when they came in the vehicle of his ardent faith and believing utterance.” I do not wish to institute an invidious and quite useless comparison between the two writers, each of whom has singular power, but what I do wish to point out, by quoting these two passages side by side, is, that an angel hymning low to a woman's listening soul and so lifting her above conventional forms means nothing, while the effecting of the same result by a contagious enthusiasm, caught from an ardent and passionate apostle, means a great deal. The first is mere romance; the second is

common sense, which even a romance writer cannot shirk with impunity.

But still it is not a low common sense which never rises above the ground. It is nothing like the common sense of De Foe or of Swift; but borrows something at once from the sobriety of the only half-poetic mind of the eighteenth century, and from the quaint richness and fancy of the sixteenth, and from the height and freshness of the beginning of the nineteenth. Emphatically realist in her style, yet she is realist in a sense to which not many other novelists or dramatists can lay claim, and in which there are none of those characteristics that have made realism in contemporary fiction only another name for a steady and exclusive devotion to a study of all the meanest or nastiest elements in character and conduct. There is no blinking of the eyes to the part which debts and want of money, and uncontrolled impure desires, and all other sordid or foul circumstances play in life: only, on the other hand, these lurking ugly things which pluck back the feet of men and women in the path, are not painted from under the microscope, while better things are left in their bare unmagnified dimensions. Thus, with fine artistic moderation, and just completeness, which in art comes of moderation, she steers clear of the Charybdis of depraved realism, without falling into the Scylla of sentimentalism. She never sets up a character merely for the purpose of sneering at him, or showing what a bad or mean fellow he is, and how many people there are in the world just as bad and mean. And she never makes her men and women only listening souls to which angels may spend their time in hymning low tunes; which is really a great recommendation in a world where most people have bodies, and are more or less cloudy about souls. Who would not willingly surrender all that has been written about the low tones, in exchange for Dolly Winthrop's explanation to Silas Marner of the ways of God to man?

One of George Eliot's most characteristic traits is that she excludes the innate villainy of the human heart from her theory of things. Except perhaps the man who steals the money and throws the blame on Silas Marner, she gives us, I

believe, no other ready-made scoundrel. She does not accept the doctrine that scoundrels are ready-made. The troubles which beset men are mostly the fruit of their weakness, and very little the fruit of any inborn devilishness. It is because they palter and play the fool with their own conscience, and trust to "the great god Chance" to find them a way back to virtue and happiness, that they fall into sin and misery, and lead others into the same ill plight. As a rule they don't mean very badly. Arthur Donnithorne allowed himself to slide cautiously down the slope towards wrong-doing, until passion had got impetus enough to hurry him uncontrollably into the thorny noisome pit at the bottom. Tito, also, was a good fellow enough, only he did not like the things which in themselves are not likeable—labor, sacrifice, pain, hardness. So he avoided them. And then we are made to see how men seldom go down into the pit alone. Their act of weakness is a curse to everybody whose hand is even indirectly linked with theirs. A discord is struck into the life of a Romola, an Adam Bede, which never ceases to vibrate, and a shadow thrown over the future of the innocent which may grow fainter, but never fades away to leave an unstained light. And in her last novel, the presence of an old dead repented weakness hovering darkly over a life is vivid before us—the ghost of the past rising ghastly to poor Mrs. Transome, like Banquo at Macbeth's feast. Though she extenuates the motives which lead men into mistakes, she does not soften their consequences. A curse may be brought down by nothing more hateful than weakness, but it is just as much a curse as if it were the divine retribution for downright malignity and blackheartedness. Precisely as the criticism of art discloses the laws and principles of beauty, the criticism of life traces the working of the more momentous laws of circumstance and character and conduct. Of these are there any more vast in their extent, and therefore more important for us to ponder, than that the consequence flows upon others from the act, though often from the motive upon the actor; that lack of strength is the main cause of crime and wrong, and not lack of general good-will to virtue; that Nemesis attends

the weak as eternally and relentlessly as the wicked, and that penitence does not appease her? To be able to set all this forth, as George Eliot has done, not as thin unilluminated commonplace, but in its largest significance and its visible working, is the gift of a very rare natural temper fertilized by an uncommon culture.

From this keen perception of the share which weakness usurps in mortal affairs flows the writer's humor, the quality to which she owes so much of her popularity among people who are Gallios in all things grave. The contemplation of weakness may stir up one of two emotions, according to the circumstances in which the weakness is displayed. Weakness ought always to make us sorry for the weak man, but it may not always make us so sorry for him as to keep us from genial mirth—one of the wholesomest kinds of feeling. Beneficent pity and genial mirth are two phases of the same mood, two colors of the same sentiment. It is the kind of weakness that determines for the feeling which of these two it shall assume. It is the effect of simple weakness to make one smile, but when pain and misery follow from it then men smile no more. This explains the inseparable connection between humor and pathos. Nobody has one without having the other also; though circumstances or natural bent may incline a poetic mind more strongly in one direction than the other. Humor is at the lower end of the scale, and it rises by imperceptible intervals up to pathos. In the *Mill on the Floss*, for example, it is the same temper which underlies the exquisitely humorous description of the cares and worries of Mrs. Gleig and Sister Pullet, and the exquisitely pathetic description of that scene when "brother and sister lived over again in one supreme moment the days when they had clasped their little hands in love, and roamed the daisied fields together." The first comes of the contemplation of simple weakness and littleness and narrowness; the other derives its force from the contemplation of the misery which had followed from weakness coming in fatal contact with harshness and austerity.

A passage which illustrates the joining point where humor passes into pathos, as well as so shifting and barely percepti-

ble a point can be illustrated, may be found somewhere in *Silas Marner*. The writer is talking of the lives of old squires and farmers.

"Calamities came to *them* too, and their early errors carried hard consequences: perhaps the love of some sweet maiden, the image of purity, order, and calm, had opened their eyes to the vision of a life in which the days would not seem too long, even without rioting; but the maiden was lost, and the vision passed away, and then what was left to them, especially when they had become too heavy for the hunt, or for carrying a gun over the furrows, but to drink and get merry, or to drink and get angry, so that they might be independent of variety, and say over again, with eager emphasis, the things they had already said any time that twelvemonth?"

There is a *humaneness* of spirit in such writing as this which throws a reader into the mood that lies midway between laughter and tears, and makes him ready to incline to one nearly as much as the other. Kindly irony is the nearest approach which the humoristic temper can make to earnest reprobation, and we never find anything harsher in George Eliot. She would not have invented a sea-monster for the sake of inflicting grim and bloody vengeance on the bad *Sieur Clubin*, as M. Victor Hugo does. She scarcely adopts the idea that Providence or Destiny is always on the watch to seize bad men from without. The *pieuvre* had received no harm from *Sieur Clubin*, so scarcely had a right to suck his blood, and it is the very gist of true poetic justice that men should not be punished for their sins by artificial devils *ex machina*. It would have been enough for George Eliot, as it is for Mr. Carlyle when he encounters *Sieur Clubin* in history, to leave the poor wretch to make as much of his villany as he could, and wish almost in good humor that he might be the better for it. For she is plainly persuaded that after all "a rogue is only a fool with a circumbendibus."

Like Mr. Carlyle, too, in this, as in a great many other points, George Eliot perceives that the only course for honest and worthy folk in the tangle which fools, with or without circumbendibuses, contrive to make of the world, is to stick to

the work that the hand findeth to do. "What right hast thou to be happy? First say what right hast thou to be." This is Mr. Carlyle's way of putting the case, and we hear the voice of Herr Teufelsdröckh and the "Everlasting Yea" when Romola declares to Lillo, "We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts and much feeling for the rest of the world, as well as for ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it, that we can only tell it from misery by its being what we would choose before everything else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world, that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard or painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood." The spirit of *Felix Holt* is identical with the spirit of this passage; so is the *Mill on the Floss*. Only in her last book the doctrine is applied by Felix Holt, and Esther his love, in a practical way, which nobody can help understanding. Like the old man, Bardo, the young Felix chooses poverty and obscurity rather than a competence which involved habitual insincerity. Esther, too, chooses poverty and obscurity rather than sacrifice for the sake of their opposites the higher aims of a pure and noble life, bound up as they were with the resolute poverty of the man who had inspired her with them. "My daughter," Savonarola said, "your life is not as a grain of sand to be blown by the winds; it is a thing of flesh and blood that dies if it be sundered." Esther felt, and the reader is made to see how she came to feel it, that wealth is a sorry prize to be won by the pain and ruin of such a sundering. It has been complained that this refusal of a big inheritance, this casting away of a livelihood, is Quixotic and preposterous. People, it is said, nowadays, never dream of doing this sort of thing. Yet we may be quite sure that any individual man of those who take this ground, would be extremely insulted and angry if you told him that he, personally, was ab-

solutely incapable, except in tiny trifles, of making a sacrifice of money for the sake of a high principle. And any individual woman too would be very bitter if she were supposed to be absolutely incapable of loving a man so disinterestedly as to be willing to sacrifice a certain quantity of ormolu clocks, and fine mirrors, and Turkey carpets, and silk gowns for the sake of living with him. But it is a very common thing, I find, in more subjects than one, to assume that, though individually each of us is an extremely high-minded and virtuous person, in the aggregate we are never actuated by any but the lowest, narrowest, and most sordid motives. Even granting, however, that Mr. Carlyle is no calumniator when he says that most people are fools, George Eliot might possibly find a sufficient barrier against these anti-Quixotic people in Goethe's saying, that if you would improve a man, the best plan is to suppose that he is already what you wish to make him.

A great deal might be said on the influence which George Eliot's books cannot but have in the great movement of which we are the half-unconscious witnesses in the sphere of religion. The remarks which she scatters by the way-side of her narrative are such as can scarcely offend the weakest brother. For unless one has already acquired a frame and temper open for their reception, they will inevitably glance off without effect from the reader's mind. But they are *φωνήεντα συνετοία*, full of meaning and suggestiveness to those who would fain see the invigoration of belief by the effusion into it of a current of lofty and fertilizing ideas drawn from a wide and generous observation of life as it is. To introduce a rich humaneness into the popular conception of religious belief, and to spread the conviction that openness of mind is not inconsistent with religious devotion, are two of the noblest ends which a writer can hope to have a share in promoting. There cannot be much higher praise for a book than that it tends to bring men nearer to one another, and to cease from the judgment of one another on the too narrow grounds of conformity to or revolt against a traditional orthodoxy. There is scarcely another living writer, whose influence, though



working with so little parade of its ultimate significance, is likely to be so effective as George Eliot's in this direction.

I have only to notice one thing more, and that is, how thoroughly these novels show to people who write, that style is not the result of reading, but of thinking. It is not the assiduous cultivation of a style as such, but the cultivation of the intellect and feelings which produces good writing. Style comes of brooding over ideas, not over words. It is because George Eliot lets ideas lie long and ripen in her own mind that their fruitage of expression is so delicate in flavor and so rich and diversified in color.

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Chambers's Journal.

#### THE STORY OF A BURGLARY.

IN October last, I was invited by a friend of mine, whose daughter was about to be married, to go to London to attend the wedding. He had taken a large house in one of the streets leading out of Piccadilly (which I will call Folkestone-street), and was so good as to offer me a room for the marriage week. Having been out of health for some time, and needing a change, I thankfully accepted his offer, and made my preparations for the journey at once.

I reached London about a week before the important day; and to those who know anything about weddings, especially weddings in "high life" (so, I believe the correct phrase runs), I need not say that this week was a busy one. The presents were numerous, and consisted chiefly of jewelry; the *trousseau*, I was informed, could not be surpassed; but of that I am not qualified, nor is it any part of my purpose, to speak. I am only concerned to state that the presents of jewelry were numerous and valuable. As they were brought in by messenger after messenger from the various jeweller's shops, they were placed for inspection by visitors, with other presents, in the front drawing room, which, I may observe, had four large windows all looking into the main street.

The marriage was fixed for a Tuesday; and on the Saturday previous, my friend gave a dinner party to relations on both

sides, and a good many people were invited to come in the evening to inspect the presents and the *trousseau*. As it was Saturday night, everybody departed shortly after twelve o'clock; and by one o'clock every light was extinguished. No suspicion of robbery seems to have entered into the head of any of us, and the jewelry and other valuable presents were left exposed in the front drawing room all that night. But on the next night, the groom of the chambers did seem to have a little anxiety at having so much valuable property exposed in so open a manner, and he communicated his uneasiness to his mistress. The most costly of the jewels were, in accordance with his suggestion, placed in a large jewel box, and deposited at bedtime in his mistress's bedroom. So little real anxiety, however, was felt by any one, that a magnificent dressing case and dressing bag, both with gold fittings of very great value, were left, with numerous other articles, in one of the back drawing rooms, without even the key of either being turned in the lock. On that Sunday night, or rather early on the Monday morning, the house was robbed.

It will be well, perhaps, before I proceed further in my narrative, that I should give a general idea of the number and position of the rooms on the three principal floors of the house. On the ground floor there were dining room, breakfast room, and morning room. On the first floor, there were three drawing rooms; and besides these, there was, built out at the back, and lying beyond the servants' staircase, the bedroom and dressing room inhabited by my friend and his wife, and in which the jewels had been deposited. On the second floor were four bedrooms and a dressing room, occupied by different members of the family and myself.

I went to bed about eleven o'clock, and must have slept soundly for about four or five hours, when I was awakened by the violent barking of a little dog which I had in the room with me. I looked up, and saw the door of my bedroom open gradually, and a bright light shine through it. I called out at once in a loud voice: "Who's there?" when the door was quickly and quietly shut, without an answer being returned. I

never dreamed of thieves, for I had been similarly disturbed the night before: my impression was, that some servant had mistaken the room, the house being strange to all the inmates. I struck a light, looked at my watch, and found the time to be four o'clock. For a time, I listened intently, but soon finding that all was quiet, I turned on my side, and tried to get to sleep again. This, however, proved to be impossible, and I got no more sleep that night. About five o'clock, I heard some noises in the next bedroom to my own, and concluded that my neighbor was stirring; and at half-past five, I heard somebody stumble over a box in the passage outside my door. But it still never occurred to me to think of thieves. I imagined still that, in the hurry of preparation for the wedding, some servant had been compelled to rise earlier than usual, and had stumbled in going down stairs in the dark; but as I could not get to sleep, I determined to get up, and at ten minutes to six o'clock by my watch, I left my room to go to another at the end of the passage. The moment I left my door, I saw a man standing ten yards from me. The fellow, who was about six feet two inches in height, and most powerfully made, was listening at the door of a bedroom close to mine, and had his hand on the handle when I first saw him; but the moment he caught sight of me, he made a rush either to collar me or to get by me, I don't know which; and seeing this, I drew back, and allowed him to pass. The next moment I gave the alarm, and the household was speedily aroused. An attempt at pursuit was made; but the minute or two which had elapsed, enabled the burglars to make good their retreat, and they got clear away without molestation.

The next thing to be done was to ascertain the extent of our losses; and a very casual inspection decided this. Everything of silver or gold in the house which they could lay their hands upon, they had carried off, but only such articles as were very portable: plate they never sought to touch, although some was lying about in the different rooms. They had made a clean sweep of the most valuable of the presents left in the drawing rooms; they had wrenched off

and carried away all the gold tops from the fittings of the dressing case and dressing bag; they had entered two bedrooms on the second floor, and taken valuable property from each, while the inmates were sleeping; but, most fortunately, they had missed the great prize, the jewels, to obtain which the burglary had, doubtless, been planned. They had never imagined that the head of the family would sleep in a bedroom beyond the servants' staircase, and so made no attempt to explore in that direction. They must have reasoned that the best bedrooms, in which alone the jewels were likely to be, would be those to the front on the second floor, over the drawing room; and about these they must have hung for hours, in the hope of getting their prize, listening at the doors to the breathing of the sleepers, entering and rifling the rooms of those who slept most heavily, and waiting for an opportunity of safely entering the others. My room, after the barking of my dog, they did not again attempt to approach. But although the jewels were safe, we found, upon inspection, that they had carried off property to a very considerable amount; indeed, the loss, we found, could not be estimated at less than seven hundred pounds.

Of course, the first thing to be done now was to send for the police. This was done at once; and as I was the only person who had actually seen anybody in the house, I received a visit, in an incredibly short space of time, from Inspector Fairfield—so I will call him—of the Q division. The inspector was a tall, fair-haired man, who looked a good deal younger than his real age, but who seemed a capital man of business, whatever his age might be. His first question was: "What sort of a man was it that you saw on the landing, sir?" I said at once that I had seen a tall, dark man, but that I had not seen him sufficiently well to be able to describe his features accurately. The inspector mused over my description for half a minute, and then called on me for a detailed description of every article of property which had been stolen, and its probable value. I had scarcely got half way through the list, when a knock was heard at the door, and Sergeant Wood, as I will call him—

also of the Q division—was announced. Had he not been styled a sergeant, I should never have guessed what he was. My idea of a policeman was that he was tall and stout, and with whiskers that were the objects of the admiration of the servant maids, and the satire of "Mr. Punch." But here was a little man in plain clothes, very short, very dark in complexion, and with his hair and whiskers cut very close ("So that they may have nothing to hold on by," he darkly whispered to me in a conversation we had some days after.) But I suppressed my astonishment, and politely greeted my visitor. In return, Sergeant Wood expressed the usual civil regrets for the occurrence—which, somehow, one can't think quite sincere in a policeman—and then had a brief whispered consultation with Inspector Fairfield. What the inspector said seemed to decide him upon some course of action, for, after again asking me to describe the man I had seen, he hurriedly left the room. I then completed the list of the stolen property, and, after accompanying the inspector in a tour round and over the house, to see how the entry had been effected, and after being convinced that the thieves had entered from the back through the kitchen, I bade him good-morning, fully convinced that the best plan was to grin and bear our losses as best we might. It was the firm belief of every one of us, that every article of gold and silver was in the melting pot within an hour after the thieves left the house, and that no portion of the stolen property would be recovered. Nor did we think in our hearts that there was any use in the police exerting themselves; we had not, I am ashamed to say, any belief in their powers of detection in a really difficult case, such as this seemed to promise to be.

Judge, then, of my surprise, when barely an hour and a half afterwards, I was informed that the burglars had been captured, and every article of property recovered. The manner in which the capture was effected was so ingenious, and the whole affair was so creditable to the police force of the metropolis, that I shall make no apology for describing it at some length.

The burglary at my friend's house in Folkestone-street, was not, I discovered,

by any means the first of its kind which had lately occurred. A succession of robberies had taken place at the West End during the previous three months, all apparently the work of the same man (for the same features distinguished them all), and the police had been greatly nettled at their non-success in detecting the culprit.

As far back as the middle of the previous June, the house of a great minister of state had been broken into, and a quantity of jewelry stolen. In that case, the thief seemed to have clambered up a very high wall, and then to have "dropped" a great distance on to some leads. This gave him access to a window, through which he entered the house. The jewelry was taken from a lady's dressing room, and the robbery must have been effected within a very short time after she had left that room, for she did not retire to bed till three o'clock, and the thieves were out of the house by five. One remarkable feature in this case was, that one of the thieves had *washed his hands* in the dressing room before leaving it. The police used every exertion to trace the thieves, but were unsuccessful: and so mysterious did the affair seem, that they were driven to suspect that there had been some connivance on the part of the servants. For these suspicions, it is only fair to say, subsequent events proved that there was no ground whatever.

A fortnight afterwards, another burglary took place; this time, at the residence of an ambassador. In this case also, the thief appeared to have "dropped" a considerable height. And here, too, the police were at fault.

A few days after this, a burglary took place at a house looking into the Green Park. A lady was sitting, about seven o'clock in the evening, in her boudoir alone, when she heard somebody walking in the room overhead. She fancied it was her brother, and called out to him to come down to her. No answer being returned, she ran upstairs, and was just in time to see a strange man going up the upper staircase. At sight of her, he quickened his footsteps, and rushing to the topmost story, shut himself up in one of the servant's bedrooms. By this time, an alarm had been given, and a policeman fetched from the street. He does

not, however, seem to have been either a very intelligent or very courageous member of the force, for all he did was to summon the burglar inside to open the door and come out. This, however, he declined to do, whereupon this valiant defender of our homes declined to break open the door without further assistance, and went off to fetch another constable. Of course, directly his back was turned, the burglar resolved upon flight. To the surprise of every one, he was seen to get out of the window, and make a terrific "drop"-leap on to some leads, whence he got into the park, and was lost to view in the shades of evening. The park was searched at once, but no trace of him could be discovered. The lady, upon being questioned, declared that the man she saw was tall and dark; and that was all the description she could give. The question then arose: Has any man been seen to loiter about the house lately? The immediate answer was in the affirmative. A tall, dark man had been seen by the postman loitering about the house, and the postman had communicated his suspicions that "he was after no good," to the sergeant of police, but had only been pooh-poohed for his pains. The sergeant was immediately questioned, and explained that he had fancied that the man was only courting one of the maids at the house in question. This explanation, however, was considered unsatisfactory by the Commissioners of Police, and the sergeant was suspended; and to this suspension may indirectly be attributed the ultimate detection of the burglar, for the sergeant felt his disgrace so deeply that he determined to leave no stone unturned to bring to justice this tall, dark man, who had such a marvellous power of making "drop"-leaps.

Meanwhile, news came of another burglary at Kensington. In this case also the thief seemed to have shown great activity, and again to have washed his hands. Again, a few weeks later, a burglary was committed in Hamilton-place, Piccadilly, and here again the thief washed his hands, even bringing a lemon from the kitchen to aid him in his task.

It now became almost a certainty that all these robberies were the work of one man; and as there was the remarkable

fact of his washing his hands in almost every instance, it was probable that this man was of a better class and of greater refinement than the ordinary run of London burglars. But an altogether new fact, which was likely to aid the police considerably in their efforts to trace him, was elicited during the inquiries which were made with respect to the Hamilton-place robbery. It transpired that two men had been seen for some days loitering about and examining the house, and that one of them was tall and dark, and the other short and fair. But not only had they been seen; the tall, dark man had actually spoken to a *commissionnaire* stationed in the district, and had been observed to have a foreign accent. It seemed most probable, therefore, that the man of whom they were in search was a foreigner, and the suspended sergeant determined at once to follow up this slight clew.

But there are a great many tall, dark foreigners in London, and the sergeant's task seemed one of no slight difficulty; however, he was a determined man, of iron nerves, and he determined to find the right man, if he searched through the whole of London; so he sat down and thought out the whole matter, and decided upon the course he would pursue. He could not help fancying from all he heard that it was probable the man in question was a discharged Swiss or Italian valet, or courier, or something of that kind; so following up this idea, he went to call upon a friend of his who kept a very respectable public house at the West End of the town. This man had been a courier himself in his earlier days, and was well acquainted with all the members of the confraternity, and, indeed, had a *table-d'hôte* daily for them at his house, of which other foreigners occasionally availed themselves. After much consultation with the landlord, the sergeant determined to attend the *table-d'hôte* that day, on the chance of seeing his man. At dinner time, he accordingly made his appearance, of course in plain clothes, and took his seat with the ease of a *habitué*. None of the diners, however, answered in any way to the description of the burglar, and the sergeant began to think that he had been wasting his time. But scarcely had the cloth been removed,



when a tall, dark man, of not unpleasing appearance, came in, and took his seat at one of the little round tables. Upon him the sergeant at once fixed his attention, and when he rose, after taking some slight refreshment, quietly followed him out of the house. For some time, he pursued him without being perceived, but at last the foreigner seemed to become aware that he was being tracked, for he looked round from time to time suspiciously. This, of course, did not look well, for a man who has nothing to fear does not do this, and our sergeant determined not to lose sight of him. However, clever as the sergeant was, the tall, dark man was cleverer still, and after a long chase, suddenly gave his pursuer the slip. The sergeant was in despair; just when he seemed to have got hold of a most promising clew, he had lost it, and it was more than probable that the foreigner would now take the alarm, and leave the country at once.

But, as good luck would have it, as he was walking, somewhat disconsolately, in Oxford-street that same night, he saw his man again! Again he followed him, and again he lost him, but this time in such a position as to make it nearly certain that he lived in one of three well-known streets in Soho. These streets were accordingly watched night and day, and the tall, dark foreigner was finally tracked down to No. 224 Canon-street, Soho.

But although they had been successful so far, what, it may be asked, had in effect been proved? What was the result of all these watchings and inquiries? Simply this: that a tall, dark foreigner, who evidently did not like followers, lived at 224 Canon-street, Soho. Slight, however, as the clew was, the police determined to follow it up. So much annoyance and excitement had been caused by the numerous burglaries at the houses of great people, and there had been so many comments upon the unskilfulness of the police, that the force made it almost a point of honor to discover the culprit. Directions were given to certain trusty men, the house was watched night and day; and this perseverance was at last rewarded by a certain amount of success, for, on the Friday preceding the burglary at my friend's house, the tall, dark for-

eigner was seen to come out, and, accompanied by a shorter man, to go to a marine store dealer's shop, and purchase some skeleton keys. On the following day (Saturday), he was seen to purchase some more keys, and with these he returned to his lodgings, and was not seen out again that day. These facts of course proved him to be a suspicious person, and justified the police in putting him under surveillance. On the next day (Sunday), he left his lodgings at half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, and was seen to return to them at half-past eleven o'clock at night; but after that hour, those who were appointed to watch him declared that he did not leave his house that night, and asserted that it was totally impossible for him to have done so without their seeing him.

Now, my friend's house in Folkestone-street must have been broken into about two o'clock on the Monday morning, and the man I saw on the landing certainly did not leave the house till ten minutes to six. It appeared, then, quite certain that, whatever he might have done on other occasions, the tall, dark foreigner of 224 Canon-street had nothing to do with this robbery. When I described my friend on the landing as being a "tall, dark man," the inspector, as I remembered well, had smiled grimly, but he was not then aware that it had been declared by those who had been watching him that the man in question had not left his house after half-past eleven o'clock on Sunday night. Of this fact, Sergeant Wood had given him the first intimation, when they had that brief consultation together in my bedroom to which I have alluded above, and for a moment they must have been dumbfounded—if, indeed, a policeman ever yields to so purely "civilian" an emotion. Apparently, all their labor had been thrown away: the tall, dark foreigner, whom they had so successfully traced to his lair, could not, it seemed, be in any way connected with this last robbery, in spite of the strong presumption which my description of him excited.

Policemen are, however, proverbially slow to despair. One hope still remained, which slender as it then seemed to us, proved ultimately the right solution of the difficulty. The Sunday night in ques-

tion had been wet and misty, and it was just possible that the vigilance of the watchers might have been eluded, though, from the skill and ability, and general high character of the men employed, this seemed hardly within the bounds of probability. It was determined, therefore, that the house in Canon-street should be closely watched; and on leaving my room Sergeant Wood himself repaired to the spot, and made the necessary arrangements.

The sergeant left me at half-past eight, and an hour and a half afterwards, the tall, dark foreigner was seen to come out of No. 224 Canon-street, and to walk down the street, in the direction of Seven Dials. He was instantly followed, and in a short time was observed to meet, as if by appointment, the same short, fair man who had accompanied him when he had made the purchase of skeleton keys. This latter man had a small and apparently empty blue serge bag on his arm. The two men linked arms, and walked on together, having very much the appearance, my informant said, of two master tradesmen. They were followed by three constables, of whom Sergeant Wood was one, and the question which occupied his whole thoughts was, should he, or should he not, take these men into custody? It must be remembered that he had no evidence against them—nay, he had evidence which directly exculpated the tall, dark man, and if correct, made it impossible for him to have been present at the burglary: he had all the terrors of damages for false imprisonment, and serious rebukes from magistrates for exceeding his duty, floating before his eyes. But my friend Sergeant Wood is not a nervous man, and his hesitation was but momentary. In spite of the testimony of the watchers, he had always felt certain that the tall, dark man had planned and actually executed the burglary in Folkestone-street that morning; and he determined to risk everything that might ensue if he made a mistake. He accordingly arrested them; and after a considerable show of resistance on the part of the shorter man, and a great deal of virtuous indignation from the affronted foreigner, added to considerable opposition from a mob of the lowest characters in Seven Dials, the

two were safely lodged in the station-house. Of course the blue bag was examined at once, and this apparently innocent receptacle was found to contain a large housebreaker's "jemmy" or crow-bar, a bottle of aquafortis for testing gold, and finally, a small gold toothpick, which had been taken from the fittings of the dressing case in my friend's back drawing room, and which had apparently been left in the bag by mistake, having got stuck in the lining. I should like to have seen the grim smile of my friend Sergeant Wood when the toothpick was produced from the blue bag. I think that at that moment he could almost have forgiven the watchers, whose negligence had so nearly led him astray.

The next thing to be done was to search the lodgings of the tall, dark man. This task Inspector Fairfield undertook, and he proceeded at once to Canon-street. After some opposition on the part of the landlady, who stoutly denied that any such person was lodging or ever had lodged in her house, the inspector at last got admittance, and proceeded to search the house (which was a very large one), commencing from the attics. On reaching the second story, on his way downwards, he inquired if any foreigner lived in any of the rooms upon it; and to this the landlady, whose memory seemed to have been much improved by intercourse with the inspector, replied, that a foreign gentleman, who was a highly-respectable wine merchant, had a bedroom on this floor looking to the back. She did not know much of him, she said, but he was very regular in his payments, and very quiet in his habits, and for her part she did not wish for anything more in a lodger. The courteous inspector requested permission to have one look, merely as a matter of form, at the distinguished foreigner's bedroom; and to this the landlady acceded. Unfortunately, however, the door was locked, and as the landlady had no other key than that which she had given to her lodger, and which he had doubtless in his pocket at that moment, the inspector was compelled to do violence to the feelings of a worthy woman, and break open the door. There was nothing remarkable in the bedroom in any way; it was a thought small and airless

for a "wine merchant," perhaps; but then he might be a trifle eccentric—many greater men have been guilty of more striking eccentricities, and yet not a word has been breathed against their respectability. But there was one thing which seemed to surprise the landlady, though not perhaps the inspector—her lodger seemed to be about to make a journey, and the room was disordered by preparations for departure. Above all, in the middle of the room stood a magnificent portmanteau, brand new, and of the best workmanship. The inspector lifted it, and found it heavy; he tried the lid, and found it locked. Fortunately, he had upon his bunch a key that fitted the lock; and with many apologies, he proceeded to open the portmanteau. Within it he found every article of the property stolen from Folkestone-street, with the single exception of the gold toothpick found in the blue bag; but besides this, the inspector found in the portmanteau some of the property which had been taken from the houses in Hamilton-place and Kensington. It was clear, therefore, that they had been right in their conclusions, and that the tall, dark foreigner was the planner and perpetrator of all these robberies.

Little more remains to be said. The first examination of the prisoners was taken that afternoon before the magistrate, and the landlady identified the tall, dark foreigner as her lodger, and the owner of the portmanteau. A policeman swore to having seen both prisoners loitering near the mews at the back of Folkestone-street, on the Sunday evening between eight and nine o'clock; and so the chain of evidence was complete. Evidence was also given that both prisoners had been previously convicted, and then they were remanded, in order to complete the depositions before committal. But before the day of final examination, the tall, dark man, in utter despair as to the result of the trial, and dreading a sentence which, at his age (he was fifty-five), would probably be tantamount to penal servitude for life, committed suicide by hanging himself in his cell at the House of Detention. The younger man was sentenced to fifteen years' penal servitude, and is now working out his time.

At the inquest which was held upon

the foreigner, some curious particulars relating to his life were disclosed. He was a Frenchman, and of very respectable family, his father having been agent to a French nobleman. He seemed to have had respectable friends in London, who had no idea whatever that he was a burglar. He was thought by them to have an independent income, and to travel about for his pleasure. At what time of his life he took to burglary seemed to be quite unknown, but there was no question as to his talent for that profession. The police considered him a most skilful and dangerous thief, and regarded his capture as an important event. His manners and language were remarkably good, and his appearance was such that, if he had been met in a house, he would have been supposed to be some gentleman's foreign servant. There is little doubt that the burglary at my friend's house was only one of a series; indeed, among his papers, a list of houses of the nobility was found, with full particulars of access to each; and these, there was every reason to believe, would have been plundered in succession, had not his career been stopped by the police.

#### CYRUS W. FIELD.

OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

A SKETCH BY THE EDITOR.

THE world moves. The world has long been moving along the track of centuries—slowly, slowly, through the olden ages, and sluggishly, sluggishly along the dim, dull years of the middle ages—while the grand gigantic train of human forces was gathering for more rapid movements. Old Father Time seems to have been very patient of this long delay. He is never in a hurry, he won't be hurried. Albeit he is never behind; but always prompt and punctual to a moment in all his arrivals, though on his great railway train he carries the world and all its kingdoms and monarchies and their inhabitants.

But the dawn of the nineteenth century sent out her morning signals to the chief intellects and engineers of human progress to fire up for a more rapid advance. The unruly elements were caught and

harnessed and trained and forced into the service of their human masters. They became, after many trials and efforts to subdue them, obedient and docile. They were made to drive steamships across the ocean amid winds and waves and storms. They were harnessed up to draw railway trains over the plains, along the valleys and through the tunnelled mountains, as well as drudge in all the marts of commerce and manufactories of the world. They became the tireless servants of all-work. But mankind are not easily satisfied in this age with the working laws of progress. This new resurrection of intellectual forces has given birth to the continuous cry, *Onward! Onward! Faster! Faster!* till now even the Sun finds himself outstripped, and left behind, in the short voyage between London and New-York, by five hours and forty minutes. Time henceforth must yield the palm and the mastery to a swifter element. This new competitor in the race can carry a message round the globe quicker by twenty-three hours and fifty-nine minutes than Time himself.

The history of mankind along the grand march of ages is marked with great events, great deeds, great heroes, and men of renown. We see them from afar, upon the mountain-tops of by-gone ages. We read of the events and of the deeds of renown, and admire the intellect of the men who achieved them. But renowned men did not all live and die in past centuries. The present age is big with events. Time's great railway train comes heavily laden with events and deeds every day, faster than all the historians can unload and store them away. Columbus, with three little pinnace boats, and a handful of small charts and drawings by his own pen, which we have seen still preserved in the Imperial library of Seville, discovered and laid out a great highway for ships and the steam navies of the world across the Atlantic, on the surface where the winds and waves rage, and the storm-chariots drive furiously. And now another man of indomitable will and perseverance, henceforth to be a man of enduring renown, has tunnelled a pathway far down along the depths of ocean where the winds never blow and the storm-chariots never drive. Along this submarine railway of thought travel the

mighty interests of commerce and the international affairs of continents and the world, quick as thought, quicker than time, and swifter than the winds.

Cyrus W. Field, who may be said to complete the work which Columbus began, in joining the New World to the Old, has built himself an enduring monument to his fame, both under the ocean and on the land, and on the pages of history, in this marvellous enterprise of the Atlantic Telegraph. Honor to whom honor is due, is both a law of the Bible and of common right and justice. Many other men of renown in the world of science and intellect, and merchant princes of commerce and finance, share largely and justly in the honor of this mightiest achievement of this age or of any age. They have scaled, not the walls of some mighty fortress of strength, but led the way in the deep darkness and depths of ocean, where human footsteps never trod before. For this they now receive the thanks of an admiring world. Complete success can now be inscribed on their banner as it floats and waves in the breeze in sight of both hemispheres.

But we attempt no adequate eulogy—other and more gifted pens have done this already, and will do it fully. We only offer our humble meed of praise, prefixing to it what we feel quite sure our readers will appreciate—an excellent portrait of the hero of the Atlantic Telegraph, which has been engraved from a photograph taken in London. A brief biographic sketch will add to its interest.

Cyrus West Field was born at Stockbridge, Massachusetts, November 30th, 1819. His father is the Rev. Dr. Field, who was for many years the esteemed pastor of the Congregational church of Stockbridge, where he still lives in a venerable old age. An elder brother, the Hon. David Dudley Field, is an eminent jurist of New-York. Another brother is the Hon. Stephen J. Field, sitting on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States for the district of California. A still younger brother, the Rev. Henry M. Field, D.D., is editor of the New-York Evangelist, one of the oldest religious papers in this country.

Mr. Field was educated in his native town, after which he commenced his business life in a counting-house in New-



York, and became so eminently successful that he engineered his way in a few years to the chief proprietorship of a large and prosperous mercantile establishment. His native energy and executive talents soon put him in possession of an ample fortune, so that in 1853 he partially retired from business, and made an extended tour over and among the Andes in South America. On his return to the United States in the following year, he was solicited to engage in the establishment of a line of telegraph in Newfoundland. After mature deliberation he entered upon the work. He was chiefly instrumental in procuring a charter from the Legislature of Newfoundland, granting to him and his friends an exclusive right for fifty years to establish a telegraph from the continent of America to that colony, and from thence to Europe. From that time, Mr. Field devoted himself with untiring energy to the accomplishment of this great undertaking. He was actively engaged in the construction of the land line of telegraph in Newfoundland, and in the two attempts to lay a submarine cable between Cape Ray and Cape Breton. He visited England in 1854 and in 1856 for the further prosecution of his schemes. He accompanied the expeditions of 1857 and 1858, fitted out with great care and expense, to lay a cable across the Atlantic, between Ireland and Newfoundland. The announcement that the cable had been laid and landed, connecting the two continents, sent a lightning thrill through all the land, and men wept for joy. But the success was temporary. Four hundred telegrams were transmitted, and then the vitality of the cable ceased. This temporary success, however, had procured for Mr. Field, on his arrival in New-York, such an ovation from a joyous public as we have not seen equalled in a quarter of a century. His name, and those of his compeers, blazed in burning letters of light before the eyes of countless thousands. Nothing daunted by the dark cloud which had come over the undertaking, Mr. Field again went to England in 1859, and renewed his efforts, in the face of difficulties and discouragements which would have appalled a less resolute man, to revive hope in the scheme and make preparation for another attempt.

"It was in the winter of 1854 that Mr. Field first conceived the idea of this stupendous achievement." And whatever credit may be due to the suggestion of others, it is most unquestionably due to the indomitable energy and perseverance of Mr. Field that the great work has been achieved. The world will give him the honor of it. "On the 6th of November, 1856, the prospectus of the Atlantic Telegraph was issued with a nominal capital of £350,000, represented by three hundred and fifty shares, of £1000 each. Mr. Field subscribed £88,000 on his own account, and within one month the entire capital had been subscribed." Great Britain granted an annual subsidy of £14,000, and the United States an annual subsidy of \$70,000 for twenty-five years. Both governments granted the use of ships-of-war in laying the cable. But repeated failures required renewed and repeated efforts, which demanded all the skill and energy of indomitable perseverance. And when the stupendous achievement had progressed, and the cable had been laid down a distance of twelve hundred miles from Valentia, and only six hundred more remained to land it safely at Heart's Content, it must have been a severe mental strain to see the cable break, and go down out of sight two miles and a half deep into the dark bosom of old ocean. Had all efforts for its completion then ceased, the estimated loss would have been \$5,000,000, gone in a moment. But Mr. Field's resolution to persevere was stronger than the cable itself. From the sides of the Great Eastern were sent down at once the grappling hooks, twenty-five hundred fathoms deep, which took hold of the lost cable and lifted it up, with a tremendous strain, seven hundred fathoms; when the gear broke, carrying down two miles of lost rope. Another trial lifted up the cable eight hundred fathoms, and then the swivel broke, and down went two miles more of rope. But Mr. Field's faith never wavered, and his efforts never relaxed, till now complete success has rewarded his persevering labors. He has crossed the ocean, we believe, forty-one times in this herculean enterprise. He may now rest upon his laurels, and receive the rich reward of his services.

Since the above was written, Ocean Telegraphy has achieved a new triumph in the recovery of the lost cable of 1865. After bringing safely to land the new cable of the present year, the Great Eastern and her attendant ships returned to mid-ocean to begin their search. It was indeed looking for a needle in a hay mow! The water was two miles and a half deep. But they went armed with grappling irons of huge size and strength, and twenty miles of rope that would bear a strain of thirty tons. With this they began fishing in the deep waters. After several attempts, they caught the lost cable on the 17th of August, and brought it to the surface. But as all were rejoicing over their success, the slippery sea-monster glided off the grapnels and sunk to the bottom. To recover it again kept them at work a fortnight longer. They at length sailed east a hundred miles, to where the water was more shallow—that is, only a mile and a half deep! Here they finally caught the cable on Sunday morning, the 2d of September, and brought it safely on board. The news was instantly flashed to Ireland,

and back by the other cable to Newfoundland, and was known the same afternoon in New-York. The Great Eastern at once began paying out, and on Saturday following, the 8th of September, brought the cable safely to the shore. On this second triumph the enthusiasm of the people knew no bounds. The despatch to the New-York press says that when the shore end was brought to the telegraph house, the crew from the man-of-war seized Mr. Field, and the engineers Canning and Clifford, and raised them over the heads of the people, who cheered them vociferously. The next day, the Great Eastern, having done her work well, sailed for England, while Mr. Field embarked on the Medway to lay another cable across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, so as to have a double line to Newfoundland, as well as across the ocean.

The *History of the Atlantic Cable*, from the pen of Dr. Field (noticed by us elsewhere), is intensely interesting, and contains a full and reliable narrative of the chief incidents and steps embraced in this marvellous enterprise.

## POETRY.

### LOVE'S LIGHT.

Last year she wandered through the wood,  
The Spring was on the breeze,  
And overhead, among the trees,  
The building cushats cooed and cooed;  
And all around a hundred notes  
Poured fresh and sweet from warbling throats,  
And she was gay with Earth's glad mood.

With girlish laughing glee she strayed  
Amid the primrose flowers,  
And from the hawthorn shook in showers  
The fragrant blossoms—wanton maid—  
And making havoc as she went,  
Her merry voice glad snatches sent  
Of song and carol through the glade.

Again the Spring was in the grove,  
Blithe carolled every bird,  
And overhead again were heard  
The plaintive cushats crooning love;  
Again along the primrose glade,  
Beneath the thorns the maiden strayed,  
And felt the Spring her pulses move.

But not again she shook the sprays  
With playful fingers rude,  
To scatter in her careless mood

Their blooms along the forest ways;  
But violet, and primrose fair,  
She gathered in a garland rare,  
And lily bells, and fragrant may.

And she was glad, she knew not why—  
And yet her heart knew well  
That fairer smiled each bloomy dell,  
And brighter glowed the glowing sky;  
The stilly beauty of the place,  
Had passed into her musing face,  
And softened all her lustrous eye.

And through the woodland on she moved,  
Until she reached the stile,  
And resting there, saw many a mile  
Of field and mead, where cattle roved;  
The homestead and the cottage small,  
Her eye dwelt lovingly on all—  
She loved them, for she was beloved.

Last year she was a wayward child,  
A merry madcap thing,  
And frolic as the birds that wing  
Their random flights along the wild;  
But Love has come, and everywhere,  
In blooming earth, in balmy air,  
It seems as though an angel smiled.

And what is Love? A sympathy,  
 An intuition rare,  
 A sense that need hath ne'er  
 Of words to thread the intricacy  
 Of thought and feeling's maze,  
 A foretaste of the eternal days,  
 When God shall lighten every eye.  
 —*Cornhill Magazine.* C. W. D.

### THE VINES.

WINTER was dead, and all the torpid earth  
 Was throbbing with the pulses of the Spring,  
 And cold was gone, and suffering and dearth,  
 And the glad fruit trees at the blossoming;  
 And meads were green, and all the stalwart  
 woods

Felt the sap rising from their mossy roots  
 To their proud crowns, whose coronet of buds  
 Burst with the morning into tender shoots  
 Of living verdure. Hid among the leaves  
 Of early foliated shrubs and ivied bushes,  
 And in warm crannies of the sheltering eaves  
 Sat on their nests the patient mother thrushes.

A cottage stood upon a south hill-side,  
 The sun looked down on it through the glad  
 days,

Without, within, the mellow golden tide  
 Flowed in bright floods or penetrating rays,  
 And made a glory in each little chamber.

All reds warmed into rubies for the minute,  
 And every bit of yellow became amber,  
 The while the rays in passing lingered in it.  
 Beside the porch there grew a sturdy vine,  
 Rugged and knotted was the tough brown  
 stem,

About the rustic pillars did he twine,  
 With garlands in the summer dressing them.

Proud was he of his beauty and his vigor,  
 And of his fragrant blossoms and sweet fruit,  
 He feared no blight, nor winter's sharpest rigor

To work him harm in stem, or branch, or root.  
 About his foot the little children played,  
 The sunbeams glinted through him on their  
 hair,

Above, the sparrows twittered as they made  
 Their ragged nests, or fed their nestlings bare;  
 And all the household loved him. He had seen

Three generations born; the babes that lay  
 Cooing on mothers' laps in the shadow green  
 Of his cool boughs he watched from day to  
 day

Growing to well-knit youths and maidens comely,  
 Whispering and listening to lovers' vows,  
 Thence to staid men and quiet matrons homely,

And hoary elders white with age's snows,  
 A very patriarch of vines he flourished,  
 Tended by all with reverence and love,

As much by human care and tendance nourished  
 As by the showers from the skies above.

But now a change had come. Last autumn tide,  
 When all his clusters were in ripest splendor,  
 A young man with a young wife by his side  
 Sat watching from the porch the moonlight  
 tender;

His arm was round her; on his shoulder lay  
 Her fair young head in perfect, blissful rest,

Softly around him stole the shadows gray,  
 While the last lustre faded from the west.  
 He raised his arm to the o'erhanging bough,  
 And plucked a cluster: "Dear old vine," he  
 said,

"Strong as he is, and hale and hearty now,  
 Can he outlive us? Will he not be dead  
 Before the baby-angel every day  
 Brings to us near and nearer, shall be grown  
 A sturdy youth, or maiden fair and gay—  
 Before our budding flower shall be blown?  
 Here, then, beside him let us plant and rear  
 A shoot that may in course of time succeed  
 him,

That, as he wanes, shall flourish, year by year,  
 Reaching to ripeness as our children need  
 him."

And so 'twas done: the venerable vine  
 No longer stood alone; his vigorous age  
 Was thus despised! his haleness called decline!  
 Through all his fibres thrilled a jealous rage.

And now the Spring was come with all its dews  
 And all its tender showers and smiling lights,  
 And vivid earthly greens and skyey blues,  
 Its long sweet days, its brief and perfumed  
 nights;

And the young vine more forward than the old,  
 Was waking with the Spring, each downy bud  
 Was softly swelling, ready to unfold

A rosy shoot, mantling with youthful blood.  
 The old vine looked upon it: all the hate  
 Winter had paralyzed now quick awoke;

Must he then yield to this ignoble fate?  
 Was there not time yet for a final stroke?  
 Yes; like a serpent should his limbs enlase  
 His feeble rival, crushing out his breath;  
 With hideous semblance of a love embrace  
 Consigning him to slow and certain death.  
 Yes, such should be his vengeance. With that  
 thought

He drew from tender dews and balmy showers  
 All nourishment, and from the rich soil sought  
 Increasing strength to renovate his powers.  
 And, day by day, he near and nearer drew  
 To his young rival, stretching a baleful arm,  
 Whose real aim the other never knew,  
 But deemed that kindness which was meant for  
 harm.

"Truly," he said, "O patriarch, I need  
 The aid thou offerest; my feebleness  
 So sorely presses on me that, indeed,

I bless the arm that seeks to make it less.  
 To thee I turn, to thee I gladly cling;  
 Support me, aid me, let me closely twine

Around thee and about thee, let me fling  
 Aloft my tender limbs upheld by thine!"  
 The old vine paused confounded; was it so  
 His aim had been conceived of? should he  
 prove

Instead of trusted friend, malignant foe?  
 Bring murderous hate in lieu of help and love?  
 No! perish such a thought! henceforth his aim  
 Should be to lend the vigor of his arm  
 To rear the tender youngling, fan the flame  
 Of kindling life, protect him 'gainst all harm.

And thus they grew together, each enlacing  
 The other, mingling wreaths of tender leaves;  
 Supported by their mutual embracing  
 Each to the other strength and succor gives.

And so the years drew onward, ever bringing  
 Their meed of change; to youth maturity,  
 The young life into fuller life upspringing,  
 The aged feeling that the stern decree  
 That doomed it had gone forth: no more Spring's  
 blessing  
 Could kiss it into bud and scented bloom;  
 No longer Summer's dear and warm caressing  
 Restore lost strength, or save it from its doom.

"Wife," said the dweller in the cottage (Time  
 Had gently dealt with him, a silver streak  
 Marked here and there brown locks, yet man-  
 hood's prime  
 Still lingered in his frame; the matron's  
 cheek

A ruddier bloom displayed; the husband's arm  
 Enclasped an ampler form in its embrace  
 Than that which in an evening still and warm  
 Reclined upon him in that self-same place)—

"Wife, see the young vine planted on the day  
 Our boy was born; 'tis twenty years ago;  
 How both have thriven since that blessed May!  
 A happy thought of mine, wife, was't not so,  
 To plant it then? Our dear old vine, I knew,  
 Hale though it was, could not much longer  
 last,

Before the babe to early manhood grew,  
 Its fruiting days would all be gone and past.  
 And now 'tis dead and only fit to make  
 A faggot for the autumn evening hearth,  
 Fetch me my axe, this very day I'll take  
 Its sapless boughs and stems from off the  
 earth."

He said, but said in vain. About, around  
 The rugged stem, the branches dead and dry,  
 The younger vine its limbs so close had wound,  
 'Twere scarcely possible e'en to descry  
 Where life and death united. Hate is strong,  
 But strong true love can conquer strongest  
 hate;  
 Love's victories are as Truth's, bring right from  
 wrong,  
 And wage successful war with Time and Fate.  
 —*All the Year Round.*

#### A VENETIAN BRIDAL

SHE is dancing in the palace,  
 In the palace on the sea;  
 Down, far down, the sullen water  
 Floweth silently.  
 She is radiant in her beauty,  
 Pearls her ebon ringlets twine,  
 Rubies glisten on her finger,  
 Sapphires on her bosom shine.  
 She is queen of every heart there,  
 Envy of the beauteous train;  
 On her looks are fiefdoms pending,  
 Deadliest loss and loftiest gain.  
 Princes for her sake are sighing;  
 She is fairest, first of all  
 Who are dancing in the palace  
 At the Doge's festival.

Dancing in the Doge's palace  
 In the palace on the sea;  
 Down, far down, the turbid water  
 Rolleth sullenly.

For her love a royal bosom  
 Beats with fierce desire;  
 Unrequited passion, burning  
 Like consuming fire.  
 Wherefore doth she shrink and quiver  
 When he breathes her name?  
 Wherefore is her cheek and bosom  
 Dyed with crimson shame?  
 And her eager eye turns from him,  
 Glancing far astray  
 For some absent one, regretful  
 Of his long delay.  
 Fix'd upon her with dark meaning,  
 Glare those baleful eyes;  
 Fast clench'd, by the wrist, he holds her:  
 "Thou art mine! My prize!  
 Vainly from the fowler's clutches  
 Would the bird take flight;  
 'Gainst the strong is no appealing,  
 Here, where might is right."

They are dancing in the Doge's  
 Palace on the sea;  
 Down, far down, the cruel water  
 Murmurs mockingly.

But her cheek grows white: he comes not,  
 Comes not, whom she loves.  
 Drooping, vacant, 'mong the dancers  
 Listlessly she moves.  
 Heard she not the heavy footsteps  
 Cross the bridge of doom?  
 Nor the iron fetters clanking  
 Of the living tomb?  
 Hears she not a sudden splashing  
 In the tide beneath?  
 Drown'd in tones of mirth and music  
 Are the sounds of Death.

She is leaning from her casement  
 O'er the dark polluted tide.  
 Long ere set of sun to-morrow  
 She will be a prince's bride.  
 Little weens the royal bridegroom,  
 Dreaming of her in his sleep,  
 How she watches at her casement  
 In the dead of night, to weep.  
 "Oh thou dark and dismal channel,  
 Fisher's net was never cast  
 In thy guilty waters, shrouding  
 Bloody secrets of the past.  
 In the day of retribution,  
 When thy waves are backward roll'd,  
 What an awful revelation  
 Shall the startled world behold!  
 Yet my spirit yearneth o'er thee,  
 And my envious eyes would peer  
 Through thy myst'ries, to recover  
 All my broken heart holds dear,  
 What a pearl lies hid beneath thee!  
 I would venture fathoms deep  
 To regain my stolen treasure  
 Which thy gloomy caverns keep.  
 They have made me fast, their victim!  
 But I scorn their utmost might.  
 I will break my chain, Beloved,  
 And will be with thee to-night!"

They are waiting in the palace,  
 Bridegroom, kinsmen, guests and all:



Wherefore does the lady tarry  
 From the wedding festival ?  
 What a rare and splendid pageant !  
 What a scene of pomp and pride !  
 Nothing at the marriage festa  
 Wanting, but, alas ! the bride.  
 Hearts grow sick with hope deferred ;  
 Livid is the bridegroom's cheek ;  
 Near and distant for the lady  
 High and low in vain they seek.  
 Bridegroom, 'twixt thy dreams and waking  
 Blissful dreaming of thy bride—  
 Heard'st thou not a splash, a ripple  
 Break the stillness of the tide ?  
 She is safe for ever from thee.  
 Wilt thou seek her in the deeps  
 Of the foul forbidden waters  
 Where thy FAVOR'D rival sleeps ?

Roll on, woful, wicked waters,  
 Bear them out into the sea ;  
 Let them lie all undefiled  
 In the blue immensity !

There is mourning in the palace,  
 In the palace on the sea ;  
 Down, far down, the doom'd waters  
 Throb lamentingly.

—*All the Year Round.*

#### VENICE.

AGAIN upon the lips of men  
 It passes, a familiar word,  
 VENETIA!—poetry of names—  
 Sweetest and saddest earth has heard ;  
 Once, noblest, too, for she has shone  
 Single and lustrous as a star,  
 Nor always one portending woe,  
 Or lurid with the reek of war.

Bright through the far receding past  
 The radiance of her greatness glows,  
 As from the marge of sunlit seas,  
 A path of light ascending goes ;  
 And glorious even in her fall,  
 She shines, as when in western skies  
 The blooming purple faints and fades,  
 And all the golden glory dies.

Grand were the old barbaric days  
 When in her regal splendor throned  
 She ruled—a light-efulgent sphere,  
 By tributary kingdoms zoned ;  
 The Cleopatra of the earth  
 She revelled then, while on her breast  
 The wealth of all the Orient glowed  
 And blinded the adoring West.

Noble those days when in her pride  
 She brook'd no bridegroom but the sea,  
 And in its rough embraces caught  
 The fatal longing—to be free !  
 Fatal, since Despotisms yet  
 Shrank from that light of later times ;  
 Or saw and hated what they saw,  
 And held it heaviest of crimes.

Oh ! saddest spectacle of earth—  
 That queening brow the common scorn,

Its grandeur wholly passed away,  
 Its beauty utterly forlorn !  
 A desolation as of death  
 Has stricken to that royal heart—  
 What but a memory is her fame ?  
 Where in the present is her part ?

And for the future ? years will die,  
 And years on years, revolving moons  
 Will gild her lion's shadowy wings,  
 And tremble in her still lagunes.  
 But never will the hour return  
 That yields her back her ancient reign,  
 And never will the nations bend  
 In homage at her feet again.

The past is past. No second prime,  
 No second summer beauty knows,  
 And she, the fallen, the forlorn,  
 Has but her memories and her woes ;  
 No gleams of freedom stir her heart,  
 No visions of recovered power—  
 Only her beauty cannot die,  
 And it and sorrow are her dower.

—*London Society.*

W. S.

#### SUMMER EVE.

FAIR Summer Eve ! sweet as the purling stream,  
 To parch'd lips, amid Arabian sand,  
 Calm as the silent echoes of a dream,  
 That wafts the exile to his native land.

Kind Summer Eve ! life's hard realities  
 Are melted by thy spirit-soothing breath,  
 The stricken heart forgets its miseries,  
 The dying dreams not hopelessly of death.

Cool Summer Eve ! thy gentle murmurings  
 Tell me of happy moments, ever fled,  
 Nor heed the stubborn course of Saturn's wings,  
 But dare the footsteps of the past to tread.

Sweet Summer Eve ! I've sat and watched thee die,  
 And one by one the timid starlets shine,  
 Celestial rivals of her glistening eye,  
 Whose loving hand was fondly clasped in mine.

Dear Summer Eve ! we sat and watched thee die,  
 From twilight shadows into glooms of night,  
 Nor recked how fast the happy hours could fly,  
 When love had lent his pinions to their flight.

Still Summer Eve ! thou hast full many a tale ;  
 Fain would I, lingering, hearken yet to thee,  
 Charmer of grief, though other loves may fail,  
 A welcome thou wilt ever meet from me.

—*London Society.*

G. B. R.

#### CANUTE THE DANE.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

CANUTE the Dane was a resolute man,  
 Accustom'd to say, "Let them cheat me who can.  
 I will think as I like, and do just what I please—  
 I am king of the Angles, and lord of the seas."  
 But just as he said this his toes touch'd the tide,  
 And he tuck'd up his garments, and swallow'd  
 his pride.

But he tingled the ears of his sycophant knaves,  
Who had echoed his crowing as lord of the waves.

Canute the Dane was a frolicsome king;  
He would order his serving-men all in a ring,  
Who belabor'd each other through thick and through thin,  
Till scarcely a bone was left cover'd with skin.  
Then grim smiled the monarch, and took his rest,  
While a gratified look on the champions he cast:  
"Fight away as you like," said the hardy old Dane,  
"It will toughen your ribs when I want you again."

Canute the Dane was a bibulous man,  
He could clear at one draught a large measure or can;  
No noble could match him for swearing and drinking,  
Yet he slept with one eye, while the other was winking,  
He laid on the taxes, and sharpen'd the axes,  
And scatter'd the men of rebellion and strife;  
But what with his swilling, his milling, and killing,  
He led his wild subjects a terrible life.

—*Bentley's Miscellany.*

### REQUIEM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JOHN HALIFAX, GENTLEMAN."

"Lux eterna luceat eis!  
Dona eis requiem!"

On the hour—the hour supernal,  
When they met the light eternal—  
These, laid down at last to sleep  
In a silence dark and deep—  
Waking—Lo! the night's away—  
Light eternal—light eternal—  
Full, soul-satisfying day!

Eyes of mine, thus hungry gazing  
Into the far concave, blazing  
With a dazzling blueness bright—  
Ye are blind as death or night:  
While my dead, their open'd eyes  
Mute upraising, past all praising,  
Pierce into God's mysteries.

Oh their wisdom, boundless, holy!  
Oh their knowledge, large as lowly!  
Oh their deep peace after pain—  
Lost forgotten, life all gain!

And, O God! what deep love moves  
These, now wholly nourished solely  
In Thee, who art Love of loves!

Ye our Dead, for whom we pray not;  
Unto whom wild words we say not,  
Though we know not but ye hear,  
Though we often feel ye near:  
Go into eternal light!  
You we stay not, and betray not  
Back into our dim half-night.

Well we trow ye fain would teach us,  
And your spirit arms would reach us

Tenderly from farthest heaven,  
But to us this is not given:  
Humble faith the lesson sole  
Ye may preach us, all and each—us  
Bound unto the self-same goal.

Lesson grand—hard of discerning:  
Faintly seen, with mighty yearning  
At grave sides, or in the throes  
Of our utmost joys and woes:  
But one day will come the call;  
When, thus earning the last learning,  
Like our Dead, we shall know all.

### AN ORCHARD SONG.

Winter orchards, piled with branches gaunt and lichen'd, stiff and bare,  
Blackening to the dreary landscape when the snow-clouds numb the air,  
How the robin loves to linger twittering in the twilight there!

Spring-time orchards, flushed with sunshine,  
calling buds to open wide—  
Rounded buds, like fairy vases, with the finest emerald dyed,  
Shedding perfume to the breezes as they swing from side to side.

Summer orchards, white with blossoms, dropping white flakes all around  
Wafted, oh, so softly, downwards, till they rest without a sound  
With the dewdrops, and the daisies, and the mosses on the ground.

Autumn orchards, dense with leafage, bowered thickly overhead,  
Where the clustering pears and apples ripen slowly brown and red,  
And the children search for windfalls in the grass, with careful tread.

Orchards, orchards, all your lessons for our learning are not few:  
Would our souls could sun and ripen, bearing fruit as we see you!  
Would our lives bent to God's finger with an answer just as true!

### BRIEF LITERARY NOTICES.

*Spare Hours.* By JOHN BROWN, M.D. Second series. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1866. The author of *Rab and his Friends* needs no introduction to the public. Some of the fifteen essays which are comprised in this volume are among the choicest productions of his pen. The first, on John Leech, to whose artistic skill *Punch* is so greatly indebted, is highly appreciative; while the next, on Marjorie Fleming, a most extraordinary child, towards whom Walter Scott cherished a remarkable affection, is among the most interesting sketches we have ever read. The Lay Sermons addressed to the working classes, and some of which, he tells us, were preached by the author in a mission chapel in Edinburgh, are unique in their way, but charming for their sim-

plicity and common sense, and admirably adapted to do good.

*The Kemptons.* By H. R. P. *Captain Christie's Granddaughter.* By Mrs. LAMB (Ruth Buck). New-York: M. W. Dodd. These two volumes are designed for advanced juveniles. The first illustrates the dangers and evils of intemperance, and might be read profitably by grown-up children. The other is a story of the sea, or rather the experience of one who long followed the sea, and is full of interesting incidents. They are both books that can safely be put into the hands of children and youth.

*How I Managed my Children from Infancy to Marriage.* By Mrs. WARREN. Boston: Loring. 1866. This book has had a large sale in England. It is by the author of *How I Managed my House on Two Hundred Pounds a Year*. Mrs. Warren possesses sterling good sense, a wide experience and observation, and Christian principle. The style is simple, and the work is eminently suggestive. Mothers can hardly fail to be profited by the reading of it.

*Philip Earncliffe; or, the Morals of May Fair.* By Mrs. EDWARDS. Mr. Winkfield. A novel. New-York: American News Company. 1866. These are English stories of very unequal merit. The latter is dull and stupid, even beyond most of the school to which it belongs, and we cannot see what is to sell it. The other will command a wide circle of readers, both on account of the story itself and the popularity of the author. Mrs. Edwards is no mean writer, and we think this among the best of her productions. Not that we think it faultless. It is intensely sensational. It is a terrible record of immorality. But it is written with decided ability, and the interest is kept up to the close. Marguerite, the sweet, pure, and beautiful child of nature, and Philip, the cultivated, accomplished, and tainted man of the world, are the chief characters; and the guilty passion of the latter was the evil star of the former, and finally tarnished her womanly honor and virtue, and sent her to an untimely grave. The story ends—as one anticipates from the first—in irremediable ruin and tragic horror and darkness.

*History of the Atlantic Telegraph.* By HENRY M. FIELD, D.D. New-York: Charles Scribner & Co. 1866. We had supposed, in common with many others, that the "Atlantic Telegraph" had become an "old story." But we were mistaken, as we find on reading this volume, prepared by Dr. Field, our friend of the New-York *Evangelist*, and brother of Mr. Cyrus W. Field. His relations with his brother have given him access to all the means and sources of information, and thus enabled him to write a full and reliable history of this grandest achievement of modern times. And it is not a dry and formal record of facts, but, owing to the nature of the grand enterprise—so unique, so wonderful, and persevered in in the face of so many and such formidable obstacles—and the skill in grouping the incidents and facts which constitute the history, is as exciting and full of interest as any romance. Dr. Field has achieved the task nobly, and produced a memo-

rial historical volume that ought to be put into every library on both sides of the ocean. It is a just tribute to the enterprise, the daring, and faith of the men who have achieved this new and important conquest, and joined the New World to the Old, and especially to Mr. Cyrus W. Field, to whom the world is mainly indebted for it. See our sketch of Mr. Field for further particulars.

*Bacon's Descriptive Handbook of America—*Comprising History, Geography, Agriculture, Manufactures, Commerce, Railways, Mines, Finance, Government, Politics, Education, Religion, etc. By GEORGE WASHINGTON BACON, F.R.G.S., and WILLIAM GEORGE LARKINS, B.A. G. W. Bacon & Co., London, and 5 Beekman-street, New-York. The lengthy title page indicates the character of this work. The execution is good. A vast amount of information, in the form of description, statistics, and maps, is here brought together and arranged skillfully. It is an admirable book to put into the hand of any traveler, and especially the intelligent foreigner, thousands of whom we may now expect will flock to our shores, and desire just the aid and information which it contains.

#### ART.

*Litho Photography* is the name given by the inventors and patentees, Messrs. Bullock Brothers, of Leamington, to a process by which a photograph may be transferred to stone or zinc, and impressions taken from these. It is no part of our duty to describe the process; a copy of the specification of the patent now in our hands would enable us to do this; but of its results we can judge from several printed specimens which have been forwarded to us. These pictures, consisting of landscapes and of architecture, certainly do not impress us very favorably that the invention in its present state is likely to take the place of any other mode of illustrative printing; they are, especially the landscapes, comparatively weak in color and indistinct in detail; how far these defects may be attributable to the photograph itself, we cannot say, but it is just possible they may be traced to an absence of brilliancy in the original copy of the subject. There is, however, a remedy for any such, or even other, defects, inasmuch as we are informed that the stone or zinc-plate to which the picture is transferred, may be worked upon by an artist to any extent, in the same manner as if he had to draw the entire subject upon either material. The chief, perhaps we should add the only, advantage desirable from the process, so far as we can see, is cheapness of reproduction. These litho-photographic prints, which look very like ordinary lithographs, can be produced at a far less cost than photographs, and much lower than lithographs on which the draughtsman has employed his time and talents. Probably further experiments will enable Messrs. Bullock to improve upon their invention, for we can only at present see in it the elements of lasting success.

*The Portrait of the Queen for Mr. Peabody* is now to be seen at Messrs. Dickinson's in Bond-street—that is, the likeness on cardboard from

which the enamel is to be painted, for be it understood this is the step preliminary to the working of a careful enamel picture. The occasion which has called forth this really admirable work, and the circumstances in association with its production, render it one of the most interesting portraits of the Queen that has yet been seen. It is in the form of a large vignette of exquisite finish. The size is fourteen inches long by nine or ten in width, dimensions beyond those of any panel that has yet been attempted in enamel portraiture. In order that the likeness should be wanting in nothing as far as her Majesty was concerned, she gave the artist, Mr. Tilt, the number of sittings necessary to its perfect completion, and she has been pleased to express her entire satisfaction at the success of the drawing, which will be added to the royal collection. The Queen's attire consists of a black silk dress, trimmed with ermine, a Mary Stuart cap, over which is the demi-crown—the only ornaments are the Koh-i-noor and a cross richly set with jewels, a gift of Prince Albert. The enamel will be effected on a plate of gold, a long and tedious process, the conduct of which is a source of incessant anxiety. It is the intention of Mr. Peabody to place it in his native town, Boston, where the public can have access to it. There is also at Messrs. Dickinson's a portrait of Mr. Peabody in progress for the trustees of the Peabody Fund, which we shall have much pleasure in describing when completed.

*Turner's Hidden Drawings.*—More than eight years ago Mr. Ruskin, to whom was intrusted the duty of examining and classifying Turner's drawings, reported upon them in these words: "The remainder of the collection consists of miscellaneous drawings, from which many might be spared, with little loss to the collection in London, and with great advantage to the students in the provinces. Five or six collections, each illustrative of Turner's mode of study, and succession of practice, might easily be prepared for the academies of Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief manufacturing towns of England." These drawings and sketches—with some paintings, we believe, which have never been hung—are the property of the country, and are carefully stowed away in sundry rooms in the National Gallery. We are at a loss for a reason why works of such relative value and interest are still kept in concealment. They might, at least, be lent in accordance with Mr. Ruskin's suggestion, even if it is ultimately determined to give them a public position in the new National Gallery we are looking for. Perhaps Mr. Boxall, now director of the National Gallery, may consider it a matter to which it would be well to call the attention of the trustees. Some such movement would not be an inappropriate inauguration of his new official duties.

#### VARIETIES.

*Mexican History.*—We are informed by a friend at Mexico that, in conformity with an order of his Majesty the Emperor, the *Diario del Imperio* will publish an edition of the instructions which the Viceroy of Spain left to their

successors. The announcement of this important publication has given great satisfaction to the students of Mexican history, who have hitherto only been able to obtain with great difficulty *ms.* copies of a few of the instructions. The *Diario* proposes to publish the instructions of the Viceroy which exist in the general archives, including some which the said Viceroy received from the Court. If we are correctly informed, only the following are preserved in the archives: "Instruccion del Sr. conde de Revillagigedo (el primero) al Sr. marques de las Amarillas.—El conde de Revillagigedo al marques de las Amarillas, sobre el establecimiento del real de minas de Bolaños.—Instruccion al corregidor de dicho real.—Instruccion militar al mismo.—El conde de Revillagigedo al marques de las Amarillas. Ocurrencias del Nuevo Santander, y su pacificacion.—El mismo al mismo, sobre el Real de minas de Bolaños.—El mismo al mismo, sobre establecimiento del juzgado de bebidas prohibidas.—El mismo al mismo, sobre secularizacion de curatos.—Instruccion general que trajo de la corte el marques de las Amarillas, —Instruccion particular del consejo al Sr. marques de las Amarillas.—Instruccion reservada del rey al marques de las Amarillas.—Noticias instructivas que por muelle de Sr. marques de las Amarillas, dió su secretario D. Jacinto Marfil al Sr. Cagigal de la Vega.—Instruccion del Sr. Cagigal al Sr. Cruillas.—Instruccion del Sr. Flores al Sr. conde de Revillagigedo (el segundo). —Instruccion del Sr. Branciforte al Sr. Azanza.—Documentos relativos a la misma.—Instruccion del Sr. Marquina al Sr. Iturrigaray.—Instruccion muy reservada, del mismo al mismo." This last is one of the most interesting. There seems to be no doubt that copious and interesting as is this collection, it might be largely augmented, and we find that the well-known Mexican scholar, Sr. Don Joaquin Garcia Icazbalceta, has already addressed a letter to the editors, in which he points out the existence of two or three other pieces of a similar kind, which might with advantage be attached to the collection about to be published. The papers quoted by Sr. Icazbalceta are "Instruccion del Duque de Linares al marques de Valero," which the Mexican historian, Alaman, has already made use of in one of his works—*Instruccion del marques de Mancera al Duque de Veraguas*. This paper is printed in the 21st volume of the "Coleccion de Documentos, inéditos para la Historia de España," pág 438, á 552.—"Instruccion del primer Virey D. Antonio de Mendoza á D. Luis de Velasco," published in the 26th volume of the *Coleccion de Documentos inéditos*.—"Instruccion del Segundo conde de Revillagigedo al marques de Branciforte" (of this a separate edition was printed in 1831). Besides the instructions, properly so called, there are some other papers which might figure among them. Señor Icazbalceta records the following as belonging to this class:—"Estado del reino de la Nueva-España, á tiempo de entregar el baston al duque de la Conquista, dirigido al rey por el Ilmo. Sr. Vizarron; printed at Mexico in 1740, in folio. Cited by Beristain.—Advertimientos sobre algunos puntos del gobierno de la Nueva-España, que el marques de Montes Claros envió á S.M.



cuando dejó de ser virey de aquel reino; made at Acapulco, on the 2d of August, 1607, and inserted in the 26th volume of the *Coleccion de Documentos inéditos*."—*Trübner's Record*.

A new periodical, under the title *La Civilisation*, has just been started at Paris. It is conducted by Charles de Labarthe, well known through his ethnographical works, and devoted to the ethnography of America and the Eastern nations. Subscription price, four shillings a year.

**Brahmaism.**—The parallelism which has often been observed between continental and Indian thought on theological subjects has lately received a remarkable illustration. A Calcutta paper gives the summary of a lecture, which would have been considered striking and able in England, delivered by a Bengali gentleman of fortune to an enthusiastic audience of more than two thousand of his countrymen. This gentleman—Baboo Keshub Chunder Sen—is an accomplished English as well as Sanskrit scholar, but we have no idea that he is acquainted with either French or German literature. Yet, if he had been brought up at the feet of Renan, the identity of his views with those of the great French writer regarding the place of Christ in Christianity could hardly be more faithful. There is the same passionate attachment to the character of Jesus and the spirit of his teaching, together with a disregard of all pretensions to a divine personality on his behalf. The chief difference is that, whereas M. Renan is, above all, literary and scientific, and addresses himself to scholars and critics, Baboo Keshub Sen has the temperament of an orator and apostle, and is devoting himself with tact and untiring fervor to erect his theory into a popular religion. And his success has been far from contemptible. He is the head of the sect of Brahmaists, or Vedic Unitarians, which is moderately estimated to number fifty thousand disciples, including a large proportion of the most respected, the best educated, and most energetic natives both in Bengal and Bombay. The principle of Brahmaism, and its connecting link with Christianity, is *self-sacrifice* for the sake of mankind and in duty to God, in imitation, as its noblest example, of Him who "went about doing good." The progress of Brahmaism and the character of its chief missionaries are attracting keen interest among those best qualified to judge of the comparative depth and force in the various currents of modern Indian thought. Anybody disposed to pursue the subject will find an exceedingly interesting article upon it, entitled "Christian Civilization in the East," by M. Emile Burnouf, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 1st.—*Pall Mall Gazette*, July 21st.

**Indian Revenue.**—The revenue of India amounts to £46,547,483, and, after defraying local charges upon it, to £36,985,318. The cost of administration, including interest upon the public debt, amounts to £29,814,211. There is, therefore, a surplus of no less than £7,000,000. For public works in 1865, £5,685,817 were charged, and £1,396,285 for interest on railway and other stock guaranteed by Government. The slight apparent deficit in revenue over expenditures, little more than a quarter of a million, in 1865,

was owing to the large sums expended in public works, which in due time will be greatly remunerative. For eight years the revenue has steadily increased at the rate of above £1,000,000 per annum. For three years before the mutiny, 1854–57, the revenue averaged £31,980,000 a year. In 1861 it was £43,000,000; in 1863, after remitting £1,300,000 of taxation, it was £44,000,000. For 1865 the revenue was £46,500,000. The whole taxation of India was estimated by Mr. Laing at an average of 4s. per head; and, as half of this may be viewed as rent of land, the taxation per head is not more than 2s. In Great Britain the taxation per head is £2 6s. 8d.; in France £2; in Italy £1; in Russia 16s. 8d. The revenue of India is, therefore, in a safe and sound condition, and the resources of the country unlimited, as cultivation and commerce extend.

**Mr. Cobden's First Speech in Parliament.**—Mr. Cobden entered the House of Commons in the year 1841, two years before I became a member of that House. I believe I was in the gallery of the House on the night when he made his first speech. I happened to sit close to a gentleman not now living—Mr. Horace Twiss—who had once himself been a member of the House, but who was then occupied in the gallery writing the Parliamentary summary of the proceedings which was published morning after morning in the columns of the *Times* newspaper. Mr. Cobden had a certain reputation when he went into Parliament from the course he had taken before the public in connection with the corn-law out of doors. There was great interest as to his first speech, and the position he would take in the House. Horace Twiss was a Tory of the old school. He appeared to have the greatest possible horror of anybody who was a manufacturer or calico-printer coming down into that assembly to teach our senators wisdom. As the speech went on I watched his countenance and heard his observations; and when Mr. Cobden sat down he threw it off with a careless gesture, and said: "Nothing in him; he is only a barker."—*Mr. Bright*.

**The Old French Court Supper in Public.**—I was present at the King's public supper, or what the French call *le grand couvert*. The room was small and excessively crowded. In the middle was a horse-shoe table, covered. The king entered about nine o'clock, preceded by several noblemen and great officers of state, and the royal family followed him. When he got to his place he put his hand in his pocket, out of which he drew three long rolls, and laid them upon the table. When he was seated, the Dauphin placed himself on his right hand, but much below him; the Count de Provence next, and the Count d'Artois lowest. Opposite the Dauphin, on the King's left hand, sat the Dauphiness, then the Countess of Provence, and the mesdames of France, who, though young, are very fat and far from handsome! There was a large piece of roast beef before the King, of which he ate very heartily; and I thought the beautiful Dauphiness played her part very well, and showed she had an excellent constitution, if one might judge from her stomach. When the King chooses to drink, a taster calls out with a loud voice, "Drink for the King!"

on which a salver is brought him with an empty covered glass, and two decanters, one with wine, the other with water. The taster hereupon takes off the cover of the glass and turns it upside down in a small flat silver cup, then places it again on the salver; after which he pours a spoonful or two of the wine into the silver cup, and a little of the water with it. Then another taster divides it into another cup, and each drinks. After this the first taster presents the salver to the King, who mixes and drinks. This ceremony is repeated as often as the King is thirsty. I observed he drank no wine by itself, nor was he served on the knee. I do not recollect any sovereign but the King of England who is so served. When the Dauphin or his brothers drank, his attendants called out, "Drink for the Dauphin!" etc.; but they had no taster as the King had. Old Louis did not seem cheerful, but sat in his arm-chair without speaking more than two or three words to the Dauphiness: to every other person he was silent.—*Sir G. Collier's "France before the Revolution."*

*Monthly Periodicals.*—The *Shilling Magazine*, edited by Samuel Lucas, M. A., literary critic of the *Times*, has ceased to live. Miss Braddon's new magazine will soon appear, it is said, and Mr. Pitman has issued the first number of the *Shorthand Magazine*—a Miscellany of Original and Select Literature, Lithographed in Pitman's Phonography. Several years ago one of the Pitman brothers commenced the publication of a weekly journal called the *Phonetic News*, every word of which was spelled exclusively as sounded. Thus the paper itself was called the *Phonetic News*. It was short-lived, but had become such a curiosity that a large sum has occasionally been paid for a specimen number.

*Lace Made by Caterpillars.*—A most extraordinary species of manufacture, which is in a slight degree connected with copying, has been contrived by an officer of engineers residing at Munich. It consists of lace and veils, with open patterns in them, made entirely by caterpillars. The following is the mode of proceeding adopted: Having made a paste of the leaves of the plant on which the species of caterpillar he employs feed, he spreads it thinly over a stone, or rather flat substance of the size required. He then, with a camel's-hair pencil dipped in olive oil, draws the pattern he wishes the insects to leave open. The stone is then placed in an inclined position, and a considerable number of caterpillars are placed at the bottom. A peculiar species is chosen which spins a strong web; and the animals commence at the bottom, eating and spinning their way up to the top, carefully avoiding every part touched by the oil, but devouring every other part of the paste. The extreme lightness of these veils, combined with some strength, is truly surprising. One of them, measuring twenty-six and a half inches by seventeen inches, weighed only 1'51 grains.—*Babbage on "The Economy of Machinery."*

*The Paston Letters.*—This very curious collection of manuscript letters, and other autographs, collected by Sir John Fenn (who edited the *Paston Letters*), has been distributed by auction, in London. Five letters from Sir Thomas Browne, author of *Religio Medici*, relating to the tumuli in

Fens, dated Norwich, 1658, sold for £18; and a letter from Queen Mary I., January, 1553, on Wyatt's revolt, went for £21. A letter from George Washington, Mount Vernon, 5th May, 1772, to the Rev. Mr. Bonecher, was bought by Mr. Appleton for five guineas, and one from Lawrence Sterne ("Tristram Shandy"), dated Rome, April 19th, 1767, was run up to £28. Among the ancient documents disposed of was the charter of King Stephen; granting to the Church of St. Peter of Eye and the Monks there all valuable possessions which they held in the time of Robert Malet, and before the King (Stephen) came to the throne, free from all exaction, dated at Eye, 1137. This fetched £150. The gross proceeds of the sale have not been stated, but must have been large.

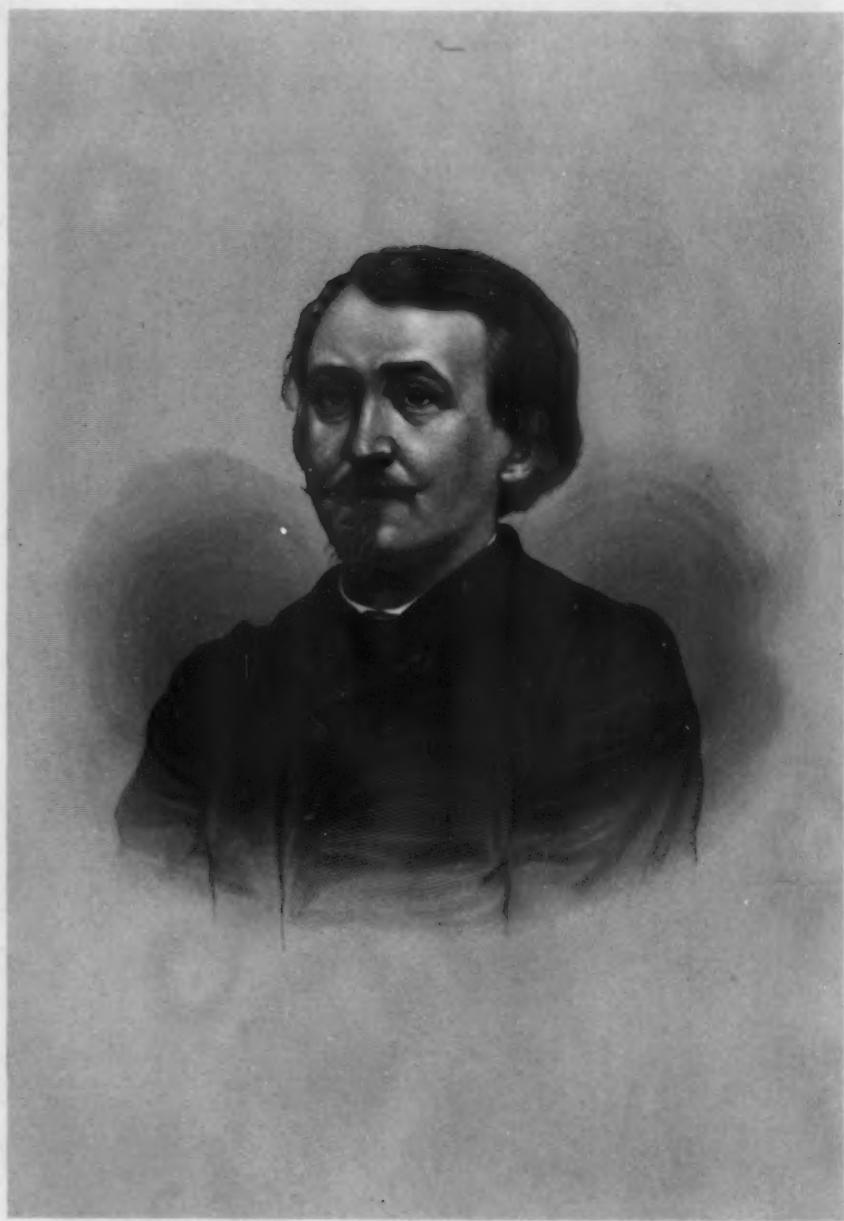
*Mr. Gladstone's Homer.*—It is said that, during the parliamentary recess, which will probably not terminate until next February, Mr. Gladstone will finally revise, for early publication, his translation of Homer, begun many years ago, and lately kept back from a desire not to be considered as being in rivalry with the Earl of Derby's, which, by the way, has reached a fifth edition. The profits already realized to the author, amounting to nearly \$8000, have been presented by Lord Derby to a public benevolent institution connected with literature. As our readers know, his lordship has only dealt with the *Iliad* as yet. It is believed that he had made considerable progress in a blank-verse translation of the *Odyssey*, which, perhaps, he may be able to complete during his next six months of comparative political idleness.

*Von Bismarck's Bed on the Night of the Battle.*—M. de Bismarck arrived in Horzitz on the night of the great battle. No preparations had been made for the accommodation of the headquarters, which were established in the morning at Gitschin. He was hungry and weary, but all the houses were closed. There was no bread, and all the straw that could be had was used for the wounded. In this state of things the President of the Council lay down on the pavement of the Place of Horzitz, and, without a pillow, slept that pleasant sleep which the soldier who has won a victory knows.—*Correspondence of the Siècle.*

*The Koran.*—Sale's translation of the Koran (Al Koran, the Book, as we say the Bible) is so very carelessly executed that it is surprising a better has not been published, long ago. The Rev. J. M. Rodwell, rector of one of the great parishes in London, has brought out a new version, which is well spoken of by the critics across the water. He has closely rendered the Arabic into English, appended notes and an index, and given an introduction which gives the dates of the different parts of the book, with a history of the manner in which it grew into existence.

*Mathematical Wind.*—The late Professor Vince, one morning (several trees having been blown down the night previous) meeting a friend in the walks of St. John's College, Cambridge, was accosted with "How d'yo do, sir? quite a blustering wind this." "Yes," answered Vince, "it's a rare mathematical wind." "Mathematical wind!" exclaimed the other; "how so?" "Why," replied Vince, "it has extracted a great many roots."





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